

Radio MIRROR

10¢

A
MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION

SEPTEMBER

LANNY
ROSS

The
REAL REASON
The **SHOW BOAT**
BURNED DOWN
—
The **INSIDE STORY**
of **MAJOR BOWES'**
LIFE

I'm your
best friend
I am your
Lucky Strike

It's the Tobacco That
Counts. There Are No
Finer Tobaccos Than
Those Used in Luckies.

Copyright 1955,
The American Tobacco Company

*Try me
I'll never
let you
down*





"In no other napkin can you find these exclusive Kotex features"

Mary Pauline Callender
Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"

"CAN'T CHAFE"

The new Kotex gives lasting comfort and freedom. The sides are cushioned in a special soft, downy cotton—all chafing, all irritation is prevented. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.



"CAN'T FAIL"

Security at all times...Kotex assures it! A special channeled center guides moisture the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk. Ends twisting. The Kotex filler is 5 times more absorbent than cotton.



"CAN'T SHOW"

The sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown reveals no tell-tale lines when you wear Kotex. The ends are not only rounded but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility—no tiny wrinkles whatsoever.



And Now! 3 TYPES OF KOTEX

*to suit different women
and for different days*

Each type offers all of the exclusive
Kotex features

NOW a way has been found to give you greater comfort at times when comfort means so much.

There are certain days when you require more protection than on others. That's why the Kotex Laboratories developed three different types of Kotex... the *Regular*, the *Junior* (slightly narrower), and *Super* which offers extra protection.

Select Kotex, day by day, according to your own personal needs, perhaps one type for today, another for tomorrow. Some women may need all three types of Kotex. Discover for yourself what a difference this can make in your comfort and protection.



IN THE BLUE BOX *Regular Kotex*

For the ordinary needs of most women, Regular Kotex is ideal. Combines full protection with utmost comfort. The millions who are completely satisfied with Regular will have no reason to change.

IN THE GREEN BOX *Junior Kotex*

Somewhat narrower—is this Junior Kotex. Designed at the request of women of slight stature, and younger girls. Thousands will find it suitable for certain days when less protection is needed.

IN THE BROWN BOX *Super Kotex*

For more protection on some days it's only natural that you desire a napkin with greater absorbency. That's Super Kotex! It gives you that extra protection, yet is no longer or wider than Regular.

QUEST *the Positive Deodorant Powder for Personal Daintiness*

The perfect deodorant powder for use with Kotex... and for every need! Quest is a dainty, soothing powder, safe to use. Buy Quest when you buy Kotex—only 35c.



WONDERSOFT KOTEX

Radio MIRROR

BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR

ERNEST V. HEYN,
EDITOR

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

Special Features

5 Months to Be Famous.....	Mary Watkins Reeves	12
The unusual success story of Gabrielle DeLys		
Behind the Scenes of the Court of Human Relations		
	Norton Russell	14
Everything you want to know about the True Story hour		
The Inside Story of Major Bowes' Life.....	Fred Sammis	17
The Real Reason the Show Boat Burned Down.....	John Edwards	20
Cornelia's Jewels.....	Mary Jacobs	22
A fine searching story about Cornelia Otis Skinner		
Money For Minors.....	Dora Albert	28
How much money can your child earn in radio?		
Two Grand Slants on Ben Bernie		
The secret of his serious misfortune.....	Jan Kieffer	30
Confessions of his pursuit of Lady Luck.....	Ben Bernie	
(as told to Charles J. Gilcrest)		
		31
The Unknown Secrets of the Black Chamber.....	Weldon Melick	32
Facing the Music.....	John Skinner	34
News, gossip and facts about jazz bands and jazz music		
"It Isn't Fair".....		36
Richard Himber's theme song, with complete words and music		
The Great Radio Murder Mystery.....	Frederick Rutledge	38
Continuing the search for the murderer of Gail Richard		
When Is a "Popular Star" Popular?.....	Rose Heylbut	44
The lowdown on radio "box office"		
"Love is the Sweetest Thing".....	Camilla Jordan	46
Here is Ray Noble's reason for saying it with music		

in the October RADIO MIRROR
On Sale August 23



Through the Years with Peg La Centra—the amazing success story of the little Italian girl, born in poverty but destined for fame and fortune . . . Also, Secrets of a Society Hostess, revealed for the first time by Cobina Wright . . . and an unusually interesting slant on Eddie Guest.

Unusual Departments

Reflections in the Radio Mirror.....		3
The editor writes to Lanny Ross		
Food for Happiness.....	Mrs. Margaret Simpson	4
Pageant of the Airwaves.....		6
Stars and shows you've been wanting to hear about		
What's New on Radio Row.....	Jay Peters	40
Coast-to-Coast Highlights		
Chicago	Chase Giles	42
Pacific.....	Dr. Ralph L. Power	43
Beauty in the Sunshine.....	Joyce Anderson	47
What Do You Want to Know?.....	The Oracle	48
Ask us questions!		
What Do You Want to Say?.....		49
Write us your opinions!		
We Have With Us.....		52
Your own program guide		

Added Attractions

Gallery	
Everett Marshall	24
Gladys Swarthout	25
Johnny Hauser	26
Virginia Verrill	27
The Critic on the Hearth.....	64
Comments about the new programs	
Riding the Shortwaves.....	83

Cover —PORTRAIT OF LANNY ROSS
BY TCHETCHET

Reflections IN THE RADIO MIRROR

A LETTER TO LANNY ROSS,
THE ACTOR, FROM THE EDITOR

DEAR LANNY:

If you weren't so busy up there in Westchester these days I'd be telling you this in person—but anyway, I'd like my gang to know the unprecedented thing you have done—the adventure which I doubt would have intrigued contemporaries of yours who are as far along the fame road as you are.

I like the way you went about it, Lanny. I mean, not telling anybody except your personal representative, Olive White. I know plenty of radio stars who would have made capital of a similar ordeal. It gives me a big kick to realize that Mr. Waite of the agency which represents your sponsor didn't know anything about your plans till he read a little item in the newspaper which told him that Lanny Ross would appear at the Ridgeway Theatre in White Plains, New York, playing the leading role in "Petticoat Fever" for a week. When Mr. Waite asked Miss White she reluctantly admitted that it was true—that Lanny Ross, radio topnotcher, had consented to act in a minor repertory company, despite his radio commitments which kept him busier than is comfortable for any average mortal.

Why you did it, Lanny, I think I know, why you put aside day after day and night after night, isolating yourself from your friends, to memorize that difficult role, to learn to perform that part better than a dyed-in-the-wool dramatic actor could do it. Am I right when I say that you're pleased with the success that your singing has brought you but that you're not a bit satisfied with your accomplishments as an actor? That when that next movie contract comes along, or your first television program, you intend to prove yourself a competent, well-trained actor, not just a smooth-voiced singer of smooth songs?

Well, I've read what the audiences at White Plains thought of you. To put it mildly, they raved and ap-

plauded—because they were agreeably surprised at your superior stage presence and your fine instinct for comedy and dramatic innuendo. I wonder if they stopped to think that you've really never put on a full-length performance before. I know about those child bits you did when you were a kid, and the parts you played at Yale in undergraduate dramatics; yes, and I know about your movie work—but playing a series of individual scenes, with plenty of time in between for memorizing and conquering a role, is quite another thing than playing for almost two hours with only two interruptions!

I'm glad they arranged to put you on for another week at Yonkers; the fact that they gave no Thursday night performance so that you could be on hand for the Show Boat presentation is indication of how happy they were to have you; I'm glad, too, that they gave you a chance to sing one song at the end of the second act, accompanying yourself on your guitar.

And by the time this appears in print, you'll be singing on Sunday nights as well as Thursdays, accompanied by Howard Barlow's orchestra, in the new seven-week program called Lanny Ross and his State Fair Concert. We'll all be listening to you, to Helen Oelheim, Metropolitan contralto, and to your guest stars; we'll be hearing, also from the jelly-making champions at the real State Fairs. By that time we may have forgotten about an ambitious fellow who didn't take advantage of his radio fame to excuse a mediocre performance, who instead, put on a *good* performance—and then went back to the airwaves to sing, to wait for the opportunity which would prove to us all that he's not just a smooth singer of smooth songs. My battered fedora is off to you, Lanny Ross.

Sincerely,

Ernest V. Heyn

Whether you agree with my comments or not, write me. Prizes for best letters announced on page 49.



FOOD for Happiness

The Voice of Experience offers vital pointers on diet

By Mrs. MARGARET SIMPSON

I CONSIDER that the proper selection and preparation of food is of the highest importance in the maintenance of a permanent and harmonious home."

That statement, if made by the average man or woman, would perhaps lack significance, but expressed by the Voice of Experience, that compelling, vital Voice to which thousands of the radio audience listen daily, it is of utmost importance.

"So many of the letters which reach me deal with unhappy home life," Dr. M. Sayle Taylor continued. "It has long been my contention that, once the goal of marriage is reached, there is a slackening of effort on the part of many husbands and wives, a lack of interest in keeping alive those qualities which led to the marriage. It is evident that at the time of marriage they had selected each other as ideal companions. It is important that each partner in the marriage strive to maintain those qualities of health, vitality, beauty and magnetism with which each

had attracted the other. These qualities can be maintained through correct eating habits. They can, if they have been lost, be restored by a right-about-face towards good dietetics.

"The wife or husband who loses attractiveness by becoming fat and sluggish through injudicious eating, whose complexion and disposition are impaired thereby, is paving the way for a dissolution of marriage. It does not require a logician to determine the relationship of food—love—marriage. The selection and preparation of foods which will reflect in health and youthfulness should be uppermost in the mind of the thoughtful wife, and the husband's interest should not be less keen.

"There are no magic foods with which we have to deal. The ordinary foods—vegetables and fruits, milk and eggs, meats and starches—contain their own magic. Most of us lead sedentary lives, therefore we require more of the minerals contained in vegetables and fruits than the elements contained in meat and starches.

"I am not trying to compete with the late Diamond Jim Brady as an orange juice (*Continued on page 9*)

Dr. Taylor entertains his collaborator, Dr. Louis Berman, eminent endocrinologist, at lunch. The "Tomato Surprise" Liza serves is described in this article. For the Voice of Experience's program, sponsored by Wasey Products, Inc., see page 52—12 noon column, page 53—6 o'clock column.

If you would like some new and appetizing citrous fruit recipes for salads, desserts or cooling and refreshing drinks, or help on your cuisine or diet problems, just send your inquiry to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York. Please be sure to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope and specify the recipes desired.



The Woman who "thinks she knows" so often is Headed for Tragedy



"We consider ourselves modern, yet most women today still have a natural reluctance to talk frankly about such a delicate subject as marriage hygiene. And hidden in the shadows of this secrecy, the doctor finds a shocking amount of misinformation, quackery, and—too often—stark tragedy.

"My heart aches for the victims of half-truths, especially when there is a proper method of marriage hygiene.

"Millions of women have found that "Lysol" deserves their confidence. It is so reliable that hundreds of modern clinics use it in that most delicate of all operations... child-birth. And if every young married woman knew "Lysol's" effectiveness in personal hygiene—fewer marriages would come to tragic ends.

"It is a privilege for a doctor to recommend "Lysol" for feminine hygiene. For, in the cases of countless women, I have seen that method turn worry into serenity, change despondency into happiness."

(Signed) DR. STEINBERGER SAROLTA

6 "Lysol" Features Important to You

1. SAFETY... "Lysol" is gentle and reliable. Contains no free alkali; cannot harm delicate feminine tissues.
2. EFFECTIVENESS... "Lysol" is a true germicide, which means that it is effective under practical conditions... in the



Lysol
Disinfectant

NEW! Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

"When it comes to marriage hygiene, a little knowledge is truly a dangerous thing"

...writes Dr. Steinberger Sarolta of Budapest



If you are to make a real success of your marriage, make gentle, reliable "Lysol" a part of your personal hygiene. Its regular use is such an assurance of immaculate feminine daintiness... to say nothing of the peace of mind it brings.

Throughout your home, fight germs with "Lysol"

You can't see the millions of germs that threaten your family, but you must fight those invisible foes through disinfection. Use "Lysol" in washing handkerchiefs, bed linen, towels, and to clean telephone mouthpiece, door knobs, laundry, kitchen and bath room.

FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

Mail coupon for a copy of our interesting brochure—"LYSOL vs GERMS," containing facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol."

LEHN & FINE, INC., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. LY-63
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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"...too many women are reluctant to talk frankly about such a delicate subject."

body (in the presence of organic matter) and not just in test tubes.

3. PENETRATION... "Lysol" solutions, because of their low surface tension, spread into hidden folds of the skin, and thus actually search out germs.

4. ECONOMY... "Lysol", because it is a concentrated germicide, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.

5. ODOR... The odor of "Lysol" disappears immediately after use, leaving one both fresh and refreshed.

6. STABILITY... "Lysol" keeps its full strength, no matter how long it is kept, no matter how much it is exposed.



"MARY MARLIN"
HERSELF



"JUST PLAIN
BILL" & CO.

PAGEANT OF THE AIRWAVES



FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY



"HOUSE OF GLASS" ACTRESS

Learn to know your favorite dramatic actors in radio

Joan Blaine (upper left corner) starring on CBS's "Story of Mary Marlin" is single, won a law degree at Northwestern University. Stardom on Broadway led her to radio. . . . Left, Ruth Russell and Arthur Hughes, leads for "Just Plain Bill." Ruth plays Nancy in the script, was a child actress in religious plays . . . Arthur Hughes—Just Plain Bill Davidson—has been an actor since he made an appearance as a child in "Ten Nights in a Barroom." Frequently has played villain rôles. His voice is same in person as on air.



IN "MICKEY OF THE CIRCUS"

Lower left corner, Marian and Jim Jordan, stars of Smackout on NBC mornings and Fibber McGee and Molly Tuesday evenings. They fell in love at first sight when Jim was 17 and Marian 16, have two children, entered radio in 1924 on a dare, made NBC debut in 1931. . . . Left, Helen Dumas, who won the part of Ella Mudge in NBC's "House of Glass," is a dramatic actress on both major networks. . . . Chester Stratton who was Monte in CBS's The O'Neills (above), was born in Paterson, N. J. He ran away from home to join the circus. Also heard in "Mickey of the Circus."

"Wash hand-knits with IVORY FLAKES,"

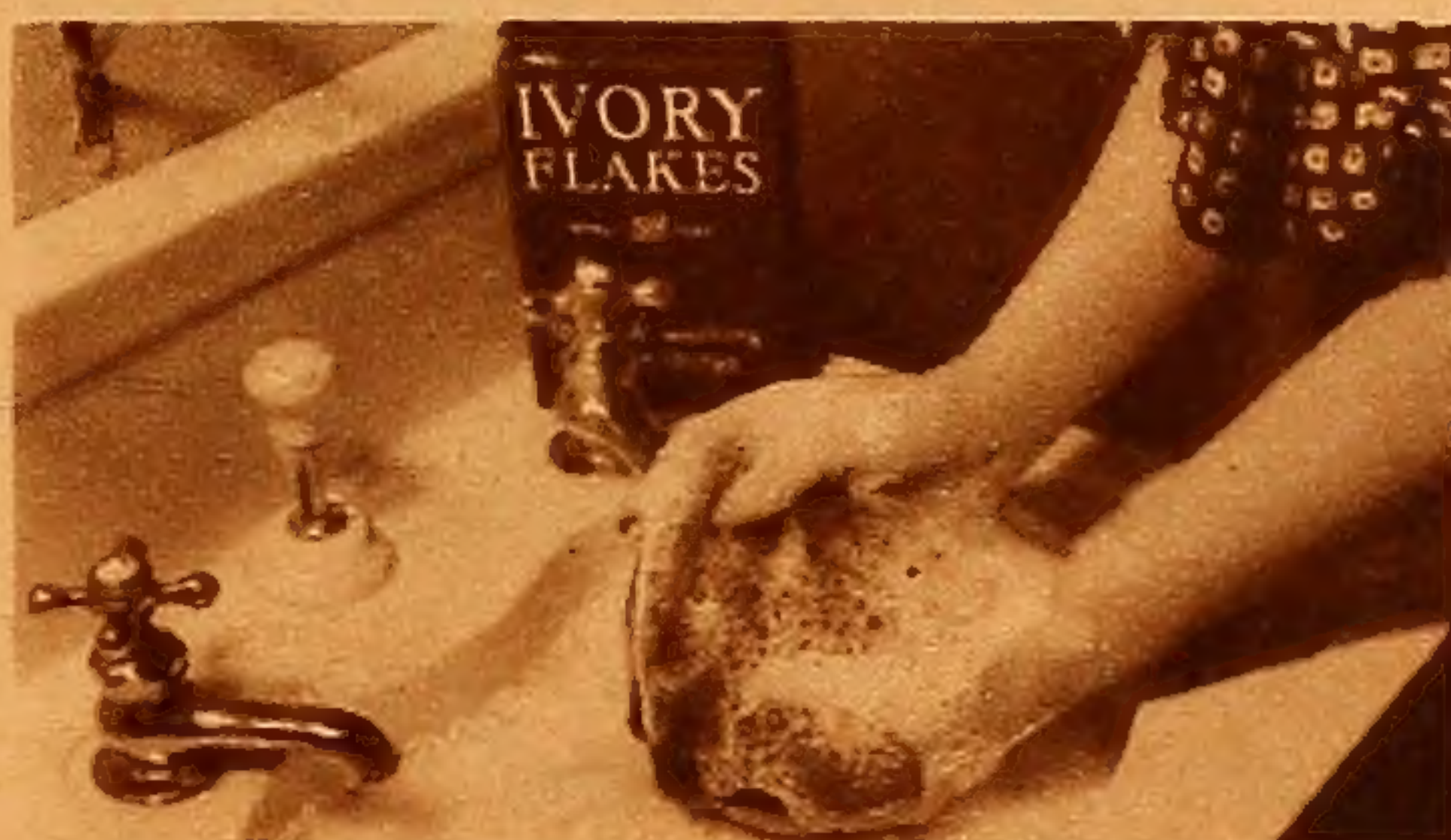
URGE THE MAKERS OF MINERVA YARNS



"Gosh, I hope my sweater turns out as nice as yours. But mine's dirty already!"

"Oh, I washed mine when I finished it. These Minerva yarns wash beautifully with Ivory Flakes."

1. TAKE MEASUREMENTS or trace outline of sweater on heavy paper.



2. SQUEEZE LUKEWARM SUDS of pure Ivory Flakes through garment. *Do not rub, twist or let stretch.*



3. RINSE 3 TIMES in lukewarm water of same temperature. Knead out excess moisture in bath towel.



4. DRY FLAT, easing back (or stretching) to original outline.

WHEN DRY, appearance is improved by light pressing under damp cloth.

Knit one, purl one—when you put a lot of time into knitting a sweater you don't want it to become little-sister's-size after its first washing! Wool is sensitive—it shrinks at the mere mention of rubbing, hot water or an *impure* soap!

So wash your woolens with respectful care. And be especially sure to use cool suds of Ivory Flakes. Why Ivory Flakes? Well, listen to what the makers of Minerva yarns say: "We feel that Ivory Flakes are safest for fine woolens because Ivory is really *pure*—protects the natural oils that keep wool soft and springy."

Read the washing directions on this page, follow them carefully—and your hand-knits will always stay lovely as new!



IVORY FLAKES



AL SHEEHAN



FORD BOND

Here are four of your favorite sports announcers . . . Left, Al Sheehan, well known in the Northwest for his sports reporting over WCCO, is nearly thirty, has been in radio over five years. . . . Right, Ford Bond, NBC's popular team mate of Graham McNamee, who covers the World's Series when it is broadcast in the fall.

PAGEANT OF THE AIRWAVES

PAT FLANAGAN



Left, Chicago's adored announcer whose specialty is baseball. Pat is heard over WBBM. He's been broadcasting from this station seven years. . . . Right, France Laux, star baseball man for KMOX, St. Louis, did his first sports announcing in Tulsa, Oklahoma, came to KMOX in the spring of 1929.

FRANCE LAUX



(Continued from page 4)

drinker—he customarily consumed a gallon of it at a meal—but I drink at least a quart a day, because I consider it one of the best means of counteracting the acid condition which present-day living seems to induce in all of us. The first glassful in the morning should have the juice of a lemon added; lemon is the most valuable skin tonic and system cleanser I know of. Always see to it that orange juice is freshly squeezed. All citrus fruit juices lose efficacy in contact with air.

"The saying 'the way to a man's heart is through his stomach' is not strictly true, because it omits the appeal that food must make to his aesthetic sense as well as to his hunger. Attractive appearance of food and quiet restful surroundings in which to eat it are essential.

"Men like to be surprised about their meals. A man goes home to his dinner with more zest if he has no idea of what it will consist. The wise wife, therefore, pays attention to the small details of preparation. She may serve the same salad three times in succession and, if it is presented as the same dish each time, her husband will naturally tire of it. But let her cube the ingredients the first evening, say, and use mayonnaise, use a vegetable shredder and French dressing for the second dinner and for the third make a mold with gelatine, her husband will swear that each salad is different."

Most men are fond of highly seasoned foods, Dr. Taylor contends, and in an effort to satisfy this taste many women use spices in all dishes. But too many spices are inadvisable, just as an overabundance of many other good things is unwise, and the thoughtful wife, therefore, will concentrate the spice in one item at a meal—a piquant sauce for the meat or fish, a highly flavored pickle or conserve, or a salad generously treated with paprika or mustard, seeing to it that the natural flavors of other foods is unimpaired. He adds, though, that a few drops of lemon juice find their way into most of the dishes served in his home.

"My favorite dish?" Dr. Taylor repeated my question, "I like all foods so much, and have such respect for the vital part they play in our lives, that I can scarcely say I have a favorite. However, if the frequency with which it is served is the mark of favoritism, I suppose I should have to say vegetable salad, consisting of string beans, new carrots, tomato and cucumber. The string beans and carrots are grated, the tomato and cucumber diced. The salad is served with a lemon dressing. Sometimes it is served as a filling for tomato surprise.

"At least twice a week I have chicken, broiled or baked. This may be," he smiled, "because as a boy, the son of a minister, I did not know that chickens had anything but necks and feet. The chicken is prepared simply, elaborate sauces and dressing being omitted. When I eat a potato I want all of it, so I prefer a baked potato. It must be scrubbed thoroughly, rubbed with butter and baked until mealy. Then I eat it skin and all.

"I'm not much of a dessert eater, but when I have had red meat with a meal I always top off with pieapple, fresh, if possible, or the unsweetened canned variety."

Dr. Taylor, who is now collaborating with Dr. Louis Berman, in preparing a treatise on the ductless glands and their effects upon human emotions, is a firm believer in the importance of citrus fruits in the well-balanced, happiness building diet. If you are interested in new and appetizing citrus fruit recipes, just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, c/o RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, with your request.

DOES YOUR *hair* WIN HIM IN A *Close-up?*



Watch your "close-ups"! OILY, stringy hair, or DRY, lusterless wisps, are no "beau-catchers"! Use a shampoo made for YOUR OWN TYPE of hair to guard its beauty

Special shampoo for DRY HAIR

If permanents, harsh shampoos, outdoor swimming, or summer's sun have left your hair too dry, begin now to give yourself Packer's Olive Oil shampoos. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo is made especially for dry hair. In addition to nourishing olive oil, it contains glycerine to soothe and soften your hair until it shines like silk.

Packer has specialized in the care of the hair for over 60 years. Packer's Shampoos are absolutely safe.

Individual shampoo for OILY HAIR

Do you know that over-oily hair means that the oil glands in your scalp are relaxed—flabby? They spill over . . . flood your hair with oil.

Tighten them up! Wash your hair frequently with Packer's tonic Pine Tar Shampoo. This shampoo is gently astringent—made especially for oily hair. It gives a rich snowy lather, too, that takes up all the excess oil and rinses cleanly. Just see how your hair fluffs and gleams!





FIRESTONE'S MARGARET SPEAKS



PHIL DUEY—PHILIP MORRIS SOLOIST

Above, Phil Duey, leading vocalist Tuesday nights at 8:00 over NBC. Born on an Indiana farm, Phil made his first musical appearance in a local band directed by his father. Of eleven children, Phil is the only professional musician. Margaret Speaks (left) has gained radio recognition by her appearances on Monday night's Firestone program, over NBC's network.

PAGEANT OF THE AIRWAVES

Right, Allen Prescott, heard over NBC mornings. Born in St. Louis, came early to New York, has been stock actor, reporter. . . . Below, Muriel Pollack and Vee Lawnhurst, day-time duo for NBC. Vee was born in New York, has been on the air since 1923. Muriel played in Ziegfeld's Rio Rita orchestra, smokes Russian cigarettes, likes fine perfume, and horseback riding.

MURIEL AND VEE—PIANO DUET



ALLEN PRESCOTT—MORNING STAR





WHY wear yourself out with a WORN-OUT stove when you can have a new KALAMAZOO for . . .



18c a day at the FACTORY PRICE!

Mail Coupon NOW for NEW FREE CATALOG

Your name and address on the coupon brings FREE to you the greatest Kalamazoo Stove, Range and Furnace catalog of all time.

It displays over 200 styles and sizes—many in full color—more bargains than in 20 big stores—new stoves—new ideas—new color combinations—new features. It quotes rock-bottom, direct-to-you FACTORY PRICES.

Now the Stove of Your Dreams for As Little As 18c a Day

Easy credit—Easy terms. Kalamazoo quality—FACTORY PRICES. 200 styles and sizes to choose from. Learn how more than 950,000 satisfied customers have saved money by dealing with "A Kalamazoo Direct to You." Find out why Kalamazoo, established over 35 years, is now doing the biggest business in its history. Learn why Kalamazoo can give you better quality at a lower price. Mail coupon for new FREE Catalog!

"Oven That Floats in Flame"

This new catalog tells you about the great Kalamazoo plants, occupying 26 acres, employing an army of men, making nothing but our own stoves and furnaces that are sold *direct to you*. It shows the scientific

Testing Laboratory that insures the highest standard of quality for every Kalamazoo. It describes the numerous Kalamazoo features; such as the prize-winning "Oven That Floats in Flame," "Ripple Oven Bottom," Copper Reservoirs, Non-Scorch Lids, Enameled Ovens, etc.

Porcelain Enamel Stoves

In this finely illustrated catalog you will thrill at the new-style Porcelain Enamel Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges, and Coal and Wood Ranges, so beautiful and colorful that you won't be content until you have one for your very own—Porcelain Enamel Circulating Heaters, including the famous Franklin and the new, ultra-modern Century, the handsomest, sturdiest ever seen—Furnaces—both pipe and pipeless. (Send rough sketch of your rooms for FREE plans.) Mail coupon today!

Buy Your Stoves Direct from the Men Who Make Them

Kalamazoo Improvements and Designs are modern, but *Kalamazoo Quality* is still the good, old-fashioned kind. We still build into every Kalamazoo the same high grade materials, the same fine workmanship that over 950,000 customers have known for 1/3

of a century. We are specialists, building nothing but stoves and furnaces. When you deal with Kalamazoo, you deal direct with the Factory—*direct with the men who actually make your stoves and furnaces*. Don't pay more than the FACTORY PRICE—mail coupon today for the nation's greatest stove and furnace guide-book!

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6. FREE Furnace Plans.

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Heater ☐ Oil Stove ☐ Furnace ☐

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(Please Print Name Plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....

(It costs only 1c to mail this coupon. Paste or copy it on the back of a Govt. Post Card)



Mail Coupon for This New Catalog





newcomer!

An unusual success story of how Gabrielle DeLys gave herself a time limit to find radio fame

Gabrielle can smile now for she's got one of the two things she has always wanted. She's heard on the Lucky Strike program, "The Hit Parade." Turn to page 53—9 o'clock column.

5 Months To Be Famous!

By MARY WATKINS REEVES

I'LL give myself 'til the first of January—five months. And when that day comes I'll either be famous or . . . or married!"

The next time you've got the blues so bad you could just die, remember those lines. The next time you're musing miserably over the fact that life has handed you the world's choicest humdrum existence, that you're so fed up with your job and your home town you could scream, that nothing glamorous has ever happened to you and probably never will, remember those lines some more. A girl spoke them only last year. A girl who was blue and didn't believe in Santa Claus or miracles any more than you do.

And today she's a radio star. Pretty Gabrielle DeLys, French Canadian singing sensation of *The Hit Parade*. Just a short time ago she was known as Gogo DeLys.

I want you to know Gabrielle. Because she's just the sort of young person you are. And I want you to know her story. Because it's just the sort of thrilling, wonderful thing that can happen and does happen and *will* happen to lots of folks because there's an industry called Radio that picks its people in some mighty odd places, in some mighty surprising ways.

Its next bid for stardom may be you. At any rate, you can't be expecting it any less than this girl did. And now look at her.

Hers is a cheerful story, too, for a change. It proves that all fame isn't paid for with hunger and disillusionment and hard work and lonely hall bedrooms, and waiting, and struggle. And it tells you one way of achieving fame, if you've got the nerve to try it.

So if you want some adventure in your own life I recommend Gabrielle DeLys' unusual method for simply *making things happen*.

You know how it is when you're twenty-two. And a girl. Up until then things have been different. School was fun and the local boys were all knights in armor and you got

a terrific kick out of bridge parties, and reducing, and knitting sweater suits, and having late dates, and the prospect of a Saturday night dance was enough to make any week skim by like lightning. You were just beginning to have fun, those first few years of blossoming out.

And then things changed. Because you suddenly became sufficiently grown up to realize that you had a life before you—and something had to be done about that life. A career or marriage. Done quickly, too. You don't just sit and wait for your knight to come riding or somebody to invite you into a stellar role of stage, screen or radio. Not in these days. The sitters-and-waiters are the ones who wind up with a parrot and a cat. And the modern girl knows that, alas, too well.

GABRIELLE DeLYS was twenty-two. Young and fresh and eager for life like any normal girl. She had frank gray eyes and a slender little figure and a tousled yellow bob, outwardly. And inwardly a problem. An awful big problem. You know—twenty-two, now what?

Well, there are two things every girl wants at that age. She wants to be famous and she wants to be loved. And there are two things you can do about that—love and forget fame, or go after fame and forget love. Sometimes you can do both together. This story would never have happened, though, if Gabrielle could have. Because since she was seventeen she'd lived the busy, pillar-to-post life that is show business.

Show business was a far cry from the small town of Edmonton, Alberta, where she'd been born Gabrielle Belanger. When she was sixteen her family had moved to Los Angeles. She'd entered the law school of the University of Southern California, bent on the pursuit of Blackstone. She liked law. She was going to be, some day, the greatest female figure behind the bar.

Then one night she took part in a campus musical show, sang a song called "Dinah."

And before the curtain had rung down on the finale "Gabrielle Belanger" had been scrawled nervously on the bottom of a contract. A San Francisco theatre manager sitting in the audience had spotted *talent*. (And the dust is still thick on her law books.)

From theatre prologues she'd gone to vaudeville. From there to two years on the road with Jimmie Grier's Orchestra. Then to NBC's West Coast headquarters as vocalist on Meredith Willson's famous "Carefree Carnival." Then some more trouping, some more four-a-day stage shows.

For five years it kept up that way at a hectic pace. And soon her life became nothing but a series of time tables and overnight bus hops and rehearsals and strange small towns and *work*.

So Gabrielle decided to do something pretty unheard of. There she was, twenty-two and not getting anywhere. As for her career she'd been singing a long time and she was still small-time stuff. As for love she wasn't getting any breaks in that either. You don't when the most you stay in any one place is three or four days. You don't have the chance other girls have—a crowd of your own, a home town, the opportunity to meet and know regular fellows. Gabrielle realized those things. And she was determined not to let her life go on so hopelessly lopsided. She was going to have either fame or love and not kill any more time about it.

SHE made that decision one July night because she was blue. And the next morning she called on NBC, her theatrical agent and maestro Jimmie Grier and resigned from all three, effective January first.

They told her she was crazy, throwing up good jobs like that. They told her she might be sorry some day. She knew that. But she resigned anyway. And she didn't tell them why. Only to her older sister Juliette could she confide her plan in a letter. I saw that letter the other day in Gabrielle's scrapbook.

"If anything is ever going to happen to me," she wrote, "it's got to happen by then, Jule. Or else I'm going to chuck this life and come back home and give myself a chance at another kind of happiness. Fall in love, or something. So save me my side of the bed next to the window. I'll probably be needing it."

That, don't forget, was July, 1934.

On December twenty-second she was playing her last week of vaudeville in San Diego. Three more days until Christmas. She was puttering around in her dressing room after the supper show packing some of her things to ship to Vancouver where her family then lived. When out of the bluest blue sky she's ever known, a call boy knocked on her door, slipped a telegram through. The telegram was from her agent. It read:

**CANCEL OUT IMMEDIATELY
STOP REPORT NBC NEW YORK
WEDNESDAY WITHOUT FAIL PHIL
BAKER SHOW**

The next east-bound out of San Diego carried Gabrielle DeLys. And the night of December 27 she made her first appearance from Radio City as a network star. Phil Baker had heard her on the air while he was in Hollywood several months before. He'd suddenly needed a singer and remembered her.

And that, in radio, is what is known as a *break*.

"Of course I think it's all wonderful," she told me the other day. "I'm still so excited to death I think I'm dreaming."

(Continued on page 74)



"I have . . . REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE"

. . . writes Miss Jean Healy



"I read an 'ad' of the
Perfolastic Company
...and sent for FREE
folder".

"They allowed me to
wear their Perforated
Girdle for 10 days
on trial".

"The massage-like
action did-it...the
fat seemed to have
melted away".

"In a very short time
I had reduced my hips
9 INCHES and my
weight 20 pounds".

REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR ...it won't cost you one penny!

»TEST . . . the
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
FOR 10 DAYS
. . . at our expense!

WE WANT YOU to try the
Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift
Brassiere. Test them for yourself
for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then
if without diet, drugs or exercise,
you have not reduced at least 3
inches around waist and hips, they
will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

● The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere takes the place of months of tiring exercises. You do nothing, take no drugs, eat all you wish, yet, with every move the marvelous massage-like action gently reduces surplus fat, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

**Ventilated . . . to Permit the
Skin to Breathe!**

● And it is so comfortable! The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

Don't Wait Any Longer... Act Today!

● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at our expense!



SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 289, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card



Behind the Scenes of the *COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS*

By **NORTON RUSSELL** Come on back stage and learn the secrets of the success of this eight-year-old show!

LET'S go straight backstage tonight and find out just what makes it possible for an eight-year-old radio show—the only one like it on the air to go on increasing its weekly audience and to go on booming the sales of the magazine which sponsors it—all without a single star in the whole half hour!

That's only one of the secrets you learn tonight when you watch *True Story's* Court of Human Relations broadcast from a Columbia Broadcasting studio, so small, it excludes any visitors but especially invited ones like yourself.

If you'll just take that express elevator on the right to the 22nd floor, you'll get the unknown facts that enable this Friday night program to present a half hour dramatic sketch and leave the ending up to the listener—with prizes awarded the best two solutions—and yet remain intensely gripping week after week.

Step off here—down those narrow stairs—around the corner—through those double doors into the studio. Don't look around. There'll be time later to see everything. The thing to do now is get across the room into the control booth where you'll sit with the director and engineer and watch the show. You'll hear it through a loudspeaker over your shoulder.

Past that sound proofed door. There—meet Bill Sweets, who writes each week's script, picks the weekly cast, and directs the whole program. Take the leather chair against the wall. By sitting on the edge you can look over the instruments into the studio, a few feet below you.

A voice booms from the speaker. Some program is being piped in from another studio. In a second you recognize the voice. Edwin C. Hill. He is finishing his fifteen-minute broadcast. Sweet stirs restlessly in his chair, staring at the clock in front of him. Exactly eight thirty-one, and Hill has just stopped talking.

"We're a minute late already and not on yet!" Sweets grumbles, turning half around so you can hear him. Before you can answer, he jumps to his feet, spreads out his hand, and waves. It's the signal for the sound effects man. A buzz grows louder, a gavel pounds—The Court of Human Relations is on the air!

When you heard this show on your radio, heard the judge's gavel, his questioning of the witness as she told her story, did you imagine in your mind's eye a large courtroom full of clerks, jurymen, reporters? Then look at the actual scene of the broadcast.

**For the True Story
Court of Human
Relations, see
page 53 — 8
o'clock column.**

It is a tiny studio which you see. Blue lines run criss-cross on the floor to mark off sections for chairs, for microphones, for actors. Light blue walls of special composition deaden any echoes. To make the buzz of courtroom spectators realistic, the dozen odd members of the cast spread themselves fanwise around the room. They all talk at once in stage whispers, gesticulating as though they were on a stage.

Listening to the judge's heavy voice, have you wondered what kind of a man he is? He's Percy Hemus, over there at the (Continued on page 71)

Opposite page, weekly scene of the Friday night TRUE STORY hour. Below, Percy Hemus, who has been playing the Judge for nearly two years. At bottom, the special electric organ which is being used for the first time.



"Mental Cases I have met"

WOMEN AS THE PSYCHIATRIST SEES THEM

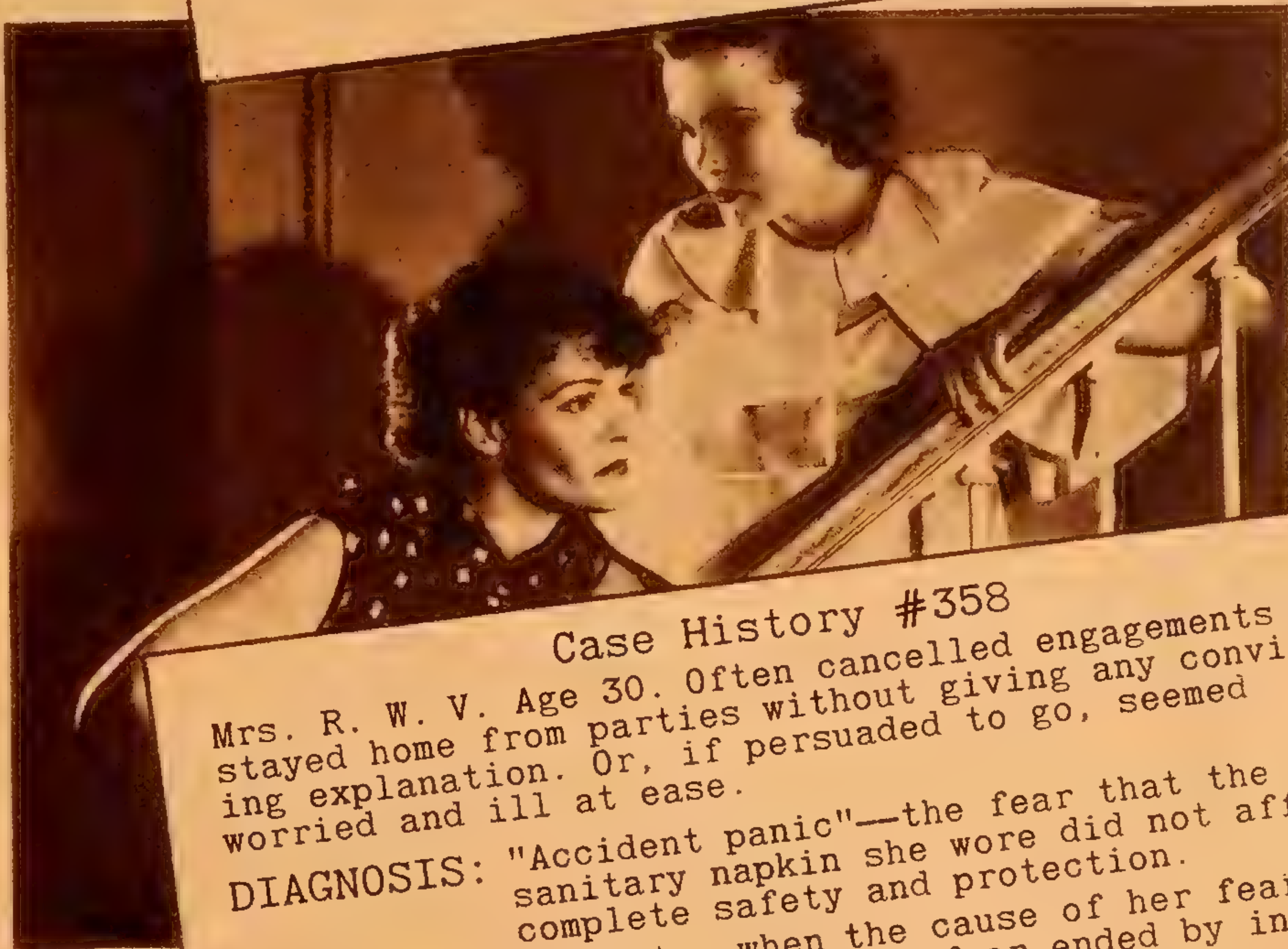


Case History #357

Mrs. H. Y. T. Age 27. Believed husband wished to get rid of her. Claimed neighbors plotted to spread malicious gossip about her. Felt she wasn't wanted at parties, but was asked because of her husband.

DIAGNOSIS: Delusions of persecution

CURE: Complete—when cause of fear was discovered (in this case, the unfounded belief that her husband was ashamed of her in social groups.)



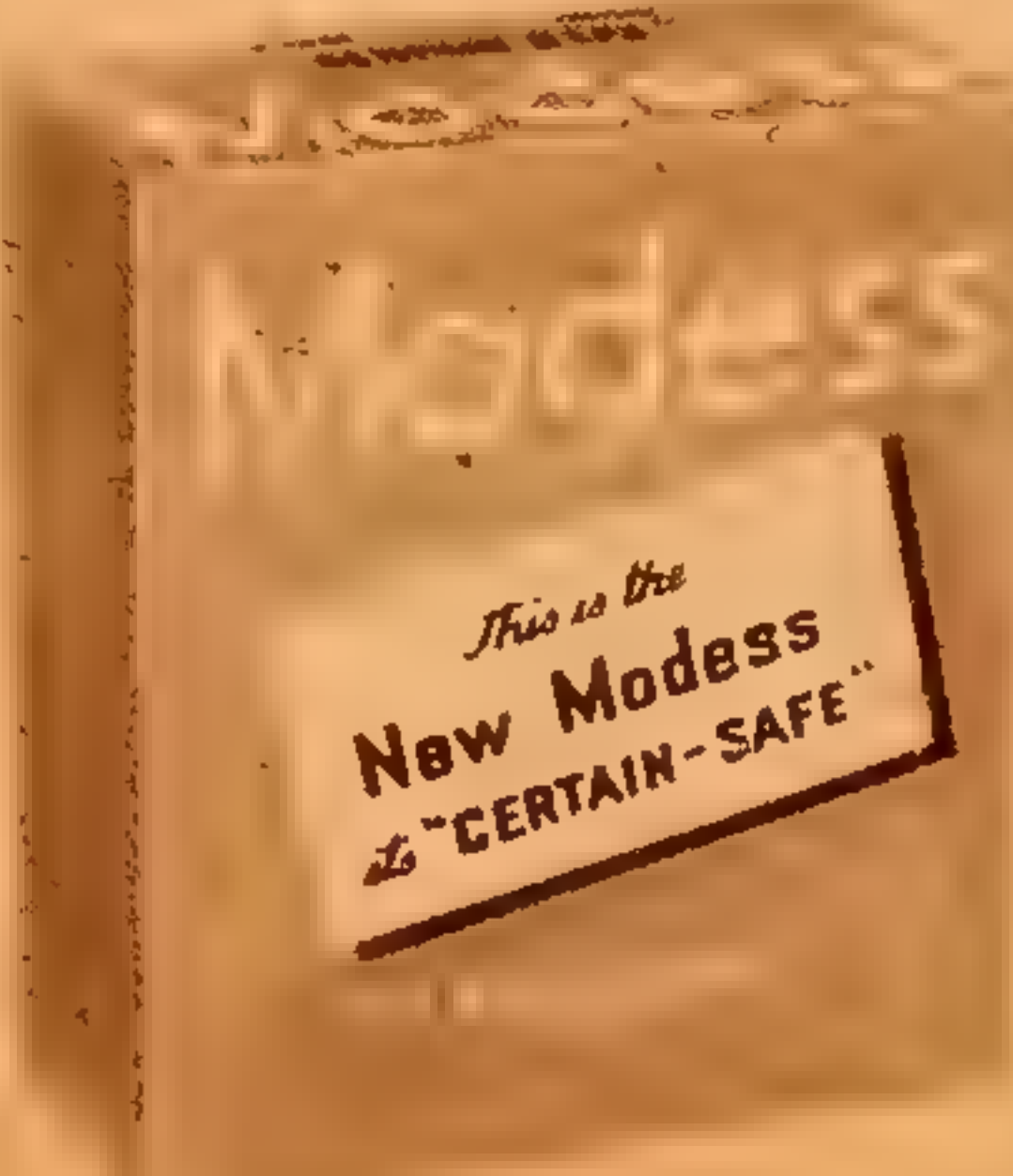
Case History #358

Mrs. R. W. V. Age 30. Often cancelled engagements and stayed home from parties without giving any convincing explanation. Or, if persuaded to go, seemed worried and ill at ease.

DIAGNOSIS: "Accident panic"—the fear that the sanitary napkin she wore did not afford complete safety and protection.

CURE: Complete—when the cause of her fear was discovered and the fear ended by introducing to her a sanitary napkin ("Certain-Safe" Modess) that was so designed that an accident was impossible.

Whether or not you have "accident panic," take no chance of an accident ever happening. Get a box of Modess today—at your druggist's or any department store. Modess is "Certain-Safe"—and you can see why:



1. Extra-long gauze tabs provide a firmer pinning basis and protect you against pulling away.
2. Specially-treated material on back and sides protects you against striking through.

Wear Modess, and say goodbye to "accident panic" forever!

MODESS STAYS SOFT . . . STAYS SAFE

NOVO . . . the new refreshing douche powder made by the makers of Modess



"I found a little
SECRET OF POPULARITY
that so many women
OVERLOOK"

"**F**OR years I was left out of things—a young girl who rarely had a date and never had a beau. Now that is all changed. I am invited everywhere... life is gay and interesting—and all because I discovered a little secret of popularity that so many women overlook."

Popular People Realize It

Popular people are never guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social fault. That is one of the reasons they are popular. Realizing that anyone may have bad breath without knowing it, they take this easy pleasant precaution against it—Listerine, the

quick deodorant, used as a mouth rinse. Most causes of halitosis, says a great dental authority, are due to fermenting food in the mouth. Tiny particles which even careful tooth brushing fails to remove, decompose and release odors. It happens even in normal mouths. No wonder so many breaths offend!

Listerine quickly halts such fermentation, then it overcomes the odors it causes. The breath—indeed the entire mouth—becomes fresher, cleaner, more wholesome. Get in the habit of using Listerine. It's an investment in friendship. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



Keep your breath beyond suspicion. Use LISTERINE before meeting others

The *INSIDE STORY* of Major *BOWES' Life*

By FRED SAMMIS

When fate rang the gong for him, he always laughed—and then came back for more!

ONE sweltering night in May, a blacksmith's daughter took her place before the microphone and began to sing in a thin, quavering, off-key voice. Promptly the gong rang hard. Another amateur took her place. The next few days NBC's mail room was flooded with protests. "Ring the gong on Major Bowes," the letters demanded. "What does he mean, treating the blacksmith's daughter that way? He's a terrible master of ceremonies."

The next Sunday, Major Bowes brought the blacksmith's daughter back on the air. "The curfew shall not ring tonight," he promised. It didn't. The girl finished two full choruses of her song. Again letters poured in. "Hurrah for Major Bowes," they shouted. "He was right. He should have rung the gong."

This neat trick which turned a tide of criticism into a clamor of approval for himself came from a one hundred and eighty pound man whose size and hereditary instincts clearly indicate that fists, not brains, should be the order of the day in any argument. Edward S. Bowes owes his success largely to two abilities. When he loses his temper, he becomes a philosopher of calm reasoning, his words become soothing blandishments, and in the end he wins his point. When sudden adversity stares him in the face, he pulls his belt tight across his generous middle and wades in with both hands. He has never failed to take advantage of the worst situation in which he's found himself.

This stubborn refusal to let life get the better of him has pushed the Major through some fifty years of making money at real estate, the legitimate theater, movie palace, and radio. He's met with complete



loss of personal fortune, chilling threats of drastic harm to his person, and tragic heartbreak that took from him the dearest thing he had.

The man who has come through these tempering vicissitudes is gray-haired, hard-boiled, just past his sixty-first birthday. With his Chase and Sanborn Amateur Hour he tops the radio entertainment world at an age most men consider more than time enough to sit back in an easy chair and begin reminiscing. He snorts through a large nose at any suggestion of slacking off his daily high pressure work. He has found that only two things in this world have ever made him completely happy—love and year after year of grinding labor without a vacation.

Amateurs, as far as the Major is concerned, would still be clerking, baking, and selling brushes. There would have been no Bowes' hour for them, if Death hadn't robbed him of his most precious possession and driven him into the radio amateur field, desperate for something new to which he could put his hand. Already part owner and director of the Capitol Theater, one of Broadway's most successful movie houses, the Major had everything he could ask for except enough work to keep his mind from the greatest personal tragedy he will ever suffer. When the chance came he grabbed it thankfully.

The hard-headedness which he admits guides his policy

in regard to his amateur program is one key to the secret of his personal success. "If an amateur isn't any good and gets the gong," the Major explains, "it's still to his advantage. He can go home after the show and have something to talk about the rest of his life."

The first real test of his bulldog stubbornness came in 1906. He went to bed one night secure in his possessions, with a bank account, a home, a standing in the community. Still a young man of thirty, life was just beginning to assume pleasant aspects for him. He awoke the next morning to a gloomy, shaken world, his personal fortune buried under the heavy ruins of San Francisco's famous earthquake. His business had been real estate. His wealth had been in buildings which were now glowing embers. But the same afternoon workmen were throwing away bricks and planking to make way for his new skyscraper office building, a stroke of daring which returned to him all his lost money!

A FEW years before, as just a student in one of San Francisco's many public grammar schools, Edward Bowes had shown no such extraordinary business acumen. He was a boisterous, freckled Irish kid who played hockey most of the time because he preferred the bay and its boats to books. He came by his love of the water honestly, since his father for years had been the public weigher on the city wharves, earning just enough money to clothe his three children and give them the rudiments of an education.

Bowes finished grammar school at the age of twelve, the only son and the youngest in the family. He needed a job. One of his sisters was studying the piano and already showing promise. If she were to continue, her younger brother would have to drop his schooling. Without much difficulty, Bowes found work in a real estate office. As he likes to tell it now, he looked around and chose this field as the most promising. As a matter of fact, he jumped at the first employment



Always Major Bowes has known and been loved by the nation's important people! Here he is some years ago with Herbert Hoover and Will Hays. Left, at his Laurel Hill estate in Ossining, New York.

he was offered, earning the—for him—magnificent sum of three dollars a week. The work happened to be real estate.

Bowes saved his money, carefully studied the business he was in, and turned to the books he had scorned while in school. (He shows today the result of his omniverous devouring of all printed literature in his conversations which are apt to be studded with big words and which often lapse into rhetorical phrases. For years it has been his habit to sit up in bed, clad in the luxurious silk pajamas he always buys, reading until four or five in the morning.) In time he had enough money to open his own office in downtown San Francisco.

As Bowes grew older, he continued to build his savings. By 1904 he was a pillar of society, a young man with an accepted bright future. His Irish love of a good battle got the better of him when he was offered the chance to become part of the Grand Jury which was investigating the town's vice conditions. As it turned out, this work marked one of the most glamorous periods of his career and one of the most exciting. He was soon appointed a head of the investigation and his activities, in routing out the dregs of the underworld, brought reprisals



Top, from a painting of the Major's wife, Margaret Illington, who passed away last year. Above, little Eddie Bowes at the tender age of four.

For the Chase and Sanborn Amateur Hour, see page 55—8 o'clock column.

in the form of threatening letters. He traveled for over six months with a personal bodyguard at his side day and night. Before the year was over, the prosecuting attorney for the city, Francis J. Heney, had been shot in cold blood during a courtroom session, Hiram Johnson had replaced the dead man, and San Francisco saw the leaders of the bandit gang behind bars.

It is to this year of civic reform that Bowes owes his life-long friendship with William J. Burns, the brilliant detective, who was in a large part responsible for the Grand Jury's success in convicting the criminals. As a reward to himself for the dangerous work he had just finished, Bowes took a long trip through Europe. Though he had not added to his fortune, he had gained enormous prestige in the community. He returned in 1906 hailed by friends and civic organizations. His triumph, however, was cut short. He had just time to hear Caruso sing at a concert his first night back before the earthquake had leveled all his buildings, leaving him, as he puts it, "with only a lot of holes in the ground with mortgages on them."

BY 1908 his fortune was as big as ever, his position in society doubly secure, but his restlessness was increasing. To break the monotony of daily routine, Bowes persuaded William Burns to visit England with him. There, the two men met Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the beginning of a long friendship. Bowes and Doyle had one thing in common; an Irish sentimentality their hard-boiled appearances could not quite hide. It had already led Doyle into spiritualism. It was one day to help Bowes sound kindly and compassionate when he rang the gong on amateurs. It also explains why the two men got along so well. "Discussing with Sir Arthur the field of spiritualism was one of my greatest thrills. Such tranquility and peace of (Continued on page 82)

For the Show Boat, sponsored by Maxwell House Coffee, see page 55—9 o'clock column; the Ivory Tent Show, see 10 o'clock column.

Below, Lois Bennett, the Tent Show's Sally Gibson, heroine and leading soprano, and Muriel Wilson who is Mary Lou, the Show Boat's heroine and its leading soprano.

Above, Frank McIntyre, Captain of the Show Boat, and Charles Winninger, head of the new Ivory Tent show, who was the Show Boat's first pilot.

RADIO may still be in its infancy, but already it is the nervous possessor of at least one historic date—June 6, 1935—the night the most beloved craft in America burned to the water's edge.

The moon was obscured by scudding clouds, a wind howled mournfully, disaster was in the air that night. And then, at the direction of the script, mysteriously, disastrously, Maxwell House Show Boat—best known symbol of all radio programs—caught fire.

For myriad Show Boat followers, for its cast of performers, for Radio City and, most important, for a brand new Sunday night program, this fatal burning marked the beginning of a strange series of events, far reaching in their implication, whose finale has not yet been written.

The immediate results of that June fire were many:

As summer listeners sat up rapidly and took notice, the Gibson Family, since early fall an outstanding favorite, was jerked from the networks without even the decency of a farewell.

A gray-haired veteran of radio—not long before the most popular in the country and the same man whose hand once piloted the boat which had been destroyed—began a determined comeback.

And Radio City found under its own roof a hushed but active rivalry between Thursday night's Maxwell hour and Sunday night's Ivory hour, the end of which is nowhere in sight.

Let's look over the assortment of incidents in this case,

morsels of fact thrown to the hungry radio columnists who have reported the day-by-day growth of this contest between two powerful sponsors.

Late in May the advertising agency in charge of The Gibson Family, first heard on Saturdays, later on Sundays, sent out a hurry call for performers and writers. Summer was coming. It had been decided that a new show was in order. When authors and cast had been assembled, the following stars were present:

Lois Bennett, Conrad Thibault, Jack and Loretta Clemens, Ernest Whitman, and Don Voorhees. In a corner, with a broad grin spreading across his ruddy face, sat Charles Winninger, once just plain Cap'n Henry of Show Boat.

Gravely an announcement was made. The sponsors had decided on a tent show, the original tent show of radio. Partially Winninger's idea, it had been developed to insure the success of his comeback and a vast audience of a million odd listeners. In the end, this was the cast worked out:

Winninger as Uncle Charlie; Lois Bennett (Sally Gibson on the program) as his niece; Conrad Thibault as the love interest for Lois; Ernest Whitman (he was Theophilis in The Gibson Family) and Eddie Green as the comedy team (the first authentic black-face team to be signed by a major network); Jack and Loretta Clemens as the wisecracking pair for good measure; Don Voorhees' band as the Tent orchestra, and the opening of each program a parade headed by "Uncle Charlie" Winninger. (Continued on page 75)

THE REAL REASON

The Show Boat

BURNED

DOWN

Why did the most beloved
craft on the airwaves
go up in smoke?

By

JOHN

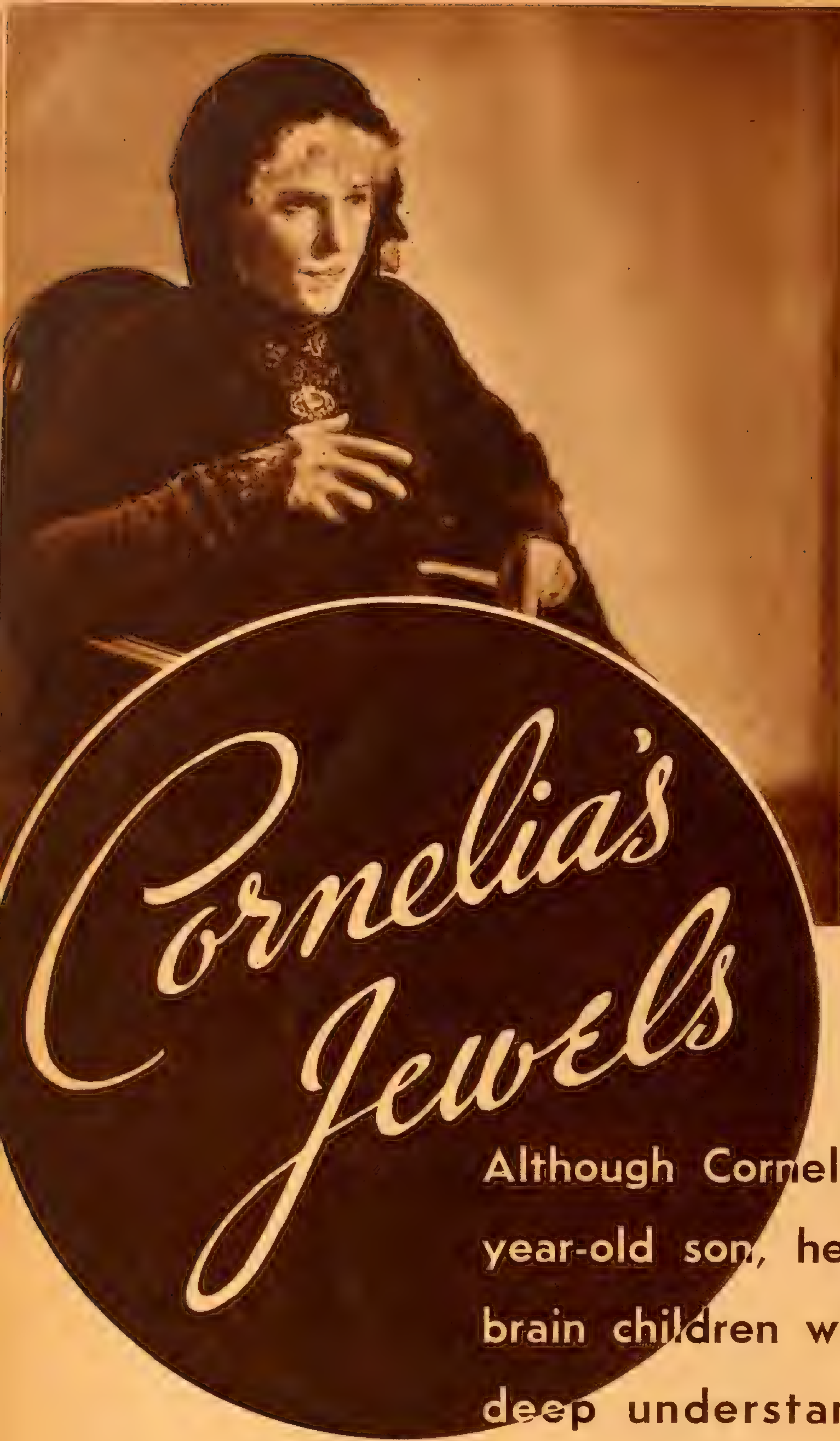
EDWARDS



Every show must have its comedians. Below, left, the Show Boat's Molasses 'n' January, Pick and Pat. The other two are Tent Show's negro comedy team, Big Sam and Little Jerry.

Above, Lanny Ross, Show Boat's beloved hero and leading tenor, and Conrad Thibault who provides the heart throbs for the Tent Show as well as contributes some of his grand singing.





By MARY JACOBS

Although Cornelia Otis Skinner has a five-year-old son, her jewels are those brilliant brain children which she creates out of her deep understanding of life—and women

THE girls hadn't planned to stay overnight at the sleepy little town of Trieste. But when Cornelia fell so whole heartedly for that dashing young Italian naval officer, and Nancy mooned over the son of the *pension's* proprietor, there was nothing else to do.

The young officer had promised to take Cornelia Otis Skinner out that night—and she had only the dress she wore, a frilly georgette, now spotted and wrinkled from traveling in hot coaches.

So she bribed the hotel maid to wash and press it, while she sat and dreamed of the Italian officer in his gorgeous uniform, of his liquid brown eyes and boyish smile. Yes, he had actually picked her out from all the others at the hotel, when she and Nancy sat in the lobby. Boys, particularly boys who noticed the tall, gawky Miss Skinner at all, were few and far between.

Her reverie was interrupted. The bell-boy was knocking at the door, explaining in his musical Italian that a young man wanted her on the phone.

That must be her date, she thought. Clothes or no clothes, she'd get to that phone. So she grabbed a screen,

pushed her bare toes into her unbuttoned shoes, and clumped down the steps to the main lobby which housed the only telephone in the hotel. Past the gaping patrons, seated peacefully reading their papers, she ran. It *was* the young man phoning. And it was just too bad she had to go in the screen, but when you have to . . .

That is the underlying keynote of Cornelia Otis Skinner's character: resourcefulness, and the devil take those who don't approve of her. It was this same spirit which helped her out in the most unusual experience of her career, just last year, when the trouble was a too ardent male.

She had given a performance—don't call them readings in her presence if you value your life—at a training school in northern Pennsylvania. The railroad station was five miles away, and she had to catch a train right after the program.

The night was cold, dark and snowy. The town's taxi driver offered to drive her to the train. Along the way he chatted cheerily, meanwhile helping himself every now and then to a nip from his whisky bottle.



For Cornelia Otis Skinner's program, sponsored by Jergen's, see page 55—9 o'clock column.

Cornelia's unique solo-dramas are gems indeed. She selects from history for portrayals (left to right), the tragic Empress Eugenie, dreaming of a vanished empire; Anne of Cleves, fourth wife of Henry the Eighth; the bibulous Tavern Wench, and the pompadoured Sally of "Mansion on the Hudson." Below, Miss Skinner as she is in everyday life.

With relief, Cornelia hopped out at the station. But it was locked, and there was nothing else to do but stand in the driving snow till the train pulled in. The taxi man insisted upon keeping her company.

He grew objectionable almost immediately. Perhaps it was really so cold that the only way to keep them both warm was to embrace Miss Skinner, as he insisted. Or perhaps being at such close range with a glamorous star was too much for his self-control.

At any rate, his arms crept round her. Screaming in that waste of dreary space would avail her nothing, she realized. Getting angry would only make matters worse. Without a word of protest, she quickly leaned down, opened her overnight bag, and yanked out her dressing gown, a flame red Patou creation, with a ruff of ermine at the throat.

"Poor man," she murmured solicitously. "Do put this on to keep warm." Before he could demur she had hustled him into the gown, which fitted him like a straight-jacket. Then, gently, she tucked the fur in snugly at the throat.

When the train came along, the headlights played fully upon the strange duo—The eyes of the colored porters rolled and popped almost out of their sockets. She left the scarecrow figure in its bright red attire standing there, with the TAXI label on his hat glistening in the snow.

This was the same Cornelia Otis Skinner, who, as a child, had shrunk from other people's paths, who had spent a miserable, lonely, misunderstood childhood as an ugly duckling.

Cornelia was born while her mother, the famous French actress, Maud Durbin, and her father, the still more famous actor, Otis Skinner, were on tour in Chicago. One day when she was a few weeks old, her father's faithful prop man picked up the screaming, puny mite and rubbed her against a bit of stage property, a chair. That meant, in stage tradition, that she was (Continued on page 61)





Scotty Welbourne

Paramount

EVERETT MARSHALL

The rich baritone voice of the star of "Broadway Varieties," pictured above, has been loaned to filmdom. While Everett has been 'out on the Coast, Guy Robertson of "Great Waltz" fame, has been substituting for him.

GLADYS SWARTHOUT

It was bound to happen! With such a combination of looks, personality and talent, Paramount could not overlook Gladys Swarthout. So she, with many other radio stars, will be seen in forthcoming pictures this fall.







Gordon Connor, Cleveland

Joseph Melvin McElliott

JOHNNY HAUSER

The young man on the opposite page is one good reason why amateur contests should never die. Johnny made his start on one, at the age of thirteen, and now he's featured soloist on the Lucky Strike "Hit Parade."

VIRGINIA VERRILL

At one time, Virginia wouldn't eat her spinach unless her mother allowed her to sing before an audience. That was at the age of three. Today, she has her own sustaining spot on Columbia and also stars on "Socony Sketches."



YOUR child belongs in radio. You know it. You feel it. When she recites a poem, great tears roll down your cheeks. The neighbors rave. Her teacher raves. Everybody raves.

You listen in on the air. You hear some famous children, Walter Tetley, Billy Halop, Peggy Zinke, Junior O'Day. But not one of them compares with your Mary. Not one of them touches the heart the way Mary does.

You want her to go on the air, to be a radio star. Suppose she fulfills your dearest dream, your greatest expectations. What salary can she make?

I can best answer you by telling you what salaries the successful children in radio make today. The very children with whom your Mary would have to compete. But remember, these are the peaks reached by only the most exceptional children.

There's Billy Halop, fourteen, leading actor on the Bobby Benson program at CBS, and Dicky on the Home Sweet Home program at NBC. For his work as Bobby Benson he gets \$100 a week. Then he draws another cool \$100 for his Home Sweet Home program, which is on five times a week. Which means that he averages at least \$200 a week. Then there are extras. He's appeared in the Big Ben dramas at \$50 a throw. When he appears as a child actor on the half-hour March of Time program, he draws another \$50, as do all the children lucky enough to get an occasional rôle on this program. The most money Billy ever made for a week's work was \$550. He earned that much two years ago during Christmas week.

Left, Billy Halop, who is known as Bobby Benson. He's fourteen and earns as much as a grown-up. Above is Billy's sister, Florence. She's Polly Armstrong on the same program. Once she competed with seven women for a rôle imitating Mae West, and got the job! A busy youngster is Lester Jay (right). He's Junior on the Dick Tracy programs.

Florence Halop, his sister, hasn't earned quite that much yet. For some reason girls in radio are rarely as successful as the boys. But Florence has earned as much as \$200 for a single week's work. When she appears as Polly Armstrong on the Bobby Benson program, she gets \$15 a performance. She may appear once, twice or three times a week, depending on how often she is written into the script for that week. She has also appeared with Albert Payson Terhune in his programs for dog lovers, earning \$22.50 for each appearance on that program. And like her brother, she's appeared on the March of Time programs.

Once she competed with seven women for a rôle imitating Mae West. And won! One of the women, green-eyed with jealousy when this child was chosen in preference to the women, gasped and said to the manager of the show, "Try her again. It was probably just an accident that her voice sounded like Mae West's this time." So the manager tried her again. And again the voice came over perfectly, the low, hoarse, vibrant tones of the Queen of Sex. Recently Florence auditioned for a rôle imitating Shirley Temple for the March of Time. Any child who can go from Mae West to Shirley Temple deserves the \$50 which the program pays!

HOW BIG A SALARY CAN YOUR

MONEY *for* MINORS

By DORA
ALBERT



Both Billy and Florence Halop have trust funds. Out of Billy's salary his mother takes out money for his fares, for his private school and for the upkeep of his horse, Silver Spot. All the rest goes into his trust fund.

Some of the radio children are regular bread-winners. There's Ethel Blum, just sixteen. The money she's earning is sending her older brother Jack through college. Ethel appeared on the Gibson Family program, and got \$75 for it. That's an almost unheard of salary for a youngster for a single performance. Usually commercials pay the children from \$15 to \$50 a performance, depending upon the importance of the commercial and the experience of the player. When Ethel appeared as Dot in the Haydn Family program on Sundays, she got \$35 for it. For each appearance on the Dick Tracy program she earns \$25.

Another extremely successful youngster is Jimmy McCallion, fifteen and already a (Continued on page 80)

Above is Mary Small, Little Miss Bab-o. She's the biggest radio child star today. In circle: Ethel Blum earns enough money to send her brother through college. Right, Junior O'Day, who plays Christopher Robin in "Winnie-the-Pooh," was also Bea Lillie's stooge.



CHILD EARN IN RADIO?

TWO GRAND SLANTS



He has kept secret the misfortune which has made cripples of less courageous men

By JAN KIEFFER

BEN BERNIE is a cripple! Now that he is successful, a star who has weathered the storms of three difficult careers, this can be told. But when he was poor and struggling, he would have died rather than reveal it.

For over twenty years he has been suffering from a serious injury, and even Walter Winchell didn't know about it. Fans who met him casually often thought him cold, aloof. Instead, he was shy and timid, oversensitive, refusing to let his misfortune become a sob story for publicity. It is the one thing in his generous life which Ben did not share with some one else.

His trademarks—a cigar, a violin and droll remarks, before, after and during the musical numbers played by all the lads—are the things that have made him rich and famous. Today "The Old Maestro" is a headliner, an example of radio versatility, yet some of his smoothest broadcasts are still made during moments marked with penetrating pain, his back strapped and bandaged so that he can carry on.

For health is the one thing Ben can't buy. The greatest surgeons in the world have told him that they can never fix his back. Yet Ben, in his wise, tolerant way, has never let this accident retard his career or fill his life with bitterness. He has always listened to the doctors and then forgotten everything they said, and gone out and done just as he pleased, as if he weren't strapped and braced. They gave strict orders that he was to have no strenuous exercise. But Ben likes golf, so he can always be found teeing off in any town which boasts a golf course big enough to see.

Ben didn't tell me this story. One of his brothers did. Jeff Bernie told me how the injury happened, and how the Maestro overcame it, how he hid his injury from everyone. It all seems unreal now, almost like a movie scenario in which he would be the star today. But this is the drama of life. Fiction doesn't enter into it.

Ben was a second string player. He had always been. As a kid, he dressed in hand-me-downs; clothes which were too small for the older Ancelowitzes were always cut down to fit him. For four years he tried out regularly each autumn with the high school football squad. And each season was like the one before—practice, training, grime, mud, sweat, but no glory. (Continued on page 56)

For Ben Bernie's program, sponsored by Premier Pabst Sales Co., see page 55—9 o'clock column.

On BEN BERNIE

**He confesses that bridge, golf
and the gee-gees spur on his
pursuit of fickle Lady Luck!**

By BEN BERNIE

(As told to Charles J. Gilchrest)

WHEN RADIO MIRROR asked your travelling correspondent to pen some words anent the trials, tribulations and thrills of following Lady Luck, the Old Maestro sez to himself, sez he, "Well, Bernie, here is one time you can play a sure-fire thing. So acquiesce, my fran! After all you've nothing to lose for you're one guy that knows the dope (Winchell fr'instance)."

So take a few tips from Take-a-Chance Bernie, the fellow who holds the all-time record for walking home from race tracks and bridge games. The fellow who has left many a suit, not at the cleaner's, but on Wall Street. Yowsah!

Lady Luck, you're a great gal. Seriously, old girl, you have been nice to me sometimes. And this really is in a more serious vein than usual for your Old Maestro.

When I was a kid back home there in New York I used to study violin. Honest! In fact I still carry the old fiddle along with me but I know better than to play it what with guys like Heifetz and Kreisler running around loose.

Remember, Lady Luck, those good old days when my partner studying violin was a kid named George Engles? Well, in case you don't remember let me enlighten you on how Ben Bernie and all the lads finally got their network radio break all through the way you brought George and me back together again years later. After we quit taking violin lessons I taught fiddle, so 'elp me, taught fiddle playing. And my first pupil was George Engles' sister.

Boy, how I remember that. Twenty, let's see, yeah, twenty-eight years ago that was. She was supposed to get her lesson from the mighty Bernie every Thursday. But sometimes along about Monday or Tuesday the Old Maestro would be broke. That half a dollar she paid me for every lesson looked like a million dollars to me. And believe it or not when I went

brokola before Thursday I'd call her up and in the most impressive Bernie manner, I would explain to her that Thursday I would be very, very busy giving lessons to many famous people and would she mind very much if I gave her her lesson this afternoon?

I must have been a good salesman in those days because the gag worked and I got the half a dollar on Tuesday instead of Thursday. But that's all old stuff, Lady Luck. You'll never know what a heartbreaking four years I spent trying to get NBC to broadcast my band. But over there in New York the network had an artists' manager who couldn't see me for dust. I'd offer to work for doughnuts, or less, and still the guy couldn't see that I was giving him the greatest break of his life. And here's where you came in. Remember?

Remember how after those terrible four years you made NBC decide to get a new artists' manager in New York? Remember how the new head, who became the other guy's boss was none other than my old friend George Engles? Boy, what a break that was for the Old Maestro! With George sitting in there at that big desk I did okay. And the other guy was demoted to a desk outside. Was his face red!

Take horses. You take 'em. They always take me. Back in my early youth I used to lead horses. Now I follow them. And it's all because I had some spare time on my hands one night long ago and began doping out a fool proof thing—the Bernie system!

For days I tried it out, on paper, and it won, and won and won until I became independently wealthy—on paper, of course. Then I tried it out. (Continued on page 58)

Opposite page, the man who's hidden the injury which he's refused to accept as a handicap. Below, when Bernie plays and pays, the good old check book tells the tale.



ILLUSTRATION BY COLE BRADLEY

She was arrested eleven days later on a presidential warrant. She was of royal birth, spoke many European languages, and had several university degrees.

A dramatic illustration in a classic pulp magazine style. A woman with long, dark, wavy hair is the central figure. She wears a black, floor-length, V-neck gown with long sleeves and a small circular brooch on the left shoulder. Her expression is serious and determined as she looks slightly to the side. To her left, a man in a dark suit and a fedora-style hat is partially visible, his hand resting on her arm in a guiding or escorting gesture. The background is a simple, warm-toned wall with a large, dark, arched shadow or opening behind the woman. The overall color palette is dominated by browns, blacks, and warm yellows, creating a somber and mysterious atmosphere.

The UNKNOWN SECRETS
of the BLACK CHAMBER

AS chief of the American Black Chamber the whole twelve years of its existence during and after the World War, Major Herbert O. Yardley, co-author of the "Black Chamber" serials over NBC, was responsible for solving 45,000 cryptograms, sent in the codes of over twenty foreign countries. But for his activities in organizing and brilliantly directing the Black Chamber in 1917, the war might conceivably have had a different outcome, and certainly the results of the Washington Naval Disarmament Conference would have been momentarily affected.

Just one phase of Yardley's work—the battle of secret inks, waged in chemical laboratories by rival masterminds—was as thrilling and as portentous as any crucial campaign at the front. Literally starting from scratch, since they had nothing to work on but invisible pen scratches, the chemists Yardley gathered together for this work managed not only to keep pace with the rapid advancements of the diabolically clever German scientists in this field, but eventually to surpass them.

The capture of Mme. Maria de Victoria, the most daring and dangerous spy in American history, was directly attributable to the secret ink bureau of Yardley's department and provided an example of the thrilling exploits that took place in the United States before and during the time America was in the war.

At the beginning of 1918, the Secret Ink Division of M. I. 8 (Military Intelligence Division, Section 8) developed one of the most amazing spy communications ever uncovered. The gist of the instructions it contained was that the time was ripe to blow up the great war industries, docks, navigation, and quicksilver mines in the United States and South America. Anti-English Irish patriots were to be hired for the actual work and the master spy for whom the letter was intended was ordered to establish another connection with headquarters, in case anything happened to her.

Several more letters, a year old and unopened, were found, from which it was evident that she had planned to use a diabolical scheme, to import the new German high explosive tetra for the destruction of mines, wharves, shipyards, etc. It was to be concealed in altar columns and holy figures of saints, sent on order to Catholic priests, either duped or taken into her confidence.

Another letter positively proved that Germany planned to establish agents on American war-ships and destroy the Panama Canal even before the declaration of war.

It was clear that this stunning blonde was the directing genius of German espionage in the United States, and the best secret agents were put on her trail: Not a clue was overlooked. Her past movements were successfully traced.

His own experiences with codes, secret inks and international intrigue brought reality to Major Yardley's thrilling program

By WELDON MELICK



Major Herbert O. Yardley was co-author of "Stories of the Black Chamber," which were sponsored by Forhan Company, Inc.

One of the letters she had failed to call for contained many cover addresses in Holland, Sweden, Switzerland and the United States.

Two were in New York, and everyone connected with them was put under constant surveillance. The agents reported that a young school-girl, cousin to a resident at one of the cover addresses, was observed at exactly the same moment on the same day each week, entering imposing St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue.

This was such a suspicious circumstance that on April 16, 1918, her movements were carefully watched after she went into the dim, almost deserted Cathedral. The slender figure stopped at pew thirty and for a few moments knelt in silent worship, then suddenly arose, leaving a folded newspaper which had been held tightly under her arm, and quickly disappeared through the doors.

As she hurried up the aisle, she passed a stooped well-dressed man who also carried a folded newspaper under his left arm. For a few moments he, too, knelt in pew thirty, and exchanged newspapers, his gray head still bowed in worship. He crossed himself, arose and disappeared into the crowded throngs, the newspaper squeezed tightly beneath his arm.

He took a taxi to the Pennsylvania Station, a train to Long Beach, Long Island, and a taxi to the Nassau Hotel, overlooking the sea. He sat smoking in the lobby for half an hour, then arose and disappeared, leaving the newspaper behind.

At the same moment, a beautiful blonde woman, strikingly gowned, appeared and took his place. She carried several newspapers which she placed beside her, read a magazine for fifteen minutes, then gathered up all her own papers and the other one.

In the paper were twenty one-thousand dollar bank notes smuggled across the Mexican border from the German Minister von Eckhardt.

The woman living at the fashionable Hotel Nassau, overlooking the sea where every American transport, loaded with munitions and American troops must pass in close review, was Maria de Victoria, the blonde woman of Antwerp for whom the British Secret Service had been searching since 1914.

She was arrested eleven days later on a presidential warrant. She was of royal birth, spoke many European languages, and had many university degrees. Confronted with documentary evidence of her activities, she completely collapsed, mentally and physically, and died in prison.

When the World War started, the United States had no bureau corresponding to the German *Schwarze Kammer* and the French *Chambre Noire* to uncover secret messages of other countries. Our (Continued on page 68)

Facing

as one of her brothers, but who actually is her husband. Now they are separated. More recently, while on tour with Hal Kemp's orchestra in Virginia, the automobile in which Babs was riding, was side-swiped. The lovely singer came out of the wreck with two black eyes, a broken cartilage in her nose, and a painfully wrenched knee. Fortunately, her beauty will not be permanently marred. Babs, incidentally, says that there's no possibility of a reconciliation with her husband. Charlie's statement is simply:

"Everything's going to be all right."

* * *

LOVES IN BLOOM

While no one will make an official prediction, the certain looks which Patti Pickens and Robert Simmons get in their eyes when gazing at each other, definitely suggest the possibility of their becoming engaged. Patti and her sisters, Helen and Jane, have been guests at Bob's Westchester farm more than once recently.

Then there's the agreement made between Gracie Barrie, whom you hear singing from the Ross Fenton Farms in New Jersey, and Dick Stabile, saxophonist of Ben Bernie's orchestra. They are going to be married—but not for five years, they have decided. Dick will be twenty-seven then; Gracie twenty-four.

You've heard Dorothy Crane lilting love songs with Bernie Cummins' orchestra. Well, word is abroad that they are being sung to a wealthy New Yorker who has charmed her.

* * *

You knew, didn't you, that Martha Mears, NBC singing star, is married to Sid Brokaw, violinist in Ozzie Nelson's orchestra? It is expected that soon there will be another Brokaw about the place. Martha has set the date herself. August seventeenth, she says.

* * *

FLIGHTS OF FANCY

Radio musical instruments and instrumental combinations can be strange and wondrous things. True, Xavier Cugat has out-grown his two-octave set of cowbells, but other orchestras use the "goofus," which is simply a piece of rubber hose with holes punched in it for fingering.

And Hal Kemp, on his Wednesday night "Penthouse Party," achieves those mellow tones with the use of four clarinets played through specially built megaphones.

The ocarimba, another weird musical creation, boasts as ancestors the marimba, xylophone and piano. It's a sort of combination of all three.

More remarkable yet, from the standpoint of both musical and scientific achievement, is the Hammond Organ, played by Edwin E. McArthur on the "True Story Court of Human Relations" programs. In this instrument, which is smaller than an upright piano, tones originate electrically and are amplified by vacuum tubes.

The most startling instrument of all is the pistol piano, built by Raymond Scott for use in the "Instrumentalists" programs, presented by Mark Warnow over the Columbia



The newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Duchin. The Missus was former society girl, Marjorie Oelrichs, who loves Eddie's music.



Another ork pilot who recently married is Leon Belasco. The little wife was Julia Bruner. He was on the Phil Baker program.



The latest to join the marriage roster are Mr. and Mrs. Lennie Hayton. She was the former wife of Ted Husing, the announcer.

THE corner that love was just around has been turned, and the result is that three orchestra leaders have married. First it was Leon Belasco, who wed the actress, Julia Bruner. Then Eddie Duchin decided that the girl who used to sit at the Ed Wynn rehearsals and watch him so adoringly, was the only one for him. Mrs. Duchin was Marjorie Oelrichs, New York society girl. They are combining their honeymoon with Eddie's coast-to-coast talent-hunting tour which you hear Tuesday nights. And now, Lennie Hayton and the former Mrs. Ted Husing are married. Mrs. Husing, you recall, obtained her divorce from her announcer husband in Reno some months ago.

Life seems full of travail for Babs Ryan this year. First there was that difficulty with Charles Ryan, who is billed

the Music

WITH
JOHN SKINNER

network, Thursday afternoons at 1:00 o'clock, EDST, and Friday afternoons at 3:15 o'clock, EDST. The curious instrument has two keyboards—one for piano tones, the other for producing pistol shots. It all came about when Scott wrote the "Piano and Pistol Duet."

Listen to one of these programs sometime and hear something really remarkable in the way of musical presentation. Just before the program goes on the air, Scott and Warnow give the players a song title with an amusing central idea such as—well—such as "Death Takes Poison," or "Consternation of a Band of Indians On Being Confronted With a Machine Gun."

A moment later, the program goes on the air, and without any idea of what tune they're going to play, the musicians begin their musical ad libbing. The whole idea does sound balmy, I grant you, but it really turns out surprisingly well.

* * *

SHORT SHORT SHORT STORIES

You may expect to hear Bing Crosby back on the air in the fall. He says that right now he's tired and wants a bit of respite from the microphone . . . Were you one of those who submitted a lyric for Fred Waring's "Way Back Home" song contest? If you were, you were up against 139,999 competitors . . . Lennie Hayton asserts that dance music is being played too fast these sultry nights. Five years ago, he says, the beat was about seventy-two on the bar; now it's around eighty-eight . . . George Hall, who hopes to be back on the air by the time you read this, has just celebrated his fourth (*Continued on page 60*)

WHAT THIS GRAND NEW DEPARTMENT GIVES YOU

1. All the latest news and gossip about popular music and musicians.
2. The exact size and personnel of famous jazz orchestras.
3. Inside facts about signature songs and theme songs.
4. Where your favorite radio orchestras are playing this month.
5. A chance to get your own questions about popular songs and bands answered.

All the latest news, gossip and helpful information about popular music, and musicians



Above, Babs and "her brothers" seem to be getting along just fine. But Babs Ryan says there'll not be a reconciliation with "brother husband," Charles.



Above, Patti Chapin's ship came in on a West Indies Cruise. Really! Listen in on Mark Warnow's (right) program and hear those mysterious piano pistol shots.





Here's the Richard Himber theme
song you've been clamoring for!

IT ISN'T FAIR

WORDS BY

RICHARD HIMBER

MUSIC BY

RICHARD HIMBER

FRANK WARSHAUER

AND

SILVESTER SPRIGATO

Above, Richard Himber, popular maestro of the Studebaker Champions, has just completed the filming of Paramount's "The Magic of Music." Below, Ted Pearson, Himber's announcer and popular narrator of poetry.



CHORUS

It is - n't fair for you to taunt me, How can you make me care this

way? It is - n't fair for you to want me, If it's

just for a day. It is - n't fair for you to

thrill me, Why do you do the things you do?

It is - n't fair for you to fill me With those dreams that can't come

C G+ B7 Em Am B7

true, dear. Why is it you came in - to my life and

G A7 D7 G

made it com - plete You gave me just a taste of

Am7(5b) D7 G A7 Fm G7 5

high life, If this is love, then I re - peat

F Fm C

It is - n't fair for you to taunt me, How can you make me care this

A7 Dm7 F(sus E) Em

way? It is - n't fair for you to want me, If it's

Dm7 G7 1. C G7 C 2. C

just for to - day - day.

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Above, Stuart Allen whose vocal refrains are a treat. He was corralled from one of New York's elite night clubs. Below, Verlye Mills, youngest woman harpist on the air. The harp is a feature of the Himber band.

For Richard Himber's Studebaker Champions, turn to page 53—10 o'clock column.



"You were there
too?" Sidney cried.
"Lee, who did it?"



The Great
RADIO
MURDER
MYSTERY

By **FREDERICK RUTLEDGE**

BACKSTAGE at the opening of the first broadcast of Night Club Revue, Gail Richard, its star, was shot by an unknown assailant. The other members of the cast found themselves under immediate suspicion. Sidney Abbott, in love with Lee Banks, announcer on the program, had quarrelled with Gail the afternoon of the murder. That same afternoon, while Sidney and Gail were in the midst of a set-to in her dressing room, a white-haired stranger had called on Gail demanding money. After the murder, he was seen running from the back alley by Lee and Flash Hanlon, police reporter for the Dispatch.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

and a radio star with his own program. Tony Letour, production manager of Night Club Revue, had been openly in love with the murdered girl. Bobby Sharpe, her former vaudeville partner, scheduled to sing on the new show, admitted his dislike for her. When the police arrived, Sidney took Lee upstairs. The gun Gail kept in her dressing table was gone! Quickly Sidney told Lee about the white-haired stranger. Detective Thomas, in charge of the investigation, overhearing, stepped into the room, full of questions. "Who's guilty?" he demanded. Lee told him: "The Professor, the white-haired stranger I chased tonight." Thomas dismissed them. The weekend was torment for Sidney. The program was off the air! Out of a job and no money! Monday morning, with Lee, she went to the investigation at the City Hall. In the room were Bobby Sharpe, Tony Letour, Flash Hanlon, Ramon Hernandez, the orchestra leader on the program, Detective Thomas and the assistant district attorney. Later, Michael Riley, the cab driver who had driven off the white-haired stranger, came in. The investigation disclosed that Bobby, according to his own testimony, was in the lobby of the theatre where the broadcast was held, at the time of the murder. Riley said he had driven the stranger to Brooklyn Bridge. Later, at Sidney's apartment, Lee tried to persuade her to marry him. "I couldn't—not until I've been cleared of this murder," she cried. Lee went off, then, determined to solve the killing. With Detective Thomas, he went to Gail's apartment. They caught Bobby Sharpe! In his pocket were two I. O. U.'s he had given to Gail. In defense, Bobby snarled out the fact that Gail loaned him the money because he knew she was married—to the white-haired stranger, Professor Halsey. "Blackmail and murder!" Thomas rasped, hustling Bobby to jail. Excited, Lee hurried to see Flash at his Dispatch office. "Help me find the Professor!" They set out for Dell's Hotel. They found the Professor but he was dead. "It's murder!" Flash exclaimed. Then Lee saw it—a piece of lace he recognized. In agony, he hurried to Sidney while Flash went on the air with the latest clue—the discovery of Gail's husband, dead. When Lee confronted Sidney with the lace, she demanded: "Where did you find it?" "Then it is yours!" he groaned.

HE stumbled to the studio couch, sinking down on it, his face buried in his hands. His fears had been well founded. Sidney, by her own confession, had been in the Professor's room. He did not have the courage to think what it might mean.

Sidney ran to him, sat beside him. With a sob she repeated her question.

"Lee, where did you find it?"

"In the Professor's room!"

"You were there too?" Sidney cried, despair in every word. "Lee, who did it?"

At her question, he looked up. The sight of her face, so bewildered, so confused, filled him with relief. He knew, in that brief glance, that his momentary doubts had been groundless. Against all reasoning, against any evidence he might hear now or later, he was convinced.

"Lee," she explained, "just after you called this afternoon, I remembered that I knew the Professor's hotel. I thought I could do that much by myself, so I hurried down. He was dead when I got there."

"But someone might have seen you!" Lee's relief gave way to cold fear. "Did anyone see you?"

Sidney shook her head. "No, there was no one else there. I came back on the subway. I must have left just before you came."

"God, what a narrow escape!" Lee shuddered. "If Thomas should ever find out—" He could not go on, appalled by the mental picture of Sidney, innocent, but exposed to all the ruthlessness of Thomas' bludgeoning cross-examination.

"Lee, I'm terribly sorry that I had to cause you this pain. But it was something I had to do—and do alone. Even if it did work out this way." Sidney was closer to tears than she had ever been in her life, tears of chagrin and heartbreak. It didn't really matter now if Thomas did find out. With the Professor dead, how

could Gail's murder ever be solved? It looked hopeless.

Lee laughed dispiritedly. "Looks as if we start from scratch again. Just when I thought we had the whole thing worked out." Then he made up his mind. "This time, Sidney, you aren't going to tell the police your story. They'd never understand."

And so, their love, strengthened by the secret they must share, drew them deeper into one another's hearts.

It was after midnight when Lee left, with a promise to be back in the morning.

FLASH had been in the Dispatch office about thirty minutes before Detective Thomas came puffing in, roaring like a maddened bull.

"Now, you ratting newspaper mugg," he yelled, his usually composed face a dangerously mottled red, "what's the idea? Double crossing me on the Professor story like that, after all I've done for you. What were you trying to do, make the police look like monkeys?"

"I don't have to try," Flash replied with heat. "And listen, who do you think you're yelling at like that? Flash Hanlon, that's who! And Hanlon is a reporter first and a friend second. Remember that. If Hanlon gets a scoop, he plays it, see?" His voice became rough in its anger.

"Why, say," he went on, "how do you think I got my start in the newspaper business back in Salt Lake City? By going out and biting my own dog, that's how! D'ya suppose a guy who'd do that, would sit around and wait for you coppers to get going? Then guess again. Besides," he added, calming down, "I was due on the air. I barely had time to phone the paper."

"Yeah? And how'd the bright boy find out all this about a dead husband? Tell me that one!"

"Easy," Flash said, regaining some of his dignity. "Lee Banks and I just went down to the hotel, knocked on the door, and went in. There the old boy was, nice and stiff. And to think I'd have had a story out of him if I'd been faster!"

"What?" Thomas couldn't resist his curiosity. "How'd you know where to find him?"

"He called," Flash said sweetly, "the best reporter in town, and said he had big news. Now if you'd just have told me this morning how important he was, I wouldn't have wasted any time getting there. But I got a scoop anyway, even if crusty old (Continued on page 50)

**Into the microphone
and across the air-
waves went Flash
Hanlon's shocking
clues—but the murder-
er was still at large!**

What's new on

By JAY PETERS

THE silly season is on in radio. However, that is nothing to get alarmed about, my readers. It comes with the craving for tall glasses of cooling concoctions and ends with the passing of their need and the arrival of the refreshing breezes of autumn.

But since it is the silly season, Radio Row quaffs deep of iced nectars and tries to figure out trends for the coming season. This despite the fact that anybody who has anything to do with the studios knows that the best time to determine a broadcasting trend is after the season is over. Thus, everybody knows now that the outstanding development the past twelve months was the amateur programs.

Still, those pets of the parlors who haven't gone to Hollywood this summer to make movies, profess to be concerned about the style of entertainment which will win favor with the customers during the coming year. All sorts of predictions are heard—from growth in popularity of serials and sopranos to a greater development of original music, guest stars and girl bands. It all depends on the preference or prejudice of the person to whom you talk, and one man's guess is as good as another's.

THE famous N.T.G., over a decade ago a popular master of ceremonies on one of New York City's minor stations, is back on the airwaves. This

time he is on an NBC network with a program featuring chorus girls from night clubs, which is his specialty. The initials N.T.G. stand for Nils Thor Granlund but their owner back in 1922 used them to identify himself rather than his full name on the theory, to quote his own words, that he was "lousy." Broadcasting in those days was wild and raucous and there are those loudspeaker survivors of the period who will concede that Granlund's self-appraisal wasn't far from the mark.

PROMOTERS of radio programs have to resort to all sorts of ingenious devices to attract sponsors. One of the most novel was that of Jean V. Grombach, who staged the Max Baer detective serial among others. Grombach recorded a program featuring Glenn Hunter, not so long ago regarded as Broadway's most promising juvenile. Then he sent a man with disc and a reproducing machine along the highways and by-ways of the land playing the act for all who would listen. Their impressions were recorded on films. After a complete reel of such opinions were thus secured, Grombach's agent returned to New York

Glad you're well again, Eddie! Here he is with Mrs. Cantor and the girls (lower left), celebrating his recuperation and his twenty-first wedding anniversary. Bottom, Floyd Gibbons, fast-paced commentator. Below, Lucy Gillman who's Lucy Moran in "Today's Children," gave a birthday party for her friends in the Chicago studios. Lucy's second left.



Wide World

Radio Row



Wide World

Wide World



and a group of advertising agency representatives were assembled and the film run off. The result was the immediate sale of the program!

RUTH ETTING, serious about retirement this fall, will even abandon her professional name when she sails on a trip around the world. Her passport will identify her as Mrs. Moe Snyder (her husband and manager being Colonel Moe Snyder) and Ruth Etting will just be a memory. Ruth—beg pardon, Mrs. Snyder, we might just as well get used to it now as later on—has been planning to quit professionally for five years and thanks to economic living and good investments has plenty of what it takes to enjoy a life of leisure. We'll be missing you, Ruth!

even President Franklin D. Roosevelt, the greatest radio attraction of them all, could go on the air once a week at that late hour and be sure of an audience. He might attract listeners once or twice but he couldn't for a prolonged period. Any network official will tell you that even eleven o'clock at night is too late for a speaker. Listeners simply aren't in the mood for orations at that hour.

IN THE SOCIAL WHIRL:

Has romance come to brighten the life of Major Edward Bowes? Radio Row is all abuzz with speculation as to this happy development. The object of his affections is said to be a lovely lady who has made a name for herself as an executive of a New York wholesale house. Major Bowes has been a widower since the death of Margaret Illington, one time dramatic star, to whom he was married for over twenty years. Miss Illington divorced Dan Frohman, dean of the American theater, to marry Major. (See story on page 17.)

Announcer Ted Jewett and the mis-sus seem to have reached the parting of the ways. A very interesting personality is Ted Jewett, once night supervisor of NBC mike-men but presently announcing commercial broadcasts on Columbia. Noted for his excellent diction, Jewett never spoke English until he was six years old. He was born in Japan and spoke the language of that (Continued on page 86)

Upper right, Myrt and Marge with George Damerel. He's Myrt's seventeen-year-old son as well as Marge's brother. Top, Richard Humber arrives just in time to say Good-bye to Virginia Clark, radio's "Helen Trent," vacation bound. Above, Broadway's N.T.G. and his chorus.

THE abrupt termination of 'Rev. Charles E. Coughlin's Sabbath night broadcasts occasioned no surprise. The only surprise was Father Coughlin's announcement that he was going to give a series of midnight talks during the summer. Nobody, not

Coast-to-Coast

CHICAGO

by CHASE GILES

WHETHER or not Amos 'n' Andy or their sponsors decide to keep that girl on their radio programs their public thinks the girl should stay. During the first two weeks that she was on with the boys, fans sent in 10,000 letters. The proportion was about ten letters saying she should be retained to one saying she should be dropped.

And most of those who complained about the addition of the girl—the boys report it is the first time they have ever used a third person since Amos 'n' Andy went on the air seven years ago—did it through a sense of loyalty to A. and A. Very few of the complaints said the girl didn't do a good job. But they did say that Charles Correll and Freeman Gosden are so adept and clever at handling many different parts themselves that they don't need a third person.

The young lady who became Julia Porterfield with Amos 'n' Andy is Harriette Widmer, of La Grange, Ill., a suburb of Chicago. Her husband, a Chicago steel salesman, first realized her talents at imitating colored women when she read the Uncle Remus stories to her children, Jack and Don.

RECENT visitors to Chicago radio studios:

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon to watch Bill Cooper's "Light's Out."

Dick Powell to look over Columbia's Chicago studios.

Helen Hayes to watch Joan Blaine as Mary Marlin.

Jack (Three Men on a Horse) Sheehan to watch Phil Baker broadcast.

A LISTENER wrote the Chicago NBC studios to get tickets to see Fred Allen's broadcast any week in April, 1936!

RECENTLY the papers carried a story from London telling how an Italian count, hearing the voice of a girl singer over the air from London, fell in love with her, wooed her and finally made her his countess. Something very much like that happened in Chicago recently.

A girl named Fay Carroll joined the staff of WCFL to do a commercial radio series. (Continued on page 65)



This is Dorothea Ponce (left), youthful WLW blues singer, born and bred in New York. Below, the "baby stars" of the NBC Chicago studios. Left to right, top row: Joan Kay and Elinor Harriet, middle: Patricia Dunlap, Gina Vanna, Betty Lou Gerson, bottom: Marjorie Hannan, Loretta Poynton, and Betty Winkler.



Highlights

PACIFIC

by DR. RALPH L. POWER

Edna O'Keefe, KFRC comedienne, is always talking about her "dawg." Here she is with "Caesar." Below, Bing Crosby speaking over XEBC between races at Agua Caliente. Announcer Jerry Stein finds it amusing.



LABOR DAY always brings plenty of fun and frolic, even though it means back to school for the kids and lots of work for the fond mammas. But Labor Day is really a day of work for Charlie Marshall, prize-winning NBC hill-billy in 'Frisco-town. Charlie likes to get his bald-headed dome out of the sun. So he has built a first-class carpenter shop in his house with benches, lathes and what not. He makes a fair footstool, a better hat-rack and a great combination wheelbarrow-lounging bench. But don't ask for any samples.

MIKE (Michael) KELLY took a run-out powder on radio a couple of years back when his Irish brogue, cultivated through college, made a unique KNX news broadcast daily. But along this summer he began to stage a come-back as a side line, and has been announcing some dance programs, including Orville Knapp's Orchestra, to the Coast Don Lee chain. His real name is Fitzmaurice, and his mother runs a clever and profitable dance school for talented youngsters in the Highland Park district of Los Angeles.

GEORGE NICKSON, one of the KFRC tenor staff, was born in Petaluma some twenty-five years ago. That's where the eggs come from but, of course, this is no reflection on George. Though married, his chief hobby is cooking and he is also an avid reader of the classics. He entered radio through a public audition at KYA. In size he resembles the old-time iceman, before the days of electric refrigerators, but, for all his huskiness, his chief aversions are mustard and mayonnaise.

SEGAR ELLIS made his bow to radio in Houston's KPRC back in '23 as a schoolboy piano prodigy. Later he did records for the big-time companies; was on WLW, Cincinnati, for a couple of years and then became co-manager of the Mills Brothers for the agency. While the colored quartet is touring Europe, Segar Ellis lolls around Hollywood in vacation mood and has been giving a semi-weekly radio recital. (Continued on page 66)





When is a "Popular Star"

By ROSE HEYLBUT

WHAT makes a star popular?

You guessed correctly; it's the number of people, reckoned in millions, who listen to him, to the extent of wanting to hear him again and again and again. Now, let's go a step further.

How do you know the exact number of people, reckoned in millions, who are listening in on any given program; and not only listening, but doing whatever is needed to constitute air-wave applause?

You sit in your living-room of an evening, you tune in on Ed Wynn, Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Wayne King, Paul Whiteman, anyone at all, and you say, "That's a swell show!" Or maybe you don't say that at all. Maybe you say, "Phoo-ey, what a show! How can they keep it on the air?" (No, I'm not razzing anybody's pet star. I said, "Maybe.") Well, there you are. You have your opinion; ten million or more other people have theirs. How can anybody put his finger down squarely on the number of people whose opinions agree? How can all those private living-room criticisms be made to register in a public, helpful way? Right there you have the big question of radio!

The truth of the situation is that *nobody knows the exact degree of any star's radio popularity*. Does that surprise you? It should. It's a fact not generally given out. The men who run radio don't, as a rule, like to admit that the value of their commodities is regulated by a sort of super-guesswork. Yet, notwithstanding the vast sums of

money spent on radio, the vagueness on just this vital point would make anybody gasp.

Movie houses reckon their audience by box-office returns. Magazines have money-intake plus circulation figures to go by. And here comes radio, the biggest entertainment medium of them all, with no money return and no exact, fool-proof check-up on the number of people it reaches, the things they like, or why!

What, then, is the "box-office" for radio? Well, there's fan mail. There are carefully prepared charts and business reports. There is the personal value of the star, counted in terms of his own reputation previously won on the stage, in the movies or the opera, where there is an accurate box-office check. There's the publicity slant: the more people want to hear about a star, the more popular he is. And each of these check-ups seems to be just as good, and just as faulty, as the next!

Let's have a look at them. Fan mail used to be the sole gauge of radio popularity. The people who have faith in it, believe it is still the best, because it's *spontaneous*. You listen to Eddie Cantor, let's say; you feel a personal pull going out from him to you, and you write him a note about it. When 2,345,967 people do the same thing, you're not making a big mistake in thinking him popular. The networks take vast account of fan mail, reading it, counting it, filing it and drawing conclusions from it. Well, then, you say, that ought to be a pretty good check-up. But it isn't as simple as that!

Because, working on the theory that letters from listeners build up popularity, some wise boy hit on the idea of encouraging more

Can sponsors determine the pulling power of a star?





POPULAR?

letters. And then came the flood of advertising offers. You know the sort of thing. Write us a letter and you'll get something in return, a photograph or a button or a sample of Simplebrain's Hair Tonic. Send us three tops from the cartons of Fishface's Beauty Lotion, and you'll get an income for life! And thus began the downfall of fan mail value. For the moment you take the spontaneous element out of it, it's no longer fan mail, and it tells you exactly nothing. Your request for a sample of hair tonic or an income for life, does *not* prove that you like the star or the show. You may never want to hear them again. You wrote your letter because you wanted something. And so the wise boy built up his audience mail by the simple trick of taking the real meaning out of it. That, at least, is the story you get from the men who have no faith in fan mail as a test of radio popularity.

THESE men are generally the ones who see salvation in the various popularity-rating charts. These charts are supposed to give you what is called "a cross-section indication of public taste." They work like this. The people of a city are mapped out in fields, according to neighborhood, business and social standing, race, probable income and the like. Each class is charted separately. Then a thousand telephone calls are put through, asking people in each class what program they listen to most regularly, which star they like best, why, etc. The answers are filed, and a percentage rating is given the various air shows, based entirely on those thousand calls. If 540 different people say they listen to Cantor, he gets a 54 per cent rating. The

people give their own answers and the experts chart them. Well, you say, doesn't that seem fair enough? But again, it isn't as simple as all that!

Because it doesn't even approach absolute accuracy. What about the opinions of the people who don't get called up? (Have they ever called you? They never have called me, and I have a lot to say on the subject of radio programs!) Suppose Mr. Clark, who adores Cantor, happens to get called up, while Mrs. Jones, who prefers Pick and Pat, and Miss Brown, who hates all comedians and listens only to musical programs, are left out? The figures on Cantor are gotten honestly enough, and compiled correctly enough, *but it is simply the chance element of those telephone calls that makes the picture what it is.* A thousand different calls to a thousand different people, all equally honest and correct, might give an entirely different result! That is the weak spot of the chart check-up. Even the greatest chart fan tells you that the figures give you only a cross-section indication of taste. And when you're looking for fool-proof, bull's-eye accuracy, a cross-section indication is as unsatisfying as a "Look me up sometime" invitation to a man who is burning to make a date, which leaves us exactly at the starting point.

There are other indications of a star's popularity, but they have nothing to do with radio as such. With but few exceptions, the big programs are handed out to performers who have made their reputation in other fields. Cantor, Wynn, Jolson, Crooks, Bori, Ponselle, Swarthout, Whiteman, and Hill, to name but *(Continued on page 78)*

Here's the lowdown on how radio spells "box office"

"Love is the Sweetest Thing" "



By CAMILLA JORDAN

Meet Mr. and Mrs. Ray Noble. He was born in Brighton, near London, and she was the girl next door, named Gladys.

RAY NOBLE, Europe's musical sensation, is about to become Americanized—well anyway, he is certainly receiving a hearty invitation. It all began some few years ago, when Rudy Vallee, our own famous maestro, sent a congratulatory cable to Ray on the advent of his then new song hit, "Good Night, Sweetheart." Ray wrote a letter of thanks and Rudy wrote again thanking Ray for thanking him. After all the "thank yous" were in order, they discussed music and exchanged musical ideas, and from that mutual meeting ground a fast friendship grew.

They did not meet until this winter, when Ray came to the United States, and Rudy gave a royal welcoming luncheon in his honor. When Rudy greeted his guest, it was the first time they had met. Rudy found a tall, blond young man of twenty-nine years, whose reserve was not due to English upbringing half so much as to his shy and sensitive nature. Rudy at once understood why in England Ray is known as a "jolly fine fellow."

It was soon discovered that Ray has another non-English trait—he has a keen sense of humor, though he is usually much too retiring to air it in public. Yes, Ray is a funny mixture of things, but to find the real Ray, you have to go

to Gladys. She knew Ray long before she became Mrs. Noble.

In Brighton, near London, Ray was born and lived with his two brothers in a rambling English house. Next door lived a dark headed little girl, whose name was—yes, of course, Gladys. They played together, and they went to school together, and since childhood Gladys has made a study of Ray, and her understanding has long been the solid basis of their love.

What average wife, for instance, would not be frantic if her much adored husband insisted upon risking his neck in a wild attempt to break a speed record in his new toy, a high-powered Lagonda automobile? Ray adores automobiles with speed. Most wives would worry themselves sick. Gladys probably does, too, but she is much too understanding to protest. She knows, woman-fashion, that Ray's nerves relax in that strange way. Many were the times she had sat on the side line as a little girl and watched her hero tear pell mell down the steepest hill on his tricycle. Faster, faster he would go, sometimes to wind up safely and exhilarated, other times to meet disaster—but she was ready to meet any outcome, as she is in different ways today.

No wonder Ray wrote "Love Is the Sweetest Thing." He ought to know. They have been married seven years, and though they have no children, they sit up nights playing fool children's card games, and (Continued on page 70)

For Ray Noble's program, sponsored by Coty, see page 53—10 o'clock column.

newcomer!

Ray Noble must have had a reason for saying it with music. Here's the real meaning of the titles of his hit tunes!

Beauty

in the Sunshine

By JOYCE ANDERSON

Elaine Melchior doesn't look like a villainess while basking in the summer sun. She plays the part of cruel Ardala Valmar on the "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century," program, sponsored by Cocomalt. See page 53—6 o'clock column.

THERE'S really no excuse for a red, cracked skin like yours—even in the summertime," said the beauty consultant, as I relaxed in her treatment-chair. "What on earth have you done to it?"

So I had to confess that perhaps I had loved the sunshine not wisely but too well this summer. And, of course, with a thin skin like mine, there wasn't much one could do—

"Nonsense!" she said, almost sharply. "You don't have the sort of complexion that should be allowed to tan, but that needn't keep you indoors on hot days—nor give you an old, dry, wrinkled skin like this."

Then she gave me a wonderful skin treatment with delicately-scented creams and lotions which made me feel just like a new woman. Honestly, I didn't know my own face when she finished. It was so clean and smooth and clear. Yes, there was a little burn left, but soothing foundations soon covered that and the final touches of make-up gave me a complexion that looked only slightly tanned, and not in the least raw and painful.

By that time, I was really interested. I got out my little notebook and pencil and set out on a round of our most famous beauticians and cosmetic chemists. I came back with my notebook crammed with grand advice about summer skin care which I'm just dying to pass on to you.

Did you know that all normal skins are slightly acid? And that most of our water and soaps have an alkaline reaction? All of which means—not that we must give up those soap-and-water rubs which are so important to real cleanliness—but that we should have a bit more acid in our creams. There are several cleansing and all-purpose creams on the market today containing lemon bases. There's one in particular that I'm very fond of, since it has such an

exquisite texture and liquefies the moment it touches the face. I'm just as enthusiastic about it as are the manufacturers, and they're very proud of it indeed, since it's a very recent development and is quite inexpensive. I'll be glad to tell you more about it if you'd drop me a stamped, self-addressed envelope, with your request. And I have some excellent formulas for making your own lemon-base lotions and oatmeal complexion masks at home, at a minimum of expense, which I'd like to send you. Did you know, too, that you can lemonize your own favorite creams, simply by adding one teaspoon of freshly-strained lemon juice to a two-ounce jar of cold cream?

Of course, I wanted to find out what I should have done to protect my skin that I didn't do. I'm afraid that most of us are apt to forget what suntan creams and lotions are intended to do for us. Their first duty is to protect the skin from painful and "uglifying" sunburn—and this is the duty we most often forget in our anxiety to get a beautiful tan in two days. But we remember soon enough, after our first afternoon broiling in the sun, nicely basted with rich oils!

It takes a little time for any skin to adjust itself to a sudden, radical change in sun-rays. These creams and liquids are designed especially to (Continued on page 84)

What has the summer sun done to *your* skin? RADIO MIRROR'S Beauty Department question and answer service will be glad to help you smooth out your late summer or all-year-round beauty problems. Just tell your troubles to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?



Write to the Oracle, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York City, and have your questions about personalities and radio programs answered

The Stewart Sisters are appearing on the Rudy Vallee Hour. From left to right, they are: Julie, Jean and Judy. They got their radio start in Los Angeles, California. For the Vallee program, see page 55—8 o'clock column.

LOOKA here, folks, paleeze be nice and don't ask The Oracle for personal replies to your questions! It's almost asking the impossible. However, I do want to assure you that I'll try and answer each and everyone of your questions in turn on this page. Just have patience—and don't miss a single issue of the RADIO MIRROR Magazine. You'll find the answers (if I know them!).

Helen H., Connellsville, Pa.—So your favorite is Don Ameche? I'm sure then that you've seen the grand portrait of him and Anne Seymour that we ran in the June issue.

E. Burk, New York City—Bing Crosby was born in Tacoma, Washington, the second of May. His real name is Harry Lillis Crosby.

"Bunny" B., Collinsville, Ill., and Gordon S., Essex, Md.—You can reach Glen Gray and his Casa Loma orchestra as well as Walter O'Keefe in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Mrs. E. N. F., Lancaster, Pa.—Now really, Mrs. E., Mildred Bailey is not a cripple. She became famous because of the way she sang that song, "Old Rocking Chair." Tony Wons is not a cripple. In his case, when you heard him say something about his being carried to the studio on a stretcher, it might have been that he was ill and had just come from a sick bed.

Bernard F., Washington, D. C.—Here are the addresses you wanted—Mary Pickford, United Artists Studio, Hollywood, Calif.; Lanny Ross, Captain Henry of the Show Boat and Rudy Vallee, in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Center, New York; Myrt and Marge, Columbia Broadcasting System, Wrigley Building, Chicago, Ill.; Curtis Arnall (Buck Rogers), in care of Columbia Broadcasting, 485 Madison Ave., New York.

Gene K., St. Paul, Minn.—The Sisters of the Skillet and Stoopnagle and Budd are not the same persons. The Sisters of the Skillet are Ed East and Ralph Dumke while Stoopnagle is F. Chase Taylor in private life and Budd is Bud Hulick.

Mrs. Robert C. E., Worcester, Mass.—James Wallington's first wife was not a dancer. However, his second wife, Anita Furman was a very fine ballet dancer. Anita passed away a few short months ago.

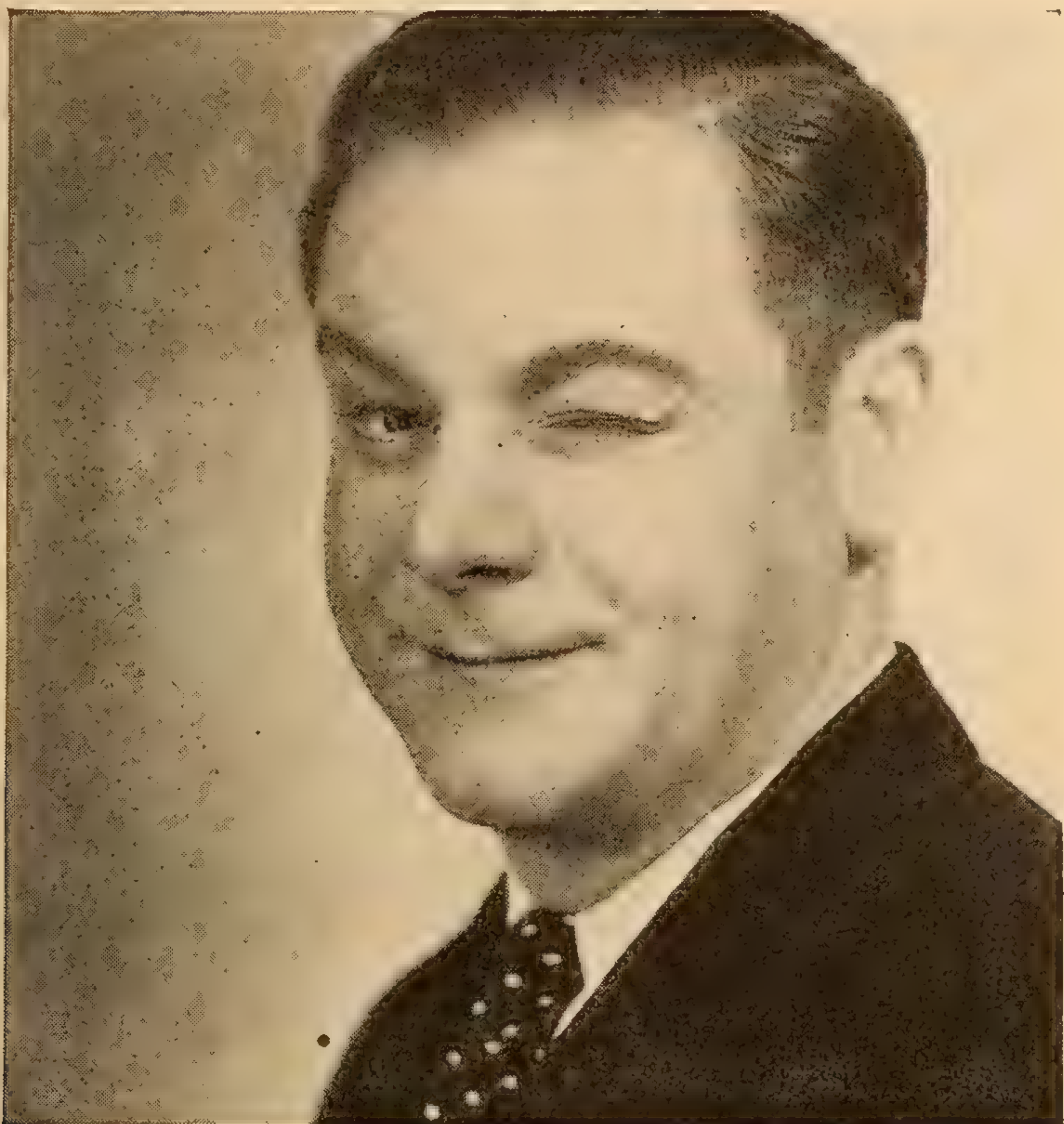
Dick B., River Rouge, Mich.—I'm sorry that RADIO MIRROR can't furnish you with a photograph of Leah Ray, but I'm almost sure that if you write Miss Ray in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Center, New York City, and ask her for her photo, she'll send you one.

Charles J. H., Cabot, Arkansas—Don't tell me you don't know who made that song famous, "When The Blue of the Night Meets the Gold of the Day!" Why that's Bing Crosby's theme song, Charles. George Hall's orchestra is not on the air at this writing but they say he'll be playing over the Columbia networks again this winter. However, he's playing now at the Hotel Taft, New York.

Marie M., Alabama City, Ala.—Dick Powell was born in Mount View, Arkansas, on November 14, 1904. Before he went to Hollywood, he sang in a church choir, for weddings and funerals; organized an orchestra and toured the states. A Warner Brothers scout saw him while he was acting as master of ceremonies at a Pittsburgh theatre. Dick's reported engagement to Mary Brian was only a rumor. By the way, didn't you read all about Dick Powell in the July RADIO MIRROR in which Dick tells, "Why I'm Afraid to Marry?"

Louise G., Springfield, Mass., and L. Brookens, Tacoma, Wash.—Betty and Bob (Continued on page 77)

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?



This is your page, readers! Here's a chance to get your opinions in print! Write your letter today, have your say, and maybe you'll win the big prize!

From clear across the country, Al Pearce and His Gang have invaded the New York National Broadcasting studios. They used to entertain from California. For Al Pearce and His Gang program, turn to page 54—2 o'clock column.

WE want to know what you think of radio programs and personalities. It is only through your letters that we can learn how the new programs strike you and also if the old programs are still holding your interest. So keep writing! And get paid for it!

Letters should be addressed to The Editor, 1926 Broadway, New York City, postmarked not later than August 22. Try not to make them more than 150 words. The best letter will receive \$20.00, the next best \$10.00, and the next five will earn \$1.00 each.

Here are this month's winning letters:

\$20.00 PRIZE

May I offer these few don'ts to greater appreciation of radio programs:

Don't listen to the radio in a critical mood or with the expectation of hearing something entirely different.

Don't make comparisons or reach a conclusion before the end of a program.

Don't let an artist's personal life detract or add to the work he is doing.

Don't feel that you are superior to the people participating in a program or assume that "I could have done better" attitude.

Don't judge announcers and dramatic players by what they say, but by how they say it.

Don't listen to the radio at all if you are not open-minded!

BRUCE CAMERON,
Oakmont, Pennsylvania.

\$10.00 PRIZE

To those "whole-hog-or-none" radio listeners, who perpetually squawk at the slightest suggestion of commercialism on any program—

Did you know that clients of radio spent over \$72,000,000 to "air" their wares in 1934?

Did you know that this was a 27% increase over the previous year's outlay?

Did you know that in February of this year, both national networks hoisted their rates approximately 25%?

Did you know that these figures mean that radio is rapidly superseding the printed page as an advertising medium?

Do you object to advertising in newspapers?

Don't you realize that your radio—like your newspaper—pays you enormous educational, informative and entertainment dividends, on a ridiculously small investment?

Do you still think you have a legitimate complaint?

AW, GET OFF THE AIR!

CARL PENNINGTON,
Jacksonville, Florida.

\$1.00 PRIZE

I used to be the type of fellow who owned a radio merely because everyone else had one. I seldom stayed home, and if I did it was to read, not bother about radio programs. Consequently, my radio was never appreciated.

One month or so ago I received my present position, that of a clerk in a cigar and magazine store. Being alone so much, I invested in a small radio for the store. The learning and companionship that I receive from the programs I continually discover has made me realize how much I have missed. Now, not only does time go by, but I enjoy and think nothing of being alone.

My profuse thanks to all artists and technicians for making such pleasures possible.

BOB EDWARDS,
San Francisco, Calif.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Radio has become an important form of entertainment for everyone. We could hardly do without it, yet, what would we do if it was suddenly taken from us? We have other pleasures and amusements to interest us, but what about the invalid? Radio is his only form of entertainment and pleasure. He is more (Continued on page 85)

The Great Radio Murder Mystery

(Continued from page 39)

Russell didn't agree with my idea."

Flash was thinking of his scene with the publisher of the *Dispatch* just after he returned from the studio. Russell, he discovered, had objected to Flash's going on the air with a story that otherwise would be exclusively the *Dispatch's*. But Flash had beaten the publisher down. Russell knew the paper couldn't afford to be without its ace police reporter, particularly since the interest that had been aroused in him over the Richard case.

"Well," Thomas said reluctantly, "then I guess I'll go. I've work to do tonight. But listen, just keep your shirt on the next time you're lucky enough to stumble on something good."

"Sure," Flash said, sticking his hands in his pockets. He grinned as Thomas turned and lumbered off to the elevator. As he sat down again, those same sharp, recurrent pains stabbed through him. He put his hand on his heart.

"It's the doctor for me in the morning," he said to himself.

FLASH slept well that night. The heat which kept others turning and twisting until dawn bothered him not at all. He had done a good day's work. He had scooped the other papers, gone on the air with a sensational new development in the Richard case. What more could a reporter ask?

He rolled from his bed early in the morning and visited his old friend, Dr. Germain, in his office.

The examination was brief. The doctor shook his head, frowning.

"Take a rest, Flash, get out of town. You're in bad shape."

"What, leave now?" Flash scoffed. "Now, when I'm right in the middle of my most sensational murder case? Besides," he added, "I doubt if I could. I'm one of the suspects in the case."

Germain laughed. "What a glutton for punishment! But I'm serious, Hanlon. You've got to give that old pump a vacation. You're working it too hard. You old egomaniac, are you afraid you'll lose some glory if you leave?"

"Listen," Flash answered, "this is my whole life. What would I have left if I quit now? Nothing doing. I'm sticking with this to the bitter end."

Germain shrugged. "Okay, you're the one that's going to suffer. All I can do is tell you what's best for you. It's your heart, not mine."

"Is it that bad?"

"That bad," the doctor replied.

Flash stood. "I'll take the chance," he said. "Maybe I'll knock off when I'm through with this case." He left the doctor looking gloomily after him.

"Now for Sidney's," he said, back on the street.

He found Sidney at home. Lee, looking the worse for wear, was with her.

"Why all the gloom and dismay?" Flash said, closing the apartment door behind him. "Cheer up, I bring glad tidings."

Sidney smiled dubiously. "Sit down and tell us about it."

"Sidney," the reporter beamed, "I've got a job for you!" He paused, enjoying the dramatic moment. Lee slid off the table, his face brightening.

"Yes, sir, tonight you're going to sing on my program! If you make good, you stay permanently."

"Flash, how wonderful!" Sidney exclaimed, her eyes shining with happiness.

"Wait a minute," Lee said, "I'm not so

sure Sidney wants that job."

"Lee, why not?" Sidney asked.

"Well, it's not a good thing. Think of all the unpleasant notoriety. After all, you're mixed up in this case and so is Flash—all of us are, for that matter. It just doesn't sound right to me."

"But I've got to take it," Sidney said, "you know how I need the work. Besides, it might be my start."

"You take it, Sidney," Flash said. "A little publicity never hurt anybody."

"Don't," Lee urged.

Sidney hesitated. It hurt her to go against Lee's advice, but—another chance on the air! This time she'd make good!

"Flash, I'll do it," she decided.

Lee saw the futility of argument. Better to let Sidney have a taste of the publicity that was bound to follow. Perhaps she would see reason then. Abruptly he changed the subject.

"How does this case look to you now?" he asked Flash.

"Well," the reporter answered, "they lost a clue in the Professor. But they've got Bobby in jail. Thomas will probably hang the murder on him next. After all, where was he when Gail was shot? Standing outside the lobby, according to him. Then there's Tony. It looks bad for him, too, as I see it. Thomas must have heard by now that he was supposed to be in love with Gail."

"I think he was," Sidney said. "But Gail never loved him. She just used him to get ahead, as she used everyone."

"Let's see," Flash recounted. "Tony said he was in the washroom down the hall from where you found Gail. That's all right, *but can he prove it?* I don't know," he shrugged, "take your choice. But mark my words, Thomas isn't through with any of us yet." He broke off, noticing Sidney's alarm.

"And listen, you two," he added, "if you think I saw Lee pick up anything at the Professor's, you're crazy." He got up to go. "Well, see you tonight." Lee and Sidney nodded as he went out the door.

FLASH was wrong about Tony. At least Thomas had not yet put the production manager through any third degree about his love life with Gail. But Tony was unhappy, nevertheless.

After ATS had taken Night Club Revue off the air, its officials had explained to Tony that "temporarily" there was no other work available for him. And Tony was broke. All the money he had earned in his always important jobs was gone, frittered away on Gail's expensive little whims. Now he was left with no job in sight. But as he read in the papers about Bobby's I. O. U.'s, he had an idea.

He left his club, found the Broadway subway, and rode to the Tombs where Bobby was being held. He waited impatiently while the red tape of visiting a prisoner unwound. He wasn't at all sure that Bobby would be willing to see him.

But Bobby had been left alone since yesterday afternoon. He was glad for any interruption in the monotonous prison hours. He even smiled a little when he saw Tony there in the visitors' room.

"How are you, Bobby?" Tony said, trying to keep hate out of the greeting.

"Not so good. What dragged you down here? Going to get me out?" he asked, in vain, pitiful hope. His weak smile died as Tony shook his head.

"You know damn well why I'm here! I want some of that money you borrowed from Gail. Where is it?"

"What a helluva nerve!" Bobby snapped, his small eyes darting about the room. "Where do you think you come in on this, Letour?"

"Why, you lousy blackmailer, that money came from me and you know it!"

Bobby bristled with the false courage his knowledge gave him. "I shut up when I was caught," he said shrilly, "because I thought you'd be smart enough to keep out of the way. But one more word out of you and I'll tell the whole world you were married to that bigamist!"

Tony leaped to his feet. His hands, shaking as though with a violent, desperate chill, then lurched from the room.

"That's that," Bobby said, signaling to the guard who was waiting. He had no sooner regained the lonely privacy of his cell when the guard reappeared.

"You ain't through yet," he snarled. "Another visitor is on his way."

A moment later, Detective Thomas hurried in to confront Bobby. There was no comfort for the harassed singer of duets in the detective's harsh expression.

"Well, Sharpe," Thomas began without preliminaries. "You fixed the Professor up just right, didn't you? He saw you run from the theater after you'd shot Gail, so you had to shut him up!"

"You're lying!" Bobby screamed. Trembling with fear, he backed away from the beetling detective until he was stopped by the cold stone walls.

"Then where were you two hours before I caught you in Gail's apartment?"

"At a show at the Paramount Theater," Bobby cried. "That's God's truth, Thomas. I never killed anybody."

"Maybe you'd like to know that our ballistics expert just told me that the same gun killed both Gail and the Professor," Thomas said. "Who else but you knows about the Professor? Thought you were smart, telling me yourself, before we found him. Well, Sharpe, there's going to be a *murder charge* against you soon."

THE seventh edition of the evening papers rolled off the presses, piling up in huge bundles which sweating laborers, in blackened overalls, carried to the newsboys gathered at the door, kicking and pushing to get their copies. They would sell papers tonight. A suspect had been arrested for the murder of Gail Richard!

Flash re-read the accounts: "Bobby Sharpe, former vaudeville partner of murdered woman, held on death charges. Prisoner unable to furnish alibis."

Suddenly the reporter pushed away from his desk in the office. A glitter of excitement shone in his gray eyes as he grabbed his phone and called a number.

"International Cab Company?" he said. "This is the *Dispatch* office calling. Will you get me the address of Michael Riley, one of your drivers?"

A long pause, then "321 — Street," the voice told him. Flash hung up, dashed for the elevator which carried him puffing to the lobby. He made for the nearest cab, his pounding heart forgotten.

Flash found Michael Riley at home. Since his brief appearance at the district attorney's office he had gained a cheap fame. He didn't have much time now for hacking. Too many people wanted to hear his account of driving the mysterious stranger from the theater.

"Remember me?" Flash said to Riley.

Riley scratched his bald head. "Yeah," "Heard you on the air last night."

Flash grinned. "That's right. How'd

you like it? Great, wasn't it?"

Riley allowed that it was.

"Listen," Flash said excitedly, "how'd you like to be on my program tonight?"

"Naw, dya mean it?" Riley was incredulous.

"Sure, I mean it. Grab your hat."

"Well," the driver hesitated, then blurted out, "anything in it for me?"

Flash drew a bill from his pocket. "This enough?" he said.

Overcome, Riley made no further objections and led the way to the cab. "What's this all about?" he asked after they were on their way.

"You'll find out at the studio."

"Say," Riley chattered on, "I was just reading about them police wringing a confession out of—what's his name—Bobby Sharpe."

Flash laughed. "That was no confession. He just didn't get any witnesses to prove his story. And that's why I'm all set for another big scoop. I'll teach that Thomas ape not to get tough with me!"

SIDNEY had kept her promise. She was waiting, music in hand, with Lee.

Flash ran into the studio dragging Riley, waved to Sidney and Lee, walked directly to the table in the middle of the room on which his microphone rested.

"All you have to do," he told Riley, "is answer my questions. Nobody's going to complain. There's no need to worry."

Sidney joined them while Lee stepped into the control room.

"All set?" Flash asked. She nodded. "Okay, honey," he said, "you sing as soon as I'm through with this mug."

"You have a visitor, upstairs in the lounge," she told him. "Thomas is here to see that you don't pull any more wool over his eyes."

"That's a laugh!" Flash replied.

The engineer in the control room directly in back of Flash waved his hand behind the heavy glass plate which separated the controls from the studio. The conversing had to be done in a sign language only radio performers understand. The engineer brought his fingers down. Flash was on the air.

"I told you last night about the second murder in the Gail Richard case and that Bobby Sharpe had been arrested. Perhaps you've already read tonight that Bobby Sharpe is now being held for the murder of Gail and her husband, Professor Halsey."

"Then," he went on, "I have real news for you. Here in the studio with me is the cab driver who drove the Professor from the Beckwith Theater the night of the murder. As another news scoop, I am going to interview him on the air."

Until now the engineer in the control room had not known what Flash was planning to do. He waved wildly at the reporter, but Flash did not look at him. Should he cut off this interview? Perhaps if he had been less interested in the murder, he might have. But, he let Flash continue.

"Riley," Flash said into the microphone, "your cab was parked right next to the stage-door alley in front of the theater, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Now stop and think a moment. While you were sitting there, waiting for a customer, didn't you see some one come out of the alley?"

"Ya mean the Professor?"

"No, before that. Before the broadcast began."

Riley hesitated, his face screwed up in thought.

"Why, yeah, you're right," he said, startled at his own recollection. "A little short fellow with a moustache came out

and stood in front of the theater. I remember he was smoking a cigarette."

"That's right," Flash said, pounding the table for emphasis. "A little short fellow with a moustache. Now, are you sure you haven't seen that man since?"

"Why—uh—" Riley tried to remember. "Why, yeah, I seen him since. Sure, he was at the district attorney's office. Yeah, that was him!"

"What—was—his—name?"

"Why, it was—Sharpe. Bobby Sharpe."

"Why didn't you tell anyone about this?"

"Because nobody asked me."

Red with exertion and pride, Flash continued into the microphone:

"Ladies and gentlemen, you have heard this man say that Bobby Sharpe was in front of the theater at the time of the murder. If the police are listening, I hope they realize that as far as the shooting of Gail Richard is concerned, *they are holding an innocent man!*"

He paused. His face had become a pasty white. His breath came in whistles. He turned towards Sidney with an effort



and signaled. The orchestra began to play and Sidney took her position to sing.

THE music and Sidney's clear, fresh voice floated into Pete's bar and grill. It was a shabby bar near Third Avenue, in the shadow of the "L." Tony was grateful for its dim lights and raw whiskey. He had been here since his visit to the Tombs and his talk with Bobby.

He had listened drunkenly to Flash's revelation. Bobby would probably be set free, he reflected in alcoholic thought. Well, what difference did that make? He shook his head. His mind wouldn't clear. Then slowly it focused on a plan.

"Another rye," he called out.

Tony took out a pencil and paper. Laboriously he began writing. His fingers, suddenly stiff and cold in the warmth of the booth, slipped and wouldn't hold the pencil. A waitress in a dirty apron brought him his drink. He fished for change and found a quarter and a dime.

He swallowed the whiskey at a gulp. It burned his lips, but it made him feel good. And it strengthened his resolution.

He finished his letter, scrawled his name at the bottom in a smear of perspiration and whiskey. His hand crept into his pocket. He drew out the shiny object—the solution of his predicament—and laid it on the table in front of him. His hands shook so hard they couldn't keep it steady. The waitress, staring at him in fascinated horror, found her voice in a shrill scream.

"Damn!" Tony cursed, grabbing the stubby pistol and pressing the muzzle against his breast. With a jerk, he pulled the trigger. The explosion rose above the

girl's hysterical shrieks. A wisp of smoke curled around Tony's head as it fell forward on the table.

The bartender knew what to do. With scarcely a glance at Tony's inert figure, he reached behind him for the phone. Suicide was no novelty in this down-at-the-heel bar. In a moment he was talking to the Emergency Ward at the big city hospital a few blocks away.

The ambulance ground to a stop at the corner. Two white-coated internes, a stretcher and blankets under their arms, rushed in. The bartender flipped a grimy thumb towards the back booth.

The driver found the note Tony had left. He read it, stuck it in his pocket, and turned his attention to Tony. Carefully they lifted him onto the stretcher. The two internes trotted back out to the ambulance. The siren screamed as they drove away.

Telephone wires hummed busily. Another call went through to the offices of the Homicide Squad. "Thomas ain't here. What? Thanks, I'll get in touch with him." Another call went through to the ATS studios. "Detective Thomas? Just a minute. Yes, here he is."

Thomas lifted the receiver.

"Oh, hello, Charlie," he said. "Tony Letour? The Emergency Hospital on Second Avenue? Okay, I'm on my way."

HE hung up, turned back to the lounge, and peered down through the windows at the studio in which Flash was finishing his broadcast. The detective's anger at the reporter was now topped by the news that Tony had shot himself. As he watched, Hanlon, Sidney, and Lee started to leave the studio.

"You were great," Flash told Sidney. "That ought to give you a real boost." He looked at Thomas blocking the way. "Well," he said, "fancy meeting you here!"

"You're the fancy one," Thomas retorted. "I thought I told you—"

"To keep my shirt on," Flash broke in as he shouldered the burly detective out of the way and entered the lounge. "And I didn't. So what? You hold Bobby Sharpe for the murder of Gail Richard. All right, I find him an alibi, an alibi that was right under your nose. What are you going to do about that?"

"Okay," Thomas sighed. "You win this time. But you ought to be taken off the air. Broadcasting that kind of truck! I'm speaking to ATS about this!" He said, then: "Maybe you'd like to know that Tony Letour just shot himself."

"Tony?" Sidney cried before Flash could answer. "Was he guilty?"

"Tony Letour?" Flash explained. "I'll be damned! So he was the one!"

The detective merely shrugged and smiled a little grimly. "Come on with me to the hospital. He's still alive."

No one spoke again until they were rushing toward the hospital. Sidney was completely at sea. Tony's actions, Bobby's unexpected alibi, her broadcast, Flash's fight with Thomas. None of it made sense to her.

"Then you think you know who did it?" Flash said finally.

Sidney stared out at the rushing traffic. What was the use of this heart-breaking ordeal? Her body ached with her own desperate helplessness. Until the riddle was solved, what hope was there for her and Lee? Her heart stopped as she thought of his kiss—perhaps their last—then the cab jerked to a halt.

Until the murderer of Gail Richard is found, Sidney and Lee cannot hope for happiness. Join them in their thrilling, exciting hunt for the guilty person in the next instalment of this great mystery story. In the October issue—out August 23.

We Have With Us—

RADIO MIRROR'S RAPID PROGRAM GUIDE

LIST OF STATIONS

BASIC	SUPPLEMENTARY	
WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR WKBW WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC WFBM KMBC WCAU WJAS WEAN WFBL WSPD WJSV WBBM WHAS KMOX	WDOD KRLD WBG KTRH KLRA WQAM WSFA WLAC WDBO WDBJ WTOC WDAE KFBK KDB WICC KFPY WPG KVOR KWKH KLZ WLBW	WHEC KTSA KSCJ WSBT WMAS WIBW WWVA KFH WSJS KGKO WBRC WMBR WMT WCCO WISN WLBZ WGLC WFEA KOH KSL WORC WBT WDNC WALA KHJ
COAST		CANADIAN
KOIN KGB KHJ KFRC KOL KFPY KVI	KFBK KMT KMG KERN KDB	CKAC CFRB

HOW TO FIND YOUR PROGRAM

1. Find the Hour Column. (All time given is Eastern Daylight Saving. Subtract two hours for Central time, three for Mountain time, four for Pacific time.)
2. Read down the column for the programs which are in black type.
3. Find the day or days the programs are broadcast directly after the programs in abbreviations.

HOW TO DETERMINE IF YOUR STATION IS ON THE NETWORK

1. Read the station list at the left. Find the group in which your station is included. (CBS is divided into Basic, Supplementary, Coast, and Canadian; NBC—on the following two pages—into Basic, Western, Southern, Coast, and Canadian.)
2. Find the program, read the station list after it, and see if your group is included.
3. If your station is not listed at the left, look for it in the additional stations listed after the programs in the hour columns.
4. NBC network stations are listed on the following page. Follow the same procedure to locate your NBC program and station.

5 P.M.

6 P.M.

4 P.M.

3 P.M.

5:00
Country Church of Hollywood: Sun. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WAAB WKBW WBBM WKRC WHK KRNT CKLW WDRC WFBM KMBC KFAB WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX WSPD WJSV WMBR WQAM WDBO WDAE KHJ KDB WGST WLBZ WBRC WICC WDOD KVOR WBNS KRLD KLZ WBG WHP KTRH WNOX KLRA WFEA WREC WCCO WALA CKAC WDSU KOMA WCOA WMBD WMBG WDBJ WTOC KWKH KSCJ WSBT WMAS CFRB WIBX WWVA KFH WSJS WORC WIBW KVI KFPY WBT

4:00
Visiting America's Little House: Mon. ¼ hr. WABC and network
La Forge Berumen Musicale: Wed. ½ hr. WABC a network

4:15
Chicago Varieties: Mon. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WKBW WGR WBBM WKRC KRNT CKLW WDRC WFBM KMBC KFAB WHAS WCAU WJAS WSPD WJSV WMBR WQAM WDBO WDAE KHJ KDB WGST WPG WLBZ WBRC WDOD KVOR WBNS KRLD KLZ WBG WHP KTRH WNOX KLRA WFEA WREC WCCO WALA CKAC WDSU WCOA WMBG WDBJ WTOC KWKH KSCJ WSBT WMAS WIBW CFRB WIBX KFH WSJS WORC KVI KFPY WBT

4:30
Science Service: Tues. ¼ hr. WABC and network

Irving Kaufman (Lazy Dan) has been shifted to Thursday afternoons at 2:30 for the rest of the summer, his sponsors figuring that more housewives are home then than over the weekend . . . Sundays, at 2:00, is a varied musical called He, She, and They, well worth your time . . . Rumors had Marie, the Little French Princess, taking a vacation, but CBS denied them. We still have our suspicions . . . Connie Gates and Jimmie Brierly, popular duet, have a half hour at 3:30 on Thursdays.

5:30
Crumit & Sanderson: Sun. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WAAB WGR WHK CKLW WDRC WFBM KMBC WHAS WCAU WEAN KMOX WFBL WSPD WJSV WICC WBNS WDSU KOMA WHEC WMAS KTUL WIBX WWVA KFH WORC

5:45
Dick Tracy: ¼ hr. Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Basic

"Mickey of the Circus": Fri. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WKBW WKRC WHAS WEAN WFBL WSPD WJSV WDBO WDAE KERN KHJ KGB KFRC KOL KFPY KWG KVI WBRC KVOR WBNS WOC WDNC WOWO WREC WALA WDSU WCOA WMBD KOH WMBG KSL KTSA WTOC WIBW KTUL WIBX WACO KGKO WSJS WKBW WSBT KOMA WPG WLBZ WCAO KFAB WMAS WQAM KFH WFEA KLRA KRNT WMBR WSFA WDOD WHP WLAC WBG KMBC KWKH WACO WFBM WNOX WJAS CKLW KDB KSCJ KTRH WBBM KRLD WDBJ WGST WORC

12 NOON 1 P.M.

2 P.M.

12:00
Salt Lake City Tabernacle: Sun. ½ hr. WABC and network
Voice of Experience: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WCAO WNAC WDRC WCAU WEAN WJSV

12:15
The Gumps: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WADC WKBW WFBM KMBC WFBL WSPD WJSV WHAS Plus WBNS KFAB WCCO WHEC WNAC plus Coast

12:30
Romany Trail: Sun. ¼ hr. WABC and Network
"Mary Marlin": Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic plus Coast plus KLZ WCCO KSL

12:45
"Five Star Jones": Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC and network work

1:00
Trio: Sun. ½ hr. WABC and network

1:15
Alexander Semmler: ¼ hr. Mon. WABC WCAO WMBR WQAM WDBO WSJS WDAE WGST WPG WBRC WDOD WBG WTOC WNOX KLRA WREC WALA WDSU WCOA WMBD WDBJ

1:30
Concert Miniatures: Wed. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WGR CKLW WDRC WFBM KMBC WCAU WJAS WFBL WSPD WJSV WQAM WDBO WDAE KERN KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI WGST WPG WLBZ WBRC WBT KVOR WBNS KRLD KLZ WDNC WOWO WBG KTRH WNOX KLRA WFEA WREC WALA CKAC WDSU KOMA WCOA KOH WMBG WDBJ WHEC KTSA WTOC KWKH KSCJ WSBT CFRB WIBX WWVA KFH WSJS WORC WKBW

2:00
He, She, and They: Sun. ½ hr. WABC and network
Marie, The Little French Princess: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WNAC WBBM WKRC WHK CKLW WCAU WJAS KMOX WJSV KRLD KLZ WDSU WHEC KSL KHJ KFBK KERN KMT KMG KDB KWG

2:15
The Romance of Helen Trent: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WNAC WKRC WHK CKLW WCAU WJAS KMOX WJSV KRLD KLZ WDSU WHEC KSL KHJ KFRC KERN KMT KMG KDB KWG

2:30
Between the Bookends: Sun. Mon. Tues. Wed. Fri. ½ hr. WABC and network
Lazy Dan: Thurs. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WKBW WBBM WKRC WHK CKLW WOWO WDRC WFBM KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX WFBL WJSV KERN KMT KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KOL KFPY KWG WHEC KVI WGST WBT WBNS KRLD KLZ KFAB WCCO WLAC WDSU KOMA WMBG WDBJ KSL WIBW WMT WSPD WMAS WBRC

7 P.M.

8 P.M.

9 P.M.

10 P.M.

11 P.M. MIDNIGHT

12

6 P.M.

6:00
Amateur Hour with Ray Perkins: Sun. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WAAB WKBW WBBM WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC WFBM KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS KMOX WFBL WJSV KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI WGST WBT WBNS KRLD KLZ WREC WCCO WDSU WHEC KSL CFRB
Buck Rogers: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WAAB WKBW WKRC WHK CKLW WCAU WJAS WFBL WJSV WBNS WHEC
Frederic William Wile: Sat. ½ hr. WABC and network

6:15
Bobby Benson: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WAAB WGR WCAU WFBL WLBZ WOKO WDRC WEAN WHEC WMAS
Carson Robison: Tues. Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC and Network

6:30
Smiling Ed McConnell: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic minus WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR KMBC WSPD Plus Coast Plus WGST WLBZ WBRC WBT WBNS KRLD KLZ WLBW WHP KFAB WFEA WREC WISN WCCO WLAC WDSU KSL WWVA WICC WORC
Kaltenborn Edits The News: Fri. ¼ hr. WABC and network

6:45
Voice of Experience: Sun. ¼ hr. WABC WADC WCAO WAAB WKBW WBBM WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC WFBM KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX WFBL WSPD WBT WCCO WHEC WWVA

7:00
Just Entertainment: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thu. Fri. ¼ hr. WOKO WNAC WGR WDRC WHAS WCAU WEAN WFBL WSPD WJSV WDBO WDAE KFBK KFPY WBRC WICC WBT KVOR WBNS WOC WDNC WREC WALA WCOA KOH WMBG K TSA CFRB KTUL WIBX WSJS WHEC KLZ KOMA WBIW WSBT KMBC WLBZ WCAO

7:15
Orchestra and Songs: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WCAO WNAC WGR WKRC WHK CKLW WCAU WJAS WJSV

7:30
Singin' Sam: Tues. ¼ hr. WABC WCAO WNAC WDRC WEAN WJSV WGR

7:45
Boake Carter: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WCAO WNAC WGR WBBM WHK CKLW KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS KMOX WJSV WBT WCCO WDRC WEAN KRLD KOMA WFBL WKRC

Stoopnagle and Budd have finished their paint series and are devoting their time exclusively to Fred Waring's show . . . Have you read the Voice of Experience's advice to housewives in our cooking department this month? Better look it over . . . The O'Neills have departed for the summer, just as we were planning to run pictures of the cast and show you what the artists really were . . . Singing Sam gets a coast-to-coast hook-up in a few weeks. Right now he's still broadcasting from Cincinnati, a stone's throw from his pet Indiana home, where he raises tomatoes and blisters on his hands from hoeing . . . Lavender and Old Lace has also gone the way of winter shows, signing off the last of June . . . Kate Smith aroused a pitched battle among her listeners by inviting Alabama Pitts, ex-convict very much in the limelight, to speak on her program.

8:00
Ethel Merman: Sun. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR WBBM WKRC WHK CKLW WOVOW WDRC WFBM KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX WFBL WSPD WJSV KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI WGST WBRC WBT KRLD KLZ KTRH KFAB KLRA WREC WCCO WDSU KOMA KSL K TSA KWKH KTUL WADC KRNT
Guy Lombardo: Mon. ½ hr. WABC and network
Leith Stevens' Harmonies: Tues. ½ hr. WABC and network
Johnnie and the Foursome: Wed. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR WBBM WKRC WHK KRNT CKLW WDRC WFBM KMBC KFAB WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX WFBL WSPD WJSV WCCO

Kate Smith Hour: Thurs. one hr. WABC and network
Socony Sketches with Johnny Green's Orchestra: Fri. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WNAC WGR WDRC WEAN WICC WORC WLBZ WHAS WFBL WHEC WCAU
Modern Minstrels: Sat. one hr. WABC and network

8:15
Edwin C. Hill: Wed. ¼ hr. WABC and network

8:30
Gulf Headliners: Sun. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC WFBM WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN WFBL WSPD WJSV WNB F W M B R W Q A M W D B O WDAE WGST WLBZ WBRC WICC WBT WDOD WBNS KRLD W S M K W D N C WOVOW WBIW WHP KTRH WNOX KLRA WFEA WREC WALA WSFA WLAC WDSU WCOA WDBJ WHEC K TSA WTCO KWKH WSBT WMAS KTUL WACO WWVA KGKO WSJS WORC WKBN KRGV

Pick and Pat: Mon. ½ hr. WABC and network

Everett Marshall: Wed. ½ hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus WOVOW WBT KRLD KLZ WLAC KOMA WDSU KSL WIBW WCCO
True Story Hour: Fri. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR WBBM WHK CKLW WDRC WFBM KMBC KFAB WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX WFBL WSPD WJSV KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI WBT WOC KLZ WCCO WHEC KSL WORC

9:00
Lux Radio Theater: Mon. one hr. WABC and network
Lud Gluskin Presents: Tues. ½ hr. WABC and network
Romance: Wed. ½ hr. WABC and network
Roadways of Romance: Thurs. one hr. WABC and network
Hollywood Hotel: Fri. one hr. Basic Plus Coast minus KFPY KFBK KDB Plus Supplementary minus WWVA WGLC Plus Canadian Plus WOVOW WGST WBNS KFAB WREC WDSU KOMA WMBG WMBD KTUL WACO WNAX WNOX WIBX WKBH

9:30
Fred Waring: Tues. one hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus Supplementary minus KDB KWKH WSBT WWVA Plus WGST WBNS KFAB WREC WDSU KOMA WMBG KTUL WACO WNAX WKBN KNOX WMBD Plus Canadian
Mark Warnow: Wed. ½ hr. WABC and network
California Melodies: Sat. ½ hr. WABC and network

Lux Radio Theater moves in at 9:00 on Mondays, over a CBS network, a few days after this comes out on the newsstands. For many months this spring and summer it was an NBC Sunday afternoon favorite. The sponsors believe that during these warmer weeks, people like their draymas in the evening . . . In order to put up some competition for the Ray Noble music over NBC, CBS dug into its artist bureau pocket and came up with Lud Gluskin, maestro for Block and Sully, until they left the air. Lud has long been known for his sophisticated arrangements, whatever they are, and his continental zip in playing fast jazz pieces. Anyway, radio columnists think there's going to be a rivalry here soon.

10:00
Wayne King. Lady Esther: Sun. Mon. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WAAB WKBW WBBM WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC WFBM KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS KMOX WFBL WSPD WJSV KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI WBNS KRLD KLZ KFAB WCCO WDSU WIBW
Burns and Allen: Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WHAS Plus Coast Plus WBT KRLD KLZ WBIW KTRH WCCO WDSU KOMA KSL K TSA WORC WOVOW
Richard Humber with Stuart Allen: Fri. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WAAB WKBW WBBM WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC WFBM KMBC KFAB WHAS WCAU WJAS KMOX WFBL WSPD WJSV WGST WBT WBNS WCCO WDSU WSBT KFH

10:30
Benay Venuta: Sun. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Lilac Time: Mon. ½ hr. WABC WCAO WGR WBBM WKRC WHK CKLW WHAS WCAU WJAS WJSV KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI KRLD KLZ WHEC KSL KMOX KMBC WFBM
Edwin C. Hill: Tues. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Melody Masterpieces: Wed. ½ hr. WABC and network
Alemite Half Hour: Thurs. ½ hr. WABC and network

10:45
Fray & Braggiotti: Tues. ¼ hr. WABC and network

Roadways of Romance, after being kicked about the network for some time, has landed a whole hour at 9:00 on Thursdays. As far as we know, Jerry Cooper will still be the leading soloist on this musical . . . Just as we went and predicted last month, Fred Waring has moved to Tuesday nights, getting away from NBC-Show Boat competition on Thursdays . . . California Melodies on Saturdays now comes an hour earlier, being heard from 9:30 to 10:00, Eastern Daylight Saving, of course.

11:00
Abe Lyman Orchestra: Mon. Sat. WABC and network
Dance Orchestra: Fri. WABC and network

11:30
Dance Orchestra: Sun. WABC and network
Dance Orchestra: Mon. WABC and network
Dance Orchestra: Tues. Sat. WABC and network
Dance Orchestra: Wed. Fri. WABC and network

Rebroadcasts For Western Listeners:

11:30
Pick and Pat: Mon. ½ hr. KRNT WFBM WHAS KMOX KERN KMY KHV KOIN KFBR KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI KLZ KSL

12:30
Richard Humber: Fri. ½ hr. KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI KLZ KSL

Again as we predicted, Camel Caravan has fled until the last of September, practically the only major casualty CBS has suffered lately . . . How did you like the music of Ted Fio-Rito substituting for Wayne King when the waltz expert took a vacation? . . . Benay Venuta, blonde singing sensation, is now heard Sundays at 10:30, though maybe that will be all changed before you get at this . . . Edwin C. Hill is another who has a new sustaining spot. He's heard now on Tuesdays at 10:30, followed by that popular piano team, Fray and Braggiotti, both programs lasting a quarter of an hour . . . We almost forgot—the most important thing of all, too. Don't miss Socony Sketches on Fridays at 8:00. With Johnny Green's music, Virginia Verrill's singing and Christopher Morley's talks, it's a knockout show!

	12 NOON	1 P.M.	2 P.M.	3 P.M.	4 P.M.	5 P.M.	6 P.M.
BLUE NETWORK	12:00 Tastyeast Opportunity Matinee: Sun. ½ hr. Network	1:00 Roy Maxon's Orchestra: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. WJZ and Network	2:30 Radio Guild: Sun. one hr. WJZ and network NBC Music Guild: Mon. Thurs. one hr. WJZ and network Light Opera Company: Tues. Fri. one hr. WJZ and Network Playlett: Sat. ½ hr. WJZ and network	3:15 Sketch: Wed. ¼ hr. Network 3:30 Sunday Vespers: Sun. ½ hr. Network Vaughn de Leath: Mon. Fri. ½ hr. WJZ and Network Nellie Revell: Tues. ¼ hr. WJZ and Network Sketch: Thurs. ½ hr. WJZ and Network The Rhythm Ramblers: Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and Network Music Magic: Sat. ½ hr. WJZ and network	4:00 Betty and Bob: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus KSO KWCR WREN Plus Coast Plus WOAI WLW WFAA WTMJ KSTP KVOO WKY KPRC 4:15 Songs and Stories: Mon. ¼ hr. Network Easy Aces: Tues. Wed. Thurs. WJZ and Network Morin Sisters: Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network 4:30 Uncle Ned: Sun. ¼ hr. WJZ and Network Ruth Lyon: Tues. ½ hr. WJZ and Network 4:45 General Federation of Women's Clubs: Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and Network	5:00 Roses and Drums: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus WLW KTBS WKY KTHS WBAP KPRC WOAI Crosscuts from Log of Day: Wed. ½ hr. WJZ and Network Platt & Mierman: Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and Network 5:15 Jackie Heller: Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. Network 5:30 Singing Lady: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA WHAM KDKA WGAR WJR WLW 5:45 Bob Becker's Fireside Chat About Dogs: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic plus WMT WCKY WFIL Little Orphan Annie: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. Basic minus WENR KWCR KSO KWK WREN KOIL Plus WRVA WJAX CRCT WCKY WPTF WFLA CFCF WIOD	
	12:15 Merry Macs: Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Genia Fonarova, soprano: Sat. ¼ hr. Network	1:15 Virginia Lee and Sunbeam: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic plus WFIL WLW WIRE WMT KSTP WEBC KFYR 1:30 Sunday Forum: Sun. ½ hr. Network National Farm and Home Hour: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. 1 hr. WJZ and network					
	12:30 Radio City Music Hall: Sun. Hour—Network Words and Music: Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr. WJZ and network						

LIST OF STATIONS

BLUE NETWORK

BASIC

WJZ
WBAL
WMAL
WBZ
WBZA

WSYR
WHAM
KDKA
WJR
WENR
WGAR

KSO
KWK
WREN
KOIL

WESTERN

WPTF
WTMJ
KSTP
WWNC
WKY
WBAP

KPRC
WEBC
WRVA
WJAX
WFLA
WOAI

COAST

KOA
KDYL

KGO
KFI
KGW

WLS

KOMO
KHQ

RED NETWORK

BASIC

WEAF
WTAG
WBEN
WCAE
WTAM

WWJ
WLW
WSAI
WFBR
WRC

WGY
WJAR
WCSH

WEEI
KSD
WDAF

WHO
WMAQ
WOW
WTIC

WESTERN

KSTP
WTMJ

WEBC
KPRC

WKY
WOAI

KVOO
WFAA

WBAP
KTAR

SOUTHERN

WIOD
WFLA
WWNC

WIS
WPTF
WRVA

WJAX
WMC
WJDX

WSB
WSM
WSMB

WAPI
WAVE

CANADIAN
CRCT
CFCF

KHQ
KDYL
KOA

COAST

KGO
KHJ
KGW

KOMO
KFI

NATIONAL

3:00
Home Sweet Home: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WEAF and Network
Weekend Revue: Sat. ½ hr. WEAF and Network
3:15
Vic and Sade: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Basic minus WLW plus KYW KFI
3:30
Penthouse Serenade, Don Mario: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus Coast
Oxydol's Ma Perkins: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WJAR WHO WDAF WMAQ WOW—plus WKBF WSM WSB WAPI WAVE WSMB
NBC Music Guild: Sat. ¼ hr. WEAF and network

4:00
Willard Robison Orchestra: Sun. ¼ hr. WEAF and Network
Woman's Radio Review: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. WEAF and Network ½ hr.

4:15
Carol Deis, soprano: Sat. ¼ hr. WEAF and Network

4:30
Sketch: Sun. ¼ hr. WEAF and Network
Our Barn: Sat. ½ hr. WEAF and Network

4:45
Harvest of Song: Mon. Thurs. ¼ hr. WEAF and Network

5:00
Kay Foster, Songs: Mon. ¼ hr. Network

Shirley Howard: Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WEAF and Network

N't'l Congress Parents, Teachers Program: Thurs. ½ hr. Network

5:15
Grandpa Burton: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WEAF and Network

5:30
Dream Drama: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic minus WHO WOW

Alice in Orchestralia: Mon. ¼ hr. Network

Kay Foster: Thurs. ¼ hr. WEAF and Network

Interview, Nellie Revell: Fri. ¼ hr. WEAF and Network

Our American Schools: Sat. ½ hr. Network

5:45
Nursery Rhymes: Tues. ¼ hr. Network

Willard Robison has come back on the Red network—if our spies at work can be relied upon. He has been scheduled for a Sunday afternoon spot at 4:00, with his deep river orchestra, featuring the haunting melodies he has made so famous... Our Barn—children's program—has been shifted about, but at last it seems likely to have settled on a half hour Saturday afternoons at 4:30.

We can't stop talking about Major Bowes these days. Though he remains on his Capitol Theater program and his new amateur hour, he has found time to make a series of movie shorts with some of the best of the amateur talent he's presented so far.

RED NETWORK	12:15 What Home Means to Me: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic plus Coast plus KVOO KPRC Honeyboy and Sassafras: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr.	1:00 Road to Romany: Sun. ½ hr. WEAF and Network 1:15 Orchestra: Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WEAF and network 1:30 Words and Music: Sun. ½ hr. (network listing not available) Master Music Hour: Tues. 1 hr. WEAF & network Airbreaks: Thurs. ½ hr. WEAF & network	2:00 Sally of the Talkies: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus WJDX WSMB WSM WMC WSB WAPI Two Seats in the Balcony: Wed. ½ hr. Network Al Pearce's Gang: Fri. ½ hr. WEAF and network 2:30 Temple of Song: Sun. ½ hr. WEAF and Network Al Pearce's Gang: Tues. Wed. Thurs. Sat. ½ hr. WEAF & network Kitchen Party: Fri. ½ hr. Basic plus Western plus Coast plus KYW KTHS KTBS

6PM 7PM 8PM 9PM 10PM 11PM 12 MIDNIGHT

5:00
U. S. Army Band: Mon. ¼ hr. Network
Winnie - The - Pooh: Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and Network
Education in the News: Wed. ¼ hr. Network
"The Little Old Man": Thurs. ¼ hr. Network

6:15
Ivory Stamp Club: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ WBZ WBZA
Winnie - The - Pooh: Tues. ¼ hr. WJZ and Network
Martha Mears: Thurs. ¼ hr. Network

6:30
Grand Hotel: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus Coast plus WTMJ KSTP WEBC
Press Radio News: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. WJZ and Network

6:45
Lowell Thomas: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ WGAR WLW CRCT WBZ WBZA WSYR WBAL WHAM WMAL WJAX WFLA KDKA WJR CFCF WIOD WRVA

7:00
Lanny Ross: Sun. ½ hr. Basic Plus Western minus WWNC WBAP WLS plus WKBF WIBA KFJR WIOD WTAR WAVE WSM WSB WSMB KVOO WFAA KTBS WSOC WDAY WMC

7:15
Tony and Gus: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and Network

Lum 'n' Abner: Mon. Tues. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ WBZ WBZA WSYR WENR
Graham McNamee: Tues. Thurs. ¼ hr. WJZ only

7:45
Dangerous Paradise: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic Plus KTBS WSM WSB WFAA WKY WLW WHO

8:00
NBC String Symphonic: Sun. ¾ hr. WJZ and Network

Eno Crime Clues: Tues. ½ hr. Basic minus WHAM WENR plus WLW WLS

Hal Kemp Orchestra: Wed. ½ hr. WJZ and Network

Irene Rich: Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WJR WGAR WENR KWK plus WLS WSM WMC WSB WAVE

Operatic Gems: Sat. ½ hr. WJZ and Network

Lucille Manners: Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and Network

8:30
Evening in Paris: Mon. ½ hr. WJZ and Network

Welcome Valley, Edgar A. Guest: Tues. ½ hr. Basic plus WCKY WMT

House of Glass: Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WBZ KWK plus WMT WCKY

Kellogg College Prom, Ruth Etting: Fri. ½ hr. Basic plus WFL WCKY WMT

Goldman Band: Sat. one hr. WJZ and Network

9:00
Melodious Silken Strings Program: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus Western minus WTMJ KSTP WBAP WEBC WOAI plus WLW WIOD WAVE WSM WSB WMC WJDX WSMB WFAA KTBS KTHS

Sinclair Minstrels: Mon. ½ hr. Basic plus Western plus WSB WIBA WDAY KFJR WFAA WIS WIOD WSM WSMB WJDX KTBS KVOO WSOC WTAR WMC KOA WLW WMT WAPI KDYL

Our Home on the Range, John Charles Thomas: Wed. ¾ hr. Basic plus Coast plus WIRE WMT WCKY

Death Valley Days: Thurs. ½ hr. Basic minus WENR plus WLW WLS

9:30
Cornelia Otis Skinner: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic

Princess Pat Players: Mon. ½ hr. Basic

Armour Hour, Phil Baker: Fri. ½ hr. Basic plus Western minus WPTF WBAP plus Coast plus WIOD WSM WMC WSB WAPI WSMB WFAA WAVE WCKY

National Barn Dance: Sat. Hour. Basic plus WLS WKBF

10:00
Road to Yesterday: Sun. ½ hr. WJZ and Network

Raymond Knight: Mon. 1 hr. WJZ and Network

Fibber McGee and Molly: Tues. ½ hr. Basic plus WFL WCKY WMT

Hits and Bits: Wed. ½ hr. WJZ and Network

10:30
Stones of History: Sun. ½ hr. WJZ and Network

Heart Throbs of the Hills: Tues. ½ hr. WJZ and Network

NBC Symphony Orchestra: Wed. ½ hr. WJZ and Network

Carefree Carnival: Sat. ½ hr. WJZ and Network

11:00
Orchestra: Mon. ½ hr. Orchestra: Tues. ½ hr. Orchestra: Wed. ½ hr. Orchestra: Fri. ½ hr. Orchestra: Sat. ½ hr.

11:15
Shandor: Sun. ¼ hr. WJZ and Network

11:22
Ink Spots: Mon. Fri. WJZ and Network

11:30
Orchestra: Sun. ½ hr. Ray Noble Orchestra: Mon. ½ hr. Orchestra: Tues. ½ hr. Orchestra: Thurs. ½ hr.

Jack Benny's gone! In his place is a new musical starring Lanny Ross and the music of Howard Barlow, borrowed for the summer from CBS. The program will be built around a series of State Fairs, held in different parts of the country. Lanny will stay in New York to do his singing, however, so that he can remain on Show Boat... Amos 'n' Andy have switched to the Red network.

BROADCASTING COMPANY

6:00
Catholic Hour: Sun. ½ hr. Network
Congress Speaks: Fri. ¼ hr. WFAF and Network
Orchestra: Tues. Wed. Thurs. ¼ hr. Network

6:15
Mid-week Hymn Sing: Tues. ¼ hr. Network

6:30
Continental Varieties: Sun. ½ hr. WFAF and Network
Press Radio News: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat.

6:45
Billy and Betty: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. WFAF and Network
Songfellows: Sat. ¼ hr. WFAF and Network

Fred Allen is in Hollywood, working in a movie. But he's arranged it so that he gets four weeks of complete rest the last of August. Which all means that he will return to Town Hall Tonight with a fresh assortment of his dry humor. When Fred left the networks, he was rated by a popularity chart as the most popular man broadcasting.

7:00
K-7: Sun. ½ hr. WFAF and Network.

7:15
Uncle Ezra's Radio Station: Mon. Wed. Fri. WFAF and network

7:30
Sigurd Nilssen, basso
Graham McNamee: Sun. ¼ hr. WFAF WTAR WJAR WCHS WAG WGY WTAM WWJ WSAI WMAQ KSD WOW WBEN
Rhythm Boys: Mon. ¼ hr. WFAF and Network
Molle Minstrel Show: Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic minus WBEN WFI WEEI WTIC

7:45
The Fitch Program: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic minus WEEI WDAF plus CFCF WKBF
You and Your Government: Tues. ¼ hr. Thornton Fisher: Sat. ¼ hr. WFAF WTIC WTAR WJAR WCHS KYW WHIO WRC WGY WBEN WTAM WWJ WMAQ KSD WOW WBA KSTP WEBC WDAY KFJR WRVA WPTF WTAR WSOC WWSN WIS WJAX WIOD WFLA WAVE WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB WSB WCAE WSAI WIRE WSM

8:00
Major Bowes Amateur Hour: Sun. Hour Complete Red Network

Leo Reisman: Tues. ½ hr. Basic minus WSAI plus Western minus WUAI WFAA plus Southern minus WRVA WAVE plus WKBF WIBA WDAY KFJR WSOC WTAR
One Man's Family: Wed. ½ hr. Complete plus KTBS WCKY KFJR WDAY WIBA
Rudy Vallee: Thurs. Hour Complete plus KFJR WDAY
Cities Service: Fri. Hour—Basic minus WMAQ plus Western plus Coast plus CRTC KOA KDYL
Lucky Strike Presents: Sat. one hr. Basic plus Western plus Coast plus WIBA KTBS WMC WSB WAPI WJDX WSMB WAVE

8:30
Voice of Firestone: Mon. ½ hr. Basic plus Western minus WFAA WBAP KTAR plus Southern minus WRVA WAPI plus WDAY WKBF WIBA KFJR WSOC WTAR KTBS
Lady Esther, Wayne King: Tues. Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WFBF plus WTMJ KSTP WKY KPRC WSM WSB WMC WOAI WKBF WSMB WBEN WTIC WBAP KVOO

9:00
Manhattan Merry Go Round: Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WBEN WCAE WEEI plus WTMJ KSTP WEBC CFCF plus Coast
A and P Gypsies: Mon. ½ hr. Basic
Ben Bernie: Tues. ½ hr. Basic minus WDAF plus WTMJ KSTP WDAY KFJR WMC WSB WBAP KTBS KPRC WOAI KOA WFI KVOO

Town Hall Tonight: Wed. Hour—Basic plus WIS WJAX WIOD WSB WTMJ KTBS KPRC WOAI KSTP WRVA WSMB KVOO WKY WEBC WPTF WSM WMC

Show Boat Hour: Thurs. Hour—Complete Red Network
Waltz Time: Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus WEEI
Radio City Party: Sat. ½ hr. Complete Red Network

9:30
American Musical Revue: Sun. ½ hr. Complete Red Network
Eddie Duchin: Tues. ½ hr. Complete minus WSAI WAPI WFAA plus WIBA WSOC KGAL WDAY KTHS KFSD KTBS KFJR KGIR WKBF

Al Jolson: Sat. one hr. Red plus KYW WHIO WIBA KSTP WEBC WDAY KFJR KOTA WTMJ WRVA WPTF WWSN WIS WJAX WIOD WFLA WTAR WSOC KGIR KGHL KPO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ KFSD KTAR KOYL

10:00
Tent Show with Charles Winninger: Sun. one hr. Basic plus KSTP WTMJ WEBC KFJR WDAY WIBA plus Coast

Contented Program: Mon. ½ hr. Basic plus Coast plus Canadian plus KSTP WTMJ WEBC KPRC WOAI WFAA KFJR WSM WMC WSB WKY

Palmolive: Tues. hour—Basic minus WFI WTIC plus Coast plus Canadian plus Southern minus WAPI plus WDAY KFJR WSOC KGIR KFSD KGHL WKBF

Whiteman's Music Hall: Thurs. Hour—Complete plus WDAY KFJR KTBS KTHS WIBA

Campana's First Nighter: Fri. ½ hr. Basic plus Western minus KVOO WBAP KTAR plus WSMB WMC WSM WSB

10:30
Ray Noble Orchestra: Wed. ½ hr. Basic plus KYW WKBF plus Coast plus WSM WMC WSB WAPI WJDX WSMB WAVE

Circus Nights with Joe Cook: Fri. ½ hr. WFAF and Network

11:00
Orchestra: Mon. ½ hr. Network
Reggie Childs Orchestra: Tues. ½ hr. John B. Kennedy: Wed. ½ hr. George R. Holmes: Fri. ¼ hr. Network

11:15
Jesse Crawford, organist: Mon. ¼ hr. Network

11:30
Jolly Coburn Orchestra: Mon. Wed. Fri. ½ hr. Network
National Radio Forum: Thurs. ½ hr. Network

11:45
The Hoofinghams: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WFAF and Network

Guy Lombardo is lost to NBC audiences, having switched sponsors and networks... Max Baer, recently defeated heavyweight champion, has also finished his radio series... Music at the Haydn's, ballyhooed this winter as having great promise, has quietly folded its tent and silently stolen away. It is reported that Mrs. Berg is auditioning a script show to take its place.

Two Grand Slants on Ben Bernie: The Secret of His Serious Misfortune

(Continued from page 30)

Ben was warming the bench, playing second fiddle to the varsity heroes.

He sat beside the coach during one of the big games, a puny kid, a substitute waiting for his chance. Only a few minutes were left in the game. Some one had to go in and relieve the tired, limping half-back; someone who could carry a straight message from the coach to the captain on the field. Bernie was chosen.

Amid wild cheers he trotted out. The ball was snapped, young Ben grabbed it. He tore down the field toward the goal posts. He dodged would-be tacklers, shook the grasps of others from his body, and then, in the lengthening shadows of the goal posts, he met one brawny tackle who could not be shaken loose.

The two of them went down. Ben's face ground into the mud. Instantly several more heavyweights piled on top. When they carried Ben from the field on a stretcher, he didn't hear the cheering from the bleachers or the blaring of the band. In the dressing room he didn't see the curious expression on the doctor's face as the old man shook his head gravely and spoke about a cracked spine.

WHEN Ben regained consciousness, the coach was sitting beside his hospital cot.

"You'll have to stay here and rest," the coach told him soberly, "or else use crutches the rest of your life."

Crutches? Rest? Ben was dazed, but he knew he couldn't stay there and rest. His family was poor. Who would pay the bill? Besides, his father would probably give him a good *schlag*, even now, for coming home so late. He wouldn't mind the licking so much; it was the long lecture that preceded it which Ben dreaded.

His back was braced and strapped tightly. His body ached as he climbed the tenement stairs. It was agony to move or even to breathe; but Ben would rather feel the grinding pain than tell his father he had disobeyed him and played the dangerous, forbidden game.

Not once during the dreadful weeks that followed did he mention what had happened, to anyone. His family noticed his slinking, his silent, unusual behavior. More than once the pain became too dreadful for him to bear. He stayed home from school and told his mother he had a cold. She dosed him with sulphur and molasses, when he should have been in a hospital.

Gradually his injury began to knit. But to Ben's horror, his spine was not straight. Even he could not discipline that crooked spine into normal growth. When he was graduated from high school he feared more than ever that his secret would be discovered, because he couldn't be away from home all day.

He was eighteen years old, now, and he began looking for a job. He found one—at Fifty-eighth Street and Lexington Avenue, playing violin in an ice cream parlor. Triumphant Ben told his father that now he could work his way through college, but he would have to strike out on his own. What he neglected to say before he packed up to leave home was that the salary on his new job was three dollars a week and ice cream sodas. For money to pay his board and room, he coached minstrel shows at a school a few blocks away.

"That kid grabbed any kind of job," his brother told me. "He was working his way through college, studying engi-

neering by day and polishing cut glass in a dingy shop on Duane Street at night. During vacations, he worked as office boy in the Bank of Commerce. He was ambitious; he had guts enough to carry on through pain and unhappiness without a whimper. He didn't have time to become morbid or despondent; when his aching back interfered with his violin playing, he tore the bandage off."

When I tried to talk to Ben about this during one of the few free moments he had at rehearsals, he just laughed it off.

"Let's talk about the first guy I ever teamed up with, instead," he said, raising gnomish eyebrows. "His name was Charlie Klass. And we had a swell time, too. We didn't have much money, but we did have Klass, with a capital K! We were too broke to think about my back; if it hurt, I swallowed an aspirin and went on anyway."

He did. Through heartache and hunger he "went on," until he learned to laugh at everything. When Klass left the team, Ben met Phil Baker. Phil would carry Bernie's violin to the theatre and hang around his dressing room in stage-struck awe; he considered Ben a combination of Barrymore and Kreisler. So did Ben. So he took young Baker into his act.

They played top spots in every small house from Des Moines, Iowa, to Bayonne, New Jersey. In big towns they moved down a bit on the bill, but they got in with their playing of "Nola." If all else failed, they were sure to bring down the house with their superb rendition of "To a Wild Rose."

Nothing came easy to these two. They lived precariously, intensely.

"When the last curtain had fallen," Brother Jeff says, "they would sit in some cheap rooming house eating a can of beans or cooking brackish coffee, planning grand futures for themselves. Baker would practice on his accordion for hours, but Ben would slip quietly out and go to the best hotel in town, to write a letter home on its best stationery, telling us how well everything was going with him."

But things finally did get better. The team of Bernie and Baker was becoming better known; Ben was making more money than he had ever made before. He began paying off the debts he had contracted in leaner years. And then, suddenly, "Like a bolt of Scotch tweed," Ben says, "just when we were impressing the agents like a nail in their Sunday shoes," calamity struck. The United States plunged itself into the World War. Phil Baker was among the first to enlist. The team of Bernie and Baker was a myth; the success of which they had dreamed became a mirage. And Ben hadn't saved a cent!

HE tried to accept this as philosophically as he had the other bitter things in his life, tried not to look on it as tragedy. But it was no go. Two days later a letter arrived from his mother. She told Ben that Jeff had enlisted in the Twelfth Regiment of the National Guard. Even little Herman, his kid brother, had come home from work wearing a navy uniform.

That night, after the show, Ben found his way to the recruiting office in the small town in which he was playing. The stern sergeant snorted something about this being "a queer hour to enlist"—but men were needed badly. His application filled out, Ben retired to a back room to wait for the doctors to examine

him. When his turn came, they took one look at his crooked back and booked him "unfit for military service."

Dejectedly he dressed. "Unfit for service. Crippled. Misfit. Not wanted." The hated phrases coursed through his whirling brain. For the first time Ben Bernie realized how helpless that broken back really made him, how handicapped a cripple is in a healthy world.

He thought this day would pass into oblivion as other bad ones had, without even leaving a memory; thought he would forget the incident which had inspired his sadness. But he couldn't; the haunting words scrawled so recklessly across his enlistment application followed him everywhere. Bitterly he recalls how he was forced to fiddle while the home fires burned.

HE went back to his agent, asking to be booked as a single act, anywhere, everywhere, just so he'd never have time to rest or think. One night stands, split weeks; three shows a day, sometimes more, he accepted them all to keep from remembering the secret which was his greatest liability.

Then one night in Bridgeport he would have liked to scream it across the footlights, but he didn't. The theater was packed, crammed from orchestra to gallery with teeming, unruly Polish laborers from near-by ammunition factories. They didn't know about Ben's crooked and twisted spine; they didn't know that the bitterest dose he had ever been forced to swallow was to see his partner and his brothers go to war while he remained to play a violin. They knew only that he was nervous about something, because now and then a sour note crept in. He could be made a symbol for their fanatical patriotism! With catcalls and bombardments of tomatoes, they chased him from the stage.

"Get a gun and fight," they screamed, as he retreated from the avalanche of vegetables.

In the wings another troupier watched. Julius Tannen, idol of the stage, pushed a lighted cigar into Ben Bernie's mouth and yelled at him, "Don't be afraid, kid. Go out there and *talk*!"

He pushed Ben back onto the stage, and Ben did talk. He let loose a flow of the old East Side gashouse district's finest that left the munitions makers gasping. He toyed nervously with the first cigar he had ever smoked, as though it were a hand grenade which might explode at any moment. But he finished his act.

That was all right for Bridgeport, but other towns weren't keen for single acts. They wanted larger shows with gaudy trimmings. Bookings became scarcer. Ben refused to hang around the old haunts, where people continually asked why he hadn't enlisted. And he couldn't go on borrowing money without some hope of repaying it. Spiritually and financially, he had reached bottom. Finally he was forced to take a job in the Haymarket Café, one of the toughest dives on the old Bowery. He played for "throw money" and meals, played for men too drunk to realize they were listening to a musician who could have been playing the Palace but for the fact that he had lost confidence in himself.

But again Ben refused to let adversity overpower him. He had risen above the Ghetto; he would not let himself be side-tracked now in the Bowery. An old

(Continued on page 58)

**"YOU'RE EASY ON THE EYES, JEANIE—
I COULD LOOK AT YOU FOR LIFE"**



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to the girl who guards
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It is when cosmetics are not properly removed that they choke the pores—cause the ugly pore enlargement, tiny blemishes, blackheads, perhaps—that are signs of Cosmetic Skin.

Lux Toilet Soap is especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather goes deep into the pores, gently removes every trace of dust, dirt,

stale cosmetics. Use all the cosmetics you wish! But to protect your skin—keep it lovely—use Lux Toilet Soap ALWAYS before you go to bed at night and before you renew your make-up during the day. 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap!



USE ROUGE AND POWDER?
YES, OF COURSE! BUT
THANKS TO **LUX TOILET
SOAP** I'M NOT A BIT
AFRAID OF COSMETIC SKIN

**JOAN
BENNETT**

friend, Paul Whiteman, encouraged him to organize an orchestra of his own, gave him hope and courage which Ben could no longer give himself.

With his new band, vaudeville opened its arms once more to the Old Maestro. Soon he was a headliner. Radio offered him a program, and he broke all records by staying with the same sponsor for six years. Hollywood beckoned. They offered him a king's ransom to appear before the camera as a breezy, fast-talking, fast acting, semi-acrobatic star. But Ben could not do the strenuous things the movies expected of him. He accepted much less money, but he did enter pictures as an orchestra leader. Another obstacle had been overcome; he emerged victorious, a big box-office name. Still no one knew about his back. Hollywood's gay, ritzy crowd misunderstood for snobbery his re-

fusals to go on all-night binges and moonlight swimming parties which would have kept him up until dawn. They invited him time and again to ride the chutes or roll around in the "crazy barrel" at Venice Beach. But he refused, and eventually his phone stopped ringing.

What that broken back has cost him in pain and misery, in lost money and lost friendships, only Ben can tell. And he would like to carry the secret with him to his grave. But one thing that injury gave him, which neither friends or money could have given him, in his philosophy of life, his appreciation and understanding of the less fortunate.

One man alone, even more than the boys in his band who worship him, can vouch for Ben's generosity and kindness—a little blind chap in Chicago who writes gags for Ben. Good or bad, used or

unused, he gets a nice big check for them by return mail, regularly. Ben knows what it means to be deprived of something so essential in this busy world, and that blind man in Chicago will be taken care of as long as Ben is able to take care of himself.

Today he's tops. Radio and stage audiences adore his brand of smart chatter combined with smart music. They like some of his gags because they are so new, some because they are so old; they even like the way he shifts his cigar about. But they don't know that his first cigar shifted just as nervously one night on a stage strewn with vegetables, or that he took the scallions with the same gallantry with which he accepts orchids today. They will never know how often his humor is forced, even exaggerated to hide the agony of a smarting back.

Two Grand Slants on Ben Bernie: Confessions of His Pursuit of Lady Luck

(Continued from page 31)

at the track. Maybe I got mixed up out there. Maybe the nags couldn't read my writing. Anyway, the system lost, and I walked home from Santa Anita. But the "I Will" spirit prevailed and I tried it again . . . and again.

Once in a while things broke right and you did right well by your Old Maestro, Lady Luck. There was the day Azucar ran. "Well, now there, Bernie, m'lady, is a real name for a horse," said I.

I thought of Al Zukor. I thought of all the Paramount pictures he was going to make of Bernie, the actor—I hoped. And thought I, "What is good enough to be called Azucar is good enough for Bernie." And so 'elp me, the horse bounced in at twelve to one with the Bernie financial chart taking a big boom skyward. But then there were other horses that had to be kept fed and clothed. And I couldn't forget the poor old bookies. What would they do if good old Bernie let them down? So the profits went right back and Bernie started walking home again.

PHYSICALLY I was in the pink of condition after all those hikes back through the mountainous roads of California. But financially the Old Maestro was in the red. Even that might not have been so bad. But what really got me was learning that Uncle Sam's tax collectors have no sense of humor.

You can't imagine how they complained because I listed four bookies as dependents! I had to rewrite my whole income tax report, so 'elp me!

At least the Bernie system of playing the thoroughbreds was easier than trying to play the market. I'm still trying to dope out one of those statistical reports. Debits . . . credits . . . par values . . . yields . . . appraisals . . . wharfage . . . surcharges . . . profits.

Just when I thought I had licked it I woke up to the fact I'd been studying the road map to Pittsburgh! So I decided to stick to bridge.

That's my racket. The Bernie one-two-three system. Yowsah! Bid one, should have made two, went down three!

Did I tell you about the bridge I played in Hollywood? No? Well bend back your ears, youse guys and youse gals, and grab a load of this. Boy, how they took me! All because I wasn't on to the Hollywood language. I'll never forget my first bridge game out there, with Irving Thalberg, Sam Goldwyn and one of the Marx boys. Great guys, those

Marx brothers. X marx the spot.

We sat down to play in a cozy little nook with nineteen marble pillars, eight butlers and a remote control bar. Just the kind of a place Belshazzar's third palace must have been. Quiet, and homey, y'know. Some one mumbled something about playing for the usual fourth.

"Ah," thought Bernie to myself, "a nice, quiet, friendly little game. Only a fourth of a cent a point, m'lady."

BEING just a kid from the small country I added a quick "Uh, huh."

We played. I lost. When I got the good old check book out to pay off—I found out that we hadn't been playing for a quarter of a cent a point after all.

IT WAS A QUARTER OF A DOLLAR A POINT!

Two bits a shot in a bridge game is a lot, when you lose. After paying off I went back to my hamburger diet. Not that I minded, but they put too much onion and salt on hamburgers out in Hollywood. Yowsah!

Now, guys and gals, that we've gotten around to the food let me tell you about the time steaks almost cost me \$100 apiece. Almost, say I, but it wouldn't have been almost if it hadn't been for you, Lady Luck.

That was when some of the boys were opening up a big new joint down east. They wanted us to come and eat on the house, believe it or not. So the eight of us go, after I tell the boys that I'm not going to gamble in their nice new Casino. Came the swellest steaks, the mosta of the besta that any cow ever produced. To the weakened Bernie molars that thar beef was a delight and a pleasure.

So in a jovial and full mood the Old Maestro decided to look over the gambling casino. Already some of the lads had been losing, one \$100 at roulette, another \$50 with the dice. Somehow or other Bernie got tangled up with those dice. The first thing I knew I'd dropped \$800, after I'd promised myself not to go near the dice. Forty dollars was all I had left when in walks Lady Luck. Nobody but the grand old gal herself could have made those thirty-six passes straight! By that time they'd closed up the Casino. Bernie and the Lady had taken them for all the oughday they had on hand. I walked out with \$5,600. Thanks, Lady Luck.

Oh, yes, and there was another time,

L.L., when you came along on my arm. That was just after B.B. and all the lads left Chicago after three full and happy years at the College Inn. We had to ride all night in a bus and we were sound asleep when all of a sudden there was a terrific crash and bang. The bus spilled over on its side and we inside spilled over each other. I yelled to the lads to take it easy and keep quiet. Nobody was hurt, thanks to you, Lady Luck.

However, nothing can daunt the Bernie spirit. Dawn was just breaking over the hills. The sun was just coming up. It was getting light enough to see. Then a thought struck me.

"Hey," yelled I. "Drag out my golf clubs. Here's where I get some dawn practice with that mashie that's been getting my goat!"

AND as dawn came up over Illinois there was the Old Maestro whacking golf balls into the pasture. The lads took a picture of that. In fact I tried to use that same affair as a stunt in my movie, "Stolen Harmony," but so 'elp me, the lads out in Hollywood wouldn't stand for it. They said it wasn't true to life, that no one would ever do it!

Ah, well, things happen that way sometimes. But this thing has to stop sometime. So if all youse guys and youse gals who read RADIO MIRROR will permit, the Old Maestro will close on a pleasant note, a very, very pleasant note—George Olsen's golf game.

Y'know, for yars and yars that lad has been trying to take the Bernie on the golf course. Why many's the morning that he has waked us in the early dawning. There's a gleam in his eye and a nasty grin on his face, and if you know the Olsen grin you can imagine what a terrible thing it is when it gets nasty.

So there's nothing for it but to find the plus fours, the sticks and thence by taxi to the club. Always George starts out with that determination. Always he comes home hurt and beaten and unhappy. Then he writes a check and goes home to ponder. Why just the other day Ethel Shutta told me that her husband spends his nights scheming to beat me.

There's only one thing wrong with this beautiful picture. When George makes out the check for me he always makes it out to "Louse Bernie." And dammit, man, I have to endorse it as "Louse Bernie" to cash it!

**The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow
you must take Today**

What can bring back the mood and meaning of a precious hour — like snapshots? First aid to romance — how well they tell "the old, old story." Don't take chances with these pictures that mean so much — your camera is more capable, surer in performance, when loaded with Kodak Verichrome Film. You get people's real expressions, their naturalness. Your snaps turn out. Always use Verichrome . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.



Facing the Music

(Continued from page 35)

anniversary of playing from the Hotel Taft in New York City. He recalled recently that of the eighteen persons present at his first opening, ten were relatives. When he broadcasts again, don't expect to hear Loretta Lee singing with his orchestra. George and Loretta disagreed over who should manage her, so now his singer is nineteen-year-old Dollie Dawn, from Bloomfield, New Jersey. She resembles Sylvia Sydney, and already motion picture companies are said to be interested in her.

Here's a case where a ship literally did come in. Patti Chapin, new Columbia singing star, couldn't get a break on big time radio until she went on a West Indies Cruise and met, on the homeward voyage, a CBS executive who positively insisted she have an audition.

* * *

THEMES AND SIGNATURES

There's a startling listener interest in the signature songs Howard Barlow uses on his Columbia programs. I asked him about it, but he couldn't explain why they catch the fancy of his followers or why he selected them. Some people are haunted by the tunes until they write in to find out the titles. For those who haven't written, I shall attempt to lay the ghost by listing the themes he uses:

(1) "Musical Album," Wagner's "Album Leaf." (2) "Melody Masterpieces," Rubenstein's "Melody." (3) "Sunday Symphony Hour," "Serenade," from Hayden's Quartet in D Major. (4) "On the Village Green," "Shepherd's Dance," from the Henry the Eighth Suite. (5) With Gene Baker, baritone, Stephen Foster's "Beautiful Dream." (6) With Mary Eastman, soprano, "Sweetest Story Ever Told." (7) With Evan Evans, baritone, "Evening Star," from Tannhauser.

For Paul Whiteman listeners, I proffer this information concerning the theme songs he uses on his Thursday night broadcasts. George Gershwin's "Rhapsody In Blue," published by Harms, Inc., opens and closes the program. Harold Arlen's "You Said It," published by Ager, Yellen and Bornstein, Inc., introduces Lou Holtz. Mabel Wayne's "Ramona," published by Carl Fischer, Inc., presents, of course, Ramona. Again a Gershwin tune is heard when his "Liza," published by Harms, Inc., introduces the Kings Men.

* * *

TELLING ALL

Even listeners who're so unmusical they couldn't triple-tongue a cornet, often wonder just how many of what kind of instruments prominent radio orchestras use to produce the kind of music for which they're distinguished. And since I mentioned last month, the controversy between Fred Waring and Horace Heidt as to which originated the technique of using choral groups with popular music orchestras, it seems quite the time to give the instrumental breakdown and vocal setup of the two groups. So here you are.

Waring's Pennsylvanians. Twenty-two men playing six saxophones, five violins, five trumpets, four clarinets, three trombones, three flutes, two banjos, two guitars, mandolin, marimba, vibraphone, bassoon, piccolo. There are four who can take care of the piano department and four men for the drums and sundry tympani. Stuart Churchill, the tenor, seems to do more doubling than any of the others, for he's listed as being available

for banjo, vibraphone, drums, saxophone, piano and marimba.

Waring's vocal groups. Soloists: Stuart Churchill, tenor; Johnny Davis, scat singer; Poley McClintock, frog voice; Rosemary Lane, Priscilla Lane and Tom Waring. "Stella and the Fellas": Stella, soprano; Paul Gibbons, baritone; Craig Leitch, first tenor; Ray Ringwald, second tenor.

Heidt's Brigadiers. Fourteen men playing four saxophones, three clarinets, three trumpets, two oboes, harp (a woman, Lyzbeth Hughes, plays this), violin, bass fiddle, piano, steel guitar, Spanish guitar, English horn, French horn, trombone, flute, drums and vibraharp.

Heidt's vocal groups. Soloists: Alyce King, blues singer; Steve Merrill, tenor; Charles Goodman, Crosby-faced baritone; Art Thorsen, boop-a-dooper; Mike Vandever, bass; Bob McCoy, bass-baritone. Duet: Bob McCoy and Lyzbeth Hughes. Four King Sisters: (There were six, all really sisters, but two were left behind when Heidt left California) Alyce, blues singer; Maxine, soprano; Louise, mezzo soprano; Donna, contralto. Male chorus: Gordon Goodman, tenor; Jack Warren, tenor; Al Dupont, baritone; Bob McCoy, bass; Mike Vandever, bass; Charles Goodman, baritone; Steve Merrill, tenor; Harold Wolsey, tenor and whistler.

Radio Ramblers: Art Thorsen, boop-a-dooper (and bass fiddle); Jerry Bowne, crooner (and trumpeter); Alyce King; Maxine King; Louise King.

* * *

And as you know, in Waring's case, often his entire unit, instrumentalists and vocalists, sing together.

* * *

FOLLOWING THE LEADERS

... or how to see some of your favorite radio orchestras in action. Yes, or even to dance to them. The listings below tell where the orchestras expect to be during the month of August. Really, it's a shame that it's impossible to tell where all of them will be, but the booking business is an uncertain thing at best. In fact, so uncertain, that even a few of the locations listed may be changed before this reaches you.

Berger, Jack. Hotel Astor, New York City.

Coakley, Tom. Elitch's Garden, Denver, Colo.

Cummins, Bernie. Baker Hotel, Dallas, Texas. (He'll be there until September, when he returns to the Roosevelt in New York.)

Crosby, Bob. (Bing's brother, as you know.) Touring New England with his orchestra, the nucleus of which is one formerly conducted by Ben Pollack. Will play at Steel Pier, Atlantic City, N. J., August 9 to 16.

Denny, Jack. Hotel Pennsylvania Roof, New York City. Cool and restful, with ferryboat lights to be seen twinkling on the Hudson.

Dorsey Brothers. Glen Island Casino near New Rochelle, N. Y.

Duchin, Eddie. Coconut Grove, Los Angeles.

Ferdinando, Felix. Club Palorma, Schenectady, N. Y.

Freeman, Jerry. Feltman's, Coney Island. Famous for its shore dinners and waiters wearing short Alpine panties.

Jack Fulton touring Eastern States. Watch for him.

Gray, Glen. On tour. And we're still darned if we can keep up with him.

Green, Johnny. Hotel St. Regis Roof, New York City. Dignity of surroundings and atmospheric coolness are pleasant these hot nights.

Hall, George. Hotel Taft, N. Y. C. Harris, Phil. Hollywood Restaurant, Galveston, Texas.

Heidt, Horace. Drake Hotel, Chicago. Himber, Richard. Just tearing around on tour.

Holtz, Ernie, Asbury Park, N. J. Hopkins, Claude. Still at Harlem's famed Cotton Club.

Johnson, Johnny. Monmouth Hotel, Spring Lake, N. J.

Jones Isham. Steel Pier, Atlantic City, N. J., August 16 to 23.

Kayser, Kay. The Willows, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Kemp, Hal. On tour. (He returns to the Pennsylvania Hotel in September.)

King, Henry. Mark Hopkins Hotel, San Francisco.

Leafer, Allen. Tavern on the Green, Central Park, N. Y. C.

Light, Enoch. Hotel McAlpin, New York City.

Little, Little Jack. Touring South first of the month. Steel Pier, Atlantic City, N. J., August 2 to 9.

Lopez, Vincent. Rice Hotel, Houston, Texas.

Martin, Freddie. Coconut Grove, Los Angeles.

Meyer, Harry. Ausable Chasm, Plattsburg, N. Y.

Moss, Joe. Hotel Pierre, New York City. A must-dress place.

Nichols, Red. On tour in East.

Noble, Ray. Rainbow Room, Rockefeller Center, New York City. The world's highest night club, over sixty stories in the air. City view which is amazing. Dinner clothes acceptable, but better to dress.

Raginsky, Mischa. Hotel Commodore, New York City.

Reichmann, Joe. Waldorf-Astoria, New York City.

Sabin, Paul. Colony Surf Club, Deal, N. J. There, if too warm from dancing, you can dip into their private pool.

Whiteman, Paul. Afternoon concerts. Manhattan Beach, New York.

Is FACING THE MUSIC telling you all you want to know about radio music? Write down your questions—they'll be answered in this department. Use the coupon below and mail it to us.

To John Skinner,
RADIO MIRROR,
1926 Broadway,
New York City.

I want to know

.....

.....

.....

.....

Name

Address

Cornelia's Jewels

(Continued from page 23)

dedicated for all time to the stage.

But she gave few signs of living up to this tradition. As a baby, she was so homely that her mother cried when she took her out in her carriage, was actually ashamed of her only child. She was always tall, straggly, skinny and awkward. Not all the milk and raw eggs they poured down the child's protesting throat did any good; not all the dancing and elocution lessons in the world made her more poised, graceful, or charming, or gave her self-confidence. Her sense of color was atrocious; she dressed outlandishly, insisting upon wearing dangling earrings and embroidered evening slippers with her plain middie and skirt. Cheap incense and perfume were her gods; she spent her \$1.00 weekly allowance on heavy Oriental odors that drove her poor mother out of the house.

When she was fourteen years old, she stood five feet, six and one half inches in her stocking feet, at least half a head taller than her classmates. So she always tried to dress to appear older than she was. Her mother objected to long dresses for so young a child. The moment the door closed behind her, she'd rip the hem of her dress, put her stringy brown hair up in a grown-up knot and trip on her way, perfectly oblivious to the sloppy crease in her skirt where she had ripped the hem. Just before she got home, she'd pin up the hem. She sewed it back in the privacy of her room.

ALWAYS, perhaps because Nature seemed to favor her so little in looks when she was very young, she has worked doubly hard to accomplish something. She tells you, quite gaily now, that her first public appearance was as Starving Armenia on the Balkan Float in the last Liberty Loan Drive in Philadelphia, during the war. She fitted the part so well without makeup that they didn't dream of assigning it to anyone else. You can just see the young, crestfallen Cornelia Otis Skinner, forcing herself to keep her head up as the float moved along the streets of Philadelphia, when she had wanted to be a fairy or a queen. With her skinny figure clothed in rags, her stringy hair flying wildly in the wind, the ugly brace on her teeth, and with dog chains attached to her wrists to represent Armenia under the whip of Turkey, she was realistic indeed.

Her family insisted she go to Bryn Mawr College. They wanted her, if she couldn't be beautiful or charming, to be cultured. But Cornelia never could pass math or history. It was she who unintentionally misnamed improper fractions "indecent fractions" and the name stuck.

But she made up her mind: somehow she'd manage to pass the entrance exams. She memorized the whole math book. And by luck, three of the problems she had memorized were included on the math exam. She passed that.

In history, she did not fare so well. Three questions comprised the entire test. Of two of them she was blissfully ignorant. She made a stab at the third. Then she thought and thought. Something had to be done. Finally she wrote: "I haven't the remotest idea how to answer those other questions. But I did study the Lewis and Clark Expedition, so I'll tell you all about that." Which she proceeded to do, from memory.

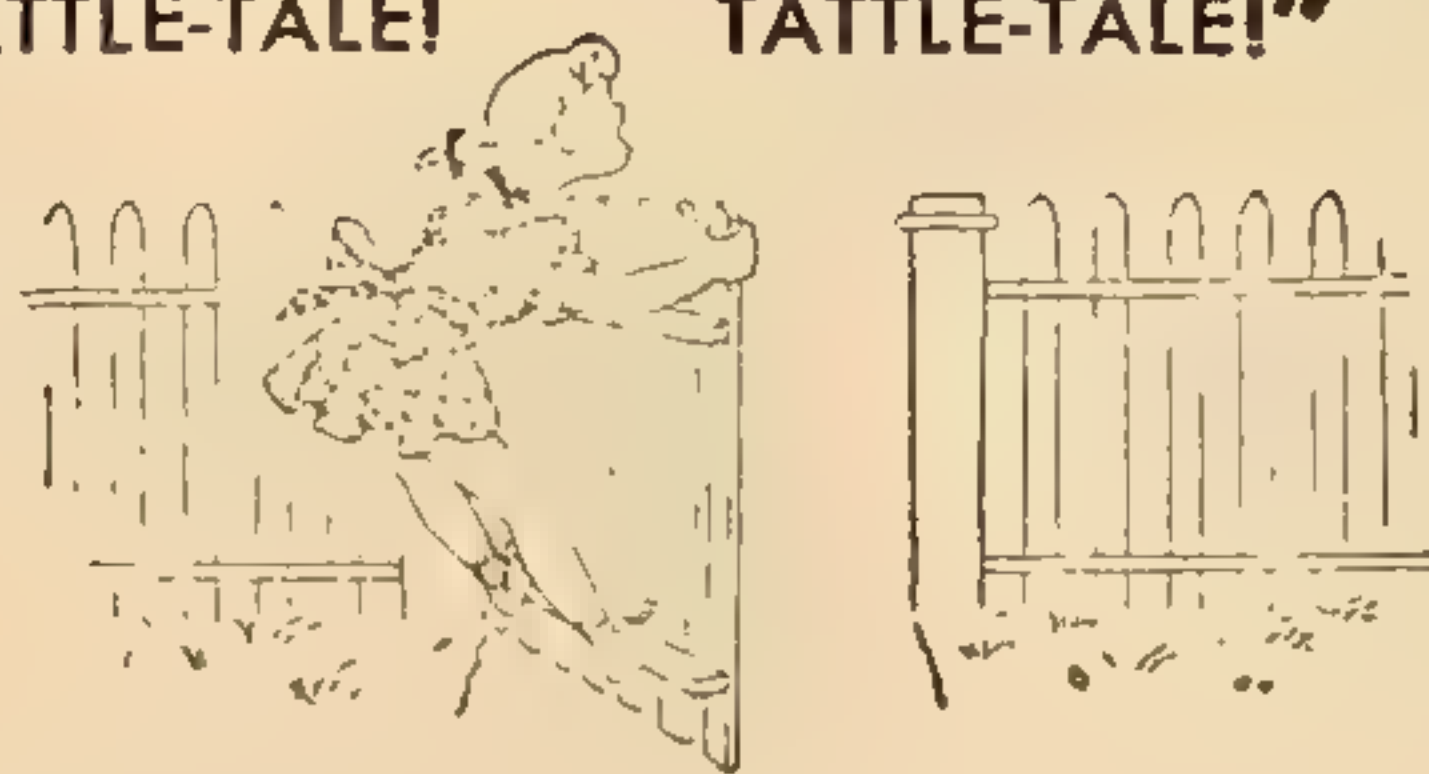
She passed. Later the history prof told her he passed her because a girl with so much nerve deserved to get into college!

English, of course, she excelled in. Almost from the cradle, Shakespeare had

MARGIE MAKES FUN OF MY DRESSES, MOMMY—SHE SAYS THEY'RE TATTLE-TALES!



"TATTLE-TALE! TATTLE-TALE!"



"Pooh! Clothes can't tattle," says Mother. "Where did Margie get that silly idea?"

"She heard the club ladies, Mommy—they said your clothes were full of tattle-tale gray."

* * *

Maybe it's never occurred to you that clothes can tattle. Yet if things come out of the wash the least bit dingy and dull, they do show that they aren't perfectly clean. And the neighbors are sure to notice.

Why risk the criticism? Why use a "trick" soap that leaves dirt behind?

Fels-Naptha is *one* soap that does get *all* the dirt. Every last deep-down speck of it.



CHANGE TO THE SOAP THAT ENDS "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

For Fels-Naptha brings you two cleaners instead of one! Richer *golden* soap combined with *plenty* of naptha. A lively combination that washes clothes beautifully, snowily clean.

Fels-Naptha is so gentle in every way that you can use it for your daintiest undies and silk stockings.

It's a real friend to hands, too—for there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar. Get Fels-Naptha Soap today! . . . Fels & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"
with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

Beautiful Eyes

ARE YOURS FOR THE ASKING
WHEN YOU ASK FOR

Maybelline

says DOROTHY HAMILTON
Noted Beauty Authority of Hollywood



Dorothy Hamilton, heard every Sunday afternoon in the "Maybelline Penthouse Serenade" over N. B. C. network

NOTICE your favorite screen actress, and see how she depends on well-groomed brows, softly shaded eyelids, and long, dark, lustrous lashes to give her eyes that necessary beauty and expression. More than any other feature, her eyes express her. More than any other feature, your eyes express you. You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are really attractive . . . and it is so easy to make them so, instantly, with the pure and harmless Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

After powdering, blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color and sparkle of your eyes are instantly intensified. Now form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Then apply a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline mascara to your lashes, to make them appear naturally long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold how your eyes express a new, more beautiful YOU!

Keep your lashes soft and silky by applying the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream nightly, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in introductory sizes at any leading 10c store. To be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness, accept only genuine Maybelline preparations.



All Maybelline Preparations have this approval



BLACK
BROWN
BLUE



BLACK OR BROWN



BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GRAY
VIOLET AND GREEN



COLORLESS



BLACK OR WHITE
BRISTLES

been part of her training. She was expected to read it much as we expect children today to show interest in Orphan Annie. And she could quote it as glibly as we spout slang. Cornelia is doing the very same thing with her own five-year-old son, Dickie Blodget. She sings him Shakespearean lullabies, and reads Shakespeare to him. He is impressed with the grandeur of the lines, and actually repeats bits to himself.

When she was eighteen, she insisted to her family she had had enough of formal education. Latin and math and history weren't helping her get started as an actress. So to Paris she went, to study under Monsieur Dohelly and Jean Herve of the Comedie Francaise. There she learned more in one month, she claims, than she had in three years at college. She had found herself, and thrived on acting.

HER mother accompanied her to France, saw that her daughter was comfortably settled, and then came home. Mrs. Skinner was a great believer in instilling independence in her child.

When Cornelia returned to the United States, her father and she talked things over. By this time he was proud of his tall, slim, understanding, sensitive daughter. He agreed with what she suggested. She would go on tour with him in "Blood and Sand" for one season. Then they'd part, permanently as far as their stage work was concerned. She wanted to be on her own, not a mere shadow in papa's path. If she was good, she'd make the grade. If she wasn't, the sooner she knew it the better. On her own or nothing was her slogan.

Evidently she wasn't so good. For it took months to land another job on Broadway. "I wore out several pairs of shoes," she told me, "trying to convince managers that they ought to give me a chance." Part of it wasn't her fault at all. For since she was Otis Skinner's daughter, they hesitated to offer her the only kind of job she could fill then, a small walking-on part.

Finally Winthrop Ames took pity on her and hired her as Katharine Cornell's understudy for a group of Shakespearean plays he was producing. After that she appeared in minor rôles in "Tweedles," "The Wild Westcotts" and "In His Arms." But there were frequent periods when she was at liberty. It was equally as tough getting a job the last time as the first.

And still, whatever she accomplished, people attributed to her father's pull. It drove her wild.

Until one day she attended a party given by Charles Hanson Towne, famous editor and man-about-town. Each of his guests had to entertain. Cornelia was still quiet and abashed in a group. So Towne, an old friend of the family's, helped her out. "Why don't you give us one of your monologues," he suggested kindly. Since a child Cornelia had improvised and acted out small character bits of people and things she had observed in her serious, wondering way. The sketch she gave was about a woman street car conductor, very much puffed up over her job.

And it was so darn good that a few days later one of the women who attended the party called her up and begged her to repeat the same monologue at a party she was giving. She'd pay \$15 and carfare. Cornelia forced herself to do it, and actually liked doing it! The thing grew like a snowball. A new industry had been established, a one-woman theater. Miss Skinner's days of job-hunting were over.

At the beginning of her lone routine,

she'd depend upon churches and clubs for her bookings. Usually they'd take her because she was so inexpensive, for she had no company. As someone said in introducing her, "Lecturers are so expensive we have booked Miss Skinner instead." And another, "We are accustomed to present cultural entertainment but tonight we have Miss Skinner with us." Quite often she was called that "well-known disease," by some dignified, well-meaning chairman who didn't know how to pronounce "disease." None of that bothered her; it amused her. For like most people who suffer from inferiority complexes she has deliberately trained herself to see the humor in things which might otherwise break her heart.

Though she's a one-woman show, she carries a whole company with her today: a manager, a press representative, a carpenter, an electrician, and a wardrobe mistress. All of them she pays throughout the year, in spite of the fact that she does no traveling during the summer months. Instead, she spends the entire summer at St. James, Long Island, with her social registerite husband, Alden S. Blodget, and her red-haired, vociferous son, Dickie.

Regardless of what else must be retrenched, she never skimps on salaries, production costs, etc. She even carries her own orchestra for incidental music.

Her employees think very highly of her. She is fair and considerate, but expects the best in them. Very few mishaps that could have been avoided happen on her tours. Usually, any accidents are the faults of the theater's men, and not her own. And woe betide any stage hands who mess matters up.

There was the time, just before she came to radio for her current series, when she was playing all six wives of Henry VIII. Some of the stage hands were drunk, very drunk. One zigzagged across the stage during a performance. The lights went off and on without rhyme or reason. When a streak of light, presaging the coming of dawn, was required, such brilliant floodlights were turned on they looked like fire-crackers. And twice in the last scene the curtain was lowered while Miss Skinner was still emoting.

She waited till the curtain had rung down, after the show was over. Then she dashed out of her costume, grabbed a dressing gown and ran backstage to tell the stage hands what she thought of them.

"Listen here, you saps, I'm just as much a member of Equity as you are. How dare you get drunk on duty! I'm going to report the whole lot of you."

Her fierce, authoritative tones sobered them up almost instantly. And you never saw a meeker, more polite, obliging set of stage hands for the rest of her shows.

"DID you complain to Equity?" I asked her.

"I most certainly did," she told me. "They thought the men's conduct outrageous, and wanted to fire the whole bunch. But I told 'em to let 'em off with a severe talking to."

Now she's on the air, the question of drunken stage hands doesn't bother her. But whispering women in the audience, or coughers, drive her crazy. Women, she claims, particularly fat, idle women, are the chief offenders against the tenets of ordinary courtesy.

It took a good deal of persuasion to get her to go on the air. She is afraid of radio, for it is something new, and she still retains her childhood lack of confidence in her own abilities. The regular

course of procedure is for her to sit down, write out a sketch in fine, distinguished long-hand on yellow paper, and then, timidly protesting its worthlessness, show it to her husband. It is his job to persuade her it is good. Then she really gets to work polishing it up.

Radio presents a new problem. The listeners cannot see her expression or catch her pantomime over the air. She plans to write several new sketches and try them out on perfect strangers, who will be seated in the next room so they can't catch anything but her voice.

Maybe you remember her famous sketch of the Lady Explorer she tried out on one of her guest appearances on the air. Though it is one of her most hilarious numbers on the stage, it fell flat. Just wasn't suited to the mike audience, or something. So now she's very wary.

She always dolls up when she rehearses—it makes her feel gala, and gives her courage, she claims.

She is glad to be on the air now, and hopes to be on again for another series, for this work permits her to be with her husband and son, and eliminates all the frantic airplane trips back and forth they usually make. For though theirs was no sudden mad love affair—they knew each other for several years before they were married—Mr. and Mrs. Blodget are very much devoted to each other. He's so proud of his charming young wife he almost bursts with happiness. You can see him around before each broadcast, a tall, thin, blond man, checking to see everything is all right.

SHE admits frankly that she was born with bad taste, and loves rococco, profusely ornamented things and furniture. When she listens to opera and symphonies her knees start twitching and she yearns for a sofa to sit on. And one of the wistful, pathetic longings of her girlhood she has never realized, through cowardice. She's afraid of what her family will say.

"That is to own one of the be-ribboned, be-ruffled, very fancy, completely chorus girl sets of underwear for sale in the little catch-penny shops of Broadway. I know that a real lady would avert her eyes," she told me. "But I should love to own, if only to gaze at in my cupboard like a fine piece of Ming, one of those pink and orchid chiffon sets.

"I look like the athletic type but can't do anything," she confesses. Cornelia doesn't like athletics, exercise or gym. She hates bridge and what most of us consider good times she considers a waste of time. She's a very practical person, makes her own cold cream from albolene and perfume, one of the gifts she gives special friends.

Because of her husband's fondness for horses, she has learned to ride, but not well. Horses, horses, horses always bore her and horsey people make her uncomfortable. One afternoon she had gone to the Horse Show with her husband and friends, then they all came to her apartment for dinner.

The gentleman beside her kept talking horses and mounts and horse-feed till she almost cried. Naturally, she had been introduced as Mrs. Blodget. From the other guests' conversation he gathered she did something besides being just Mrs. Blodget.

Finally he said, "What did you say you did, Mrs. Blodget?"

"I shoot," she said grimly.

"How interesting," he said in surprise. "What do you shoot?"

"Horses," came her tight-lipped reply.

"Poor me, I do feel sorry for myself this morning. What a night, what a night! But how can a girl get her beauty sleep when her skin's all over prickles and chafes?"



"Lookit what's come into our life! Bet if I sprinkled myself with clouds and clouds of this Johnson's Baby Powder I'd like myself again."



"Mmm — now I'm better. That smoothy-soft powder makes me feel so nice — and smell so nice — and look so nice. I'll just have to give myself a great big kiss. There!"



"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder...count on me to keep babies fine and fit! Just feel my satiny-smoothness between your thumb and finger...I'm made of finest Italian talc. No gritty particles in me...and no orris root, either. Try me—and don't forget my partners, Johnson's Baby Soap and Johnson's Baby Cream."

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By Weldon Melick

Brief Reviews of the New Programs

Free! THIS LOVELY NEW MAKE-UP MIRROR

Given to Induce
You to Try
**YEAST FOAM
TABLETS**

... the dry health
yeast that brings
quicker relief from
constipation, indi-
gestion and skin
troubles.

YOU'LL be delighted with this new kind of mirror that you can get absolutely free with a purchase of Yeast Foam Tablets. It's tilted at an angle so that you get a perfect close-up of your face without having to hunch way over your dressing table.

Set it anywhere and have both hands free to put on cream or make-up comfortably. Women say it's one of the grandest beauty helps they've ever seen. Send the coupon, *with an empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton*, for your mirror now before the supply is exhausted.

This offer is made to induce you to try Yeast Foam Tablets, the modern yeast that gives greater health benefits because it's dry.

Scientists have recently discovered that dry yeast, as a source of vitamin B, is approximately twice as valuable as fresh, moist yeast! In carefully controlled tests, subjects fed dry yeast gained almost twice as fast as those given the moist, fresh type.

Get quicker relief from indigestion, constipation and related skin troubles with Yeast Foam Tablets. You'll really enjoy their appetizing nut-like taste. And they'll never cause gas or discomfort because they are pasteurized. At all druggists.



NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Please send me the handy new tilted make-up mirror. RG9-35

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

THE SOCONY SKETCH BOOK with its word and song pictures will lure even your most polite visitor away from the family album. Johnny Green's dance band is marvelously toned and timed. Christopher Morley's anecdotes have the mellowness of old wine and the sparkle of champagne. Miss Virginia Verrill, a radio star from the West Coast, successfully jumps the continental hurdle without loss of stardom—a rare achievement. Her songs are gems of tone and rhythm. The Eton Boys harmonize melodiously in a rhythmic vocal foursome. If we were giving stars, this program would rate five bright ones.

CBS Fri. 8:00 P. M. 30 min.

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER distills decades of drama in a fifteen-minute hour glass. If you want to be wafted from your own small world of cares and woes straight into the private lives of people you've always wondered about, your magic carpet is now on call at the twist of your dial. Miss Skinner's consummate art of monologue translates itself to radio with vast improvement over the visual stage and in the process lifts itself to a plane far above mere footlight mimicry.

NBC Sun. 9:30 P. M. 15 min.

ORGETS OF THE AIR are streamlined people from another planet, so thin they are invisible, yet their voices may be heard when they come down to play with Earth boys and girls! This intriguing flight of fantasy is presented by Frances Fullerton Neilson, whose remarkable vocal flexibility, range and control creates a world of illusion altogether entrancing and delightful to children. The inevitable moral to the story is as sugar-coated as peppermint candy but this program takes a long stride forward in the field of radio juvenile entertainment.

NBC Tue. 6:00 P. M. 15 min.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S TENT SHOW is just another name for Gibson Family à la Show Boat—Charles Winninger is the mainstay of the show whether he plays Cap'n Henry or Uncle Charlie. Lois Bennett, soprano, and Conrad Thibault, baritone, are featured on the Tent Show bill and are members of the original Cap'n Henry's Show Boat cast. Don Voorhees' orchestra sets the pace for this new, fast-moving production. If you want a lively, exciting hour don't miss this tent show—and don't be misled by the name of the program; a tent show was never like this!

NBC Sun. 10:00 P. M. 60 min.

ROAD TO YESTERDAY with Roland Todd and his musicians takes you on a musical journey into the past. Starting with theme song "Long, Long Ago" these Sunday evening vocal serenaders drift along a charming stream of musical reverie, bringing laughter, sighs or tears, according to the long-dormant idea-and-music associations of the individual listener.

NBC Sun. 10:00 P. M. 30 min.

THE LOVE DOCTOR may not solve all your heart problems, but his advice is charmingly offered with appropriate vocal popular melodies. However, his fee is moderate—only a matter of 710 (kilo-

cycles!)—and is available three times a week. Ona Munson of film and footlight fame steps to the mike between times to praise the virtues of her favorite rouge. MBS Mon., Wed., Fri., 1:00 P. M. 15 min.

EDWIN FRANKO GOLDMAN has opened his fifteenth series of symphony concerts from New York City parks. Three new featured solosits this season are David C. Rosebrook and Frank Elsass, cornetists, and Pietro Cappodiferro, first trumpeter for twelve years with the Metropolitan Opera Company.

NBC Sun. 10:00 P. M. 30 min.

Tue. and Thu. 9:30 P. M. 30 min.

Sat. 9:00 P. M. 30 min.

EDDIE DUCHIN and his orchestra are on tour for NBC, covering sixteen cities and conducting a series of amateur vocal competitions at each weekly stand. His orchestra and the results of his search for talent may be heard on the network as his tour progresses.

NBC Tue. 9:30 P. M. 30 min.

FOR WOMEN ONLY is a current events program presented exclusively for feminine listeners who take pride in the civic and professional achievements of members of their sex. The vocal timbre, modulation and articulation of Rosaline Green, commentator, compare quite favorably with those of McNamee, Husing, Hill and Carter.

MBS Daily except Sat and Sun. 1:40 P. M. 5 min.

AMERICAN ART TRIO consisting of Harry Farbman, violinist, Flori Schor, cellist, and Milton Kaye, pianist, present a Sunday morning half-hour of excellent classical music.

MBS Sun. 11:00 A. M. 30 min.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON condenses the philosophy of fifteen volumes of writing into fifteen minutes of radio. A clear, forceful thinker, he has nothing to sell, no axe to grind and nothing to beg, except for his plea, "Brother, can you spare a thought?"

NBC Sun. 8:45 P. M. 15 min. Thu. 8:30 P. M. 15 min.

WILLARD ROBISON leads his Deep River Orchestra through a pleasant half-hour of Sunday afternoon music. His style of rendition is restful and soothing and his selections, songs that never die, are drawn from the far corners of the earth. The appealing timbre of Robison's voice further heightens the spell of his program.

NBC Sun. 4:00 P. M. 30 min.

KURT BROWNELL, NBC's talented tenor, now sings regularly from WEA and WJZ. His mellow resonance and pleasing selection of modern and old-time favorites is a comforting change for the jazz-jaded senses of the more discriminating listener.

NBC Mon. 7:30 P. M. 15 min.; Sat. 10:15 A. M. 15 min.

COMPINSKY TRIO presents a series of chamber music programs. The first four programs are devoted to the compositions of Johannes Brahms.

CBS Sun. 1:00 P. M. 30 min.

(Continued on page 73)

Coast-to-Coast Highlights

Chicago

(Continued from page 42)

Her program went on on a Friday morning from 10:30 to 10:45. At 10:52 the telephone rang and a male voice asked for her. She answered, talked to the man and left the studio. At one o'clock that afternoon they were married.

The man was Mortimer Abelson. Long before Fay's premiere on that radio series she and Mortimer had been sweethearts, planning their wedding and their home. But times were tough, jobs and money were scarce and there were parents to be considered. For one reason and another they kept postponing the day until finally love's young dream faded away.

For ten months they hadn't seen each other until that fatal morning when Mortimer, driving his car, turned on the radio and heard her voice again.

MANY people know Gale Page, the Chicago radio singer. But few know that she is really Sally Rutter Tritschler, daughter of a Spokane, Wash., bank president and financier, wife of a Chicago investment broker and a member of the Junior League.

One of the many singing jobs Gale does around the Chicago studios is with those Tuesday night "Fibber McGee and Mollie" shows which Marion and Jim Jordan present. They had a tough time one night trying to remember what song Gale was supposed to sing. Jim asked her, but she had forgotten. She asked Marcelli, the orchestra leader, and he couldn't remember. So Jim finally called the music library where all such things are a matter of record.

"It's Easy to Remember," replied the music librarian.

That burnt Jim up.

"That's what you think!" he yelled. "Well, we can't remember up here. C'mon, cut the clowning. What's her first song?"

"It's Easy to Remember," the girl replied, "from Bing Crosby's picture, 'Mississippi!'"

AND talking about the House by the Side of the Road brings us to Gina Vanna's latest romance. Gina is the madrigal monger on the series.

One day a youngster all of eight years old approached her during rehearsals and held out a dirty, chubby paw. In the paw was a gardenia for Gina. She smiled, took it and thanked him. But he hung around. In fact he began to show up at every broadcast and every rehearsal, always with the gardenia for Gina. Finally Tony Wons and Announcer Harlow Wilcox got to calling him "Stage Door Johnnie."

The kid suddenly realized his devotion was creating public attention. He went over to Tony and as man to man asked him a question:

"Not gonna get sore about this, are ya, pal?"

HALLOWEEN MARTIN, who is Mrs. Roy Kurtzborn in private life, has never missed a program during the five years she has been the Musical Clock girl who arouses Chicagoans with music, the correct time and weather warnings about rubbers and umbrellas. Hazel Dophiede has worked steadily for six years without missing although a heavy snowstorm almost kept her away once.

MY HUSBAND'S
GONE BACK
ON ME

*Here's a spaghetti he
likes better than mine*

AND SO DO I — THE SAUCE IS GRAND!

"I THOUGHT I cooked pretty good spaghetti—at least my husband often told me so. But I cheerfully admit that Franco-American chefs can do it better. When we tasted theirs with its perfectly marvelous sauce, I decided then and there I'd never bother with home-cooked spaghetti again. Franco-American saves me time and trouble—costs less, too! And it's the best spaghetti I ever ate. You'll say so, too!"

Skilled chefs prepare it, using eleven different ingredients in the sauce. Big, luscious tomatoes. Prime Cheddar cheese. Spices

and seasonings that give delicate piquancy . . . subtle appetite allure. No wonder women everywhere declare that even their own delicious home-cooked spaghetti or macaroni can't compare with the zestful, appealing taste of Franco-American.

All the work has been done; you simply heat, serve and enjoy. A can holding three to four por-

tions never costs more than ten cents—actually less than buying dry spaghetti and ingredients for the sauce and preparing it yourself. Ask your grocer for Franco-American Spaghetti today.



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MORE REPRESENTATIVES WANTED

We have openings for a few more reliable women who have spare time and would like pleasant, dignified employment acting as our representative. You can make a good income and besides get your own dresses free to wear and show. No experience or investment required. Write fully, ask for our representative's plan and give your dress size.

FASHION FROCKS, Inc.
Dept. K-200 CINCINNATI, OHIO

A Chicago blizzard almost kept Correll away from an Amos 'n' Andy broadcast. Being unable to get a taxi he finally trudged into the studio through snow to his knees just one minute before starting time. One look at Freeman Gosden convinced Charles that Gos was due to ask about it. "Don't say a word to me for ten minutes!" was the way he stopped the questions.

Joan Blaine never misses her broadcasts but only Lady Luck saved her once. She suddenly discovered the train she was riding on to a distant studio was a full hour late. She couldn't possibly make it in time for the broadcast. Frantically she rushed into the studio ready with profuse apologies and explanations, only to discover that President Roosevelt had suddenly decided to broadcast and had taken her time!

NO longer do Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten fans hear the voice of the Italian boy, Tony Bacigalupe. For Don Mangano, NBC staff musician in Chicago and portrayer of the part, was killed recently when his auto crashed into another climbing a hill in the Michigan resort country.

ABLOWOUT gave Mae Downing her break. The young Chicago blues singer was working recently in a Gary, Ind., night club. Carl Palmen was driving by when the tire of his car blew out. He was on his way back to Chicago from his Detroit office. While the tire was being fixed he dropped into the night club. He heard Mae. It just so happened he was looking for a blues singer for his WBBM radio series,

"Musical Memory Lane." Within thirty minutes Mae had her radio job.

THE lovely voice and charming personality of Dorothea Ponce, youthful WLW blues singer, are making this pretty New York girl one of radio's most popular entertainers. She was featured on Crosley Follies and Henry Thies' orchestra. She's the daughter of Phil Ponce, well known song writer. A lover of outdoor sports, she played hockey, basketball and tennis while attending Brentwood Academy on Long Island.

THERE are eight young ladies known as the "baby stars" of the NBC Chicago studios. They are Joan Kay and Gina Vanna, featured in the House By The Side of the Road, Elinor Harriet, one of the Princess Pat Players, Patricia Dunlap of Today's Children, Betty Lou Gerson, player in First Nighter, Marjorie Hanna of Sally of the Talkies, Loretta Poynton on the Betty and Bob and other programs and Betty Winkler of Welcome Valley.

WE'LL close this month's Chicago department with the true story of what amateur radio programs did to one man here in the city. The chap's name is Tony Laci. There's a tavern in Tony's family. One night Tony and his girl friend were sitting in the tavern enjoying their beer and listening to the radio. Major Bowes' amateur hour came on. The girl friend liked it. Tony didn't. The girl friend wanted to keep it on. Tony didn't. But as usual, the girl friend won. And Tony shot himself!

Coast-to-Coast Highlights

Pacific

(Continued from page 43)

He is an enthusiastic handball shark, knows a lot about training police dogs and likes to ride along Sunset Boulevard, on top of the buses.

HOW do you like the Al Pearce programs from New York these days? John Eugene Hasty left San Francisco to go back East and write the script shortly after the troupe landed on the Atlantic Coast. Most Western fans concede him to be the outstanding radio writer from out here.

Jack was born in Lafayette, Indiana, but moved to San Diego when he was sixteen and, during the war, did Marine Corps publicity out of Southern California. Not quite forty, his home is in Los Altos and he has two youngsters, John, Jr., seven, and Olive Anne, aged eight.

YOU have probably been hearing "A Pair of Pianos" on chain from California this summer. They are Gertrude Lyne, a slim girl with tawny hair and hazel eyes, and Otto Clare, a quiet and soft-spoken lad. Gertrude was born in Leadville, and went to the New England Conservatory in Boston. Otto first saw the light of day in Seattle, and studied music at the state university in California.

BING CROSBY owns several racing horses, so of course he treks down to Agua Caliente almost daily during the racing season from his home at Rancho Santa Fe.

EDNA O'KEEFE, KFRC comedienne, really started her radio career as a vocalist. When she speaks about her "dawg" on the jamboree, she means "Caesar," her Alsatian shepherd dog.

ALFRED GARR, KFVB's staff tenor, is an expert at reading Chinese laundry checks. He ought to be. Hong Kong was the locale for his birth some twenty-three or four years ago when his parents were missionaries in the Orient.

CARL KALASH looks more like an athlete than a fiddle player as he saunters around NBC's joint in northern California. But he is both. Of Hungarian parentage, the twenty-three-year-old musician was a swimming and gridiron star in high school. Six feet, two inches and 215 pounds on the hoof, he is violinist with the network's Beaux Arts Trio. For hobbies he owns his own racing bicycle, does amateur photography and plays pretty fair golf.

SIDNEY MILLER, m.c. on the KFVB juvenile review revue, will go back to school this month. He's only seventeen and is still in high school, though he has been in pictures and on the air for two years. Besides the emcee work, the lad can do passable imitations of Parkyakakas, Al Jolson, Rudy Vallee and Chevalier.

WONDER where Max Dolin (Mischa Dholine) is since his days as network music head and violinist of the

highest order? Or Hugh Barrett Dobbs who, since he left the air in the spring, has been putting his programs on transcriptions? And who knows where Eva Garcia (Mrs. Howard Milholland) has gone with her talent as a pianist?

BOB SWAN, KFAC program manager, has fully recovered from that appendicitis operation and is back on the air. Eddie Holden, KNX's "Frank Wataname," has taken up decorating unpainted furniture as a hobby. Roland U. McIntosh, who used to be Mack of the "Bill, Mack and Jimmy" series for kids, is now producing radio disc programs in the Southwest. A. E. Bennett, president of 2GB, Sydney, and head of the Australian Federation of Broadcasting Stations, visited Hollywood for two months this summer, and says that "tops" in Australian announcers is Eric Colman (2GB brother of Ronald Colman, cinemactor).

GEORGE RAND, who does the "Old Ranger" part in the Western edition of "Death Valley Days," used to play in stock in New England before going West with stage shows and finally for the broadcast drama work in California.

NOW you can hear Martin Provensen from KHJ to the CBS station outlets. Several years ago he was NBC announcer in Washington. Later he came to the West Coast but just this summer he signed with the Los Angeles station. He was born in Des Moines in '97 and grew up in New York. Married, the father of two young sons, his first radio experience was as a bass soloist when he was a voice instructor in Millikan University at Decatur, Illinois.

BETTY MARINO is back from her world cruise. Maybe she will be back with NBC by the time this reaches print. I hope so. She is a fine singer and violinist and a native San Franciscan.

DID you know that Phillips H. Lord (Seth Parker) sold his sailing boat of the same name to Hawaiian fishing interests? They have made it into a live-bait boat to carry sardines and other small fish over to the islands.

GARY BRECKNER left his KGB berth in San Diego to announce CBS programs from the exposition. Charles Bulloti, Jr., left KHJ to take the Breckner post at KGB. While it was supposed to be just for the summer, it looks as though the fair will stay open at least a year.

BILLY (W. R.) WILSON, singer with the Ben Bernie band, is to be married this month to Miss Robin Annesley, of Santa Barbara, unless the couple changed their minds and got hitched in August.

KFI has inaugurated a weekly recital series that is going over in a large-sized way. It includes Dr. Carl Omeron, tenor, who is a dentist by daytime; Eleanor Rennie, contralto, who is a swell culinary expert as a hobby; Tudor Williams, long and lanky basso; Georgia Stark, coloratura and favorite nite club singer and others.

TOO bad you can't see the new NBC Hollywood studios but maybe television is "just around the corner." Anyway, it is a fine two-story building and annex with a twenty-six car garage. The front is all white stucco with a huge NBC Neon sign. The opening was scheduled for some time around the Labor Day holidays.

Don't deny your Fingertips the Luxury of GLAZO



HONESTLY, now—why bother with hastily-made, little-known brands, when there are months of exquisite Glazo manicures in this new 75% larger bottle that now costs only 20 cents! (Packaged without a carton.)

FASHION-APPROVED SHADES—No change in the famous Glazo quality. The same

six authentic Glazo colors—starrer in lustre—and each one approved by beauty and fashion authorities.

2 TO 4 DAYS LONGER WEAR—by actual test. Never streaks or fades, chips or peels.

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I enclose 6c for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish and oily Polish Remover. (Check the shade of polish preferred.)

☐ Natural ☐ Shell ☐ Flame ☐ Geranium



The Unknown Secrets of the Black Chamber

(Continued from page 33)

**"I SUFFERED
BY DAY
I SUFFERED BY NIGHT**



**No One Will Ever Know
the Agony I Under-
went in Silence!"**

IF there's anything will make you miserable and wear you down, it's Piles. The person who has Piles can't walk, sit, stand or even lie down in comfort. The agony writes itself on your face and makes you look years older than you are.

The worst part about Piles is that, on account of the delicacy of the subject, many hesitate to seek relief. Yet, if there's anything in need of medical attention, it's this trouble, for it can develop seriously.

Piles may vary in form. They may be internal or external, painful or itching, or both. They may be bleeding or not. Whatever form Piles take, they are something to be concerned about and something to treat promptly.

Perfect Comfort

Effective treatment for Piles today is supplied in Pazo Ointment. Pazo is quick-acting. It is reliable. It almost instantly relieves the distress and restores comfort. Pazo is highly efficacious for the reason that it is a scientific formula of threefold effect.

First, it is *soothing*. This tends to relieve soreness and inflammation. Second, it is *lubricating*. This tends to relax drawn parts and also to make passage easy. Third, it is *astringent*. This tends to reduce swollen parts and to stop bleeding. Thousands have used Pazo with success when other measures have failed.

Now in 3 Forms

Pazo Ointment now comes in three forms: (1) in Tubes with Special Pile Pipe for insertion high up in the rectum; (2) in Tins for application in the ordinary way; (3) in Suppository form (new). Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most satisfactory, as they are self-lubricating and otherwise highly efficient.

Try It!

All drug stores sell Pazo in the three forms as described. Get it today in the form you prefer and try it out. Your money back if it doesn't more than amaze you with the relief it affords.

government was at a distinct diplomatic disadvantage in not being able to interpret code and cipher messages transmitted daily by cable and wireless, some of them concerning dastardly plots aimed at American lives and properties.

Great Britain, out of pure friendliness, and knowing how helpless we were in the matter, made us a present of some of these messages which her cryptographic experts had picked up and broken apart. Meanwhile, our State Department went on sending out government secrets to our ambassadors and ministers in antiquated codes which all the other countries, including Germany, were reading as soon as, and, in some cases, sooner than the intended recipients of the messages.

YARDLEY, then a code clerk in the Department of State, had solved some of the messages himself, but didn't dare reveal the fact for fear of losing his job. However, he studied cryptography surreptitiously in his spare moments, and by the time war was declared, had so mastered the subject that he could at last reveal what he had been doing, as a Cryptographic Bureau was now an essential adjunct of our Military Intelligence Department, and Yardley knew that he was ably fitted to direct it.

He convinced the right people, and was soon organizing a department that grew in less than a year from himself and two assistants to nearly two hundred men and women, who for twelve years had a curious but undeniable influence on the political and diplomatic history of our nation.

The importance of this work during the war is self-evident, since the success of the American Army depended on safeguarding secret reports and instructions. Germany's submarines were stretching wires alongside cables for several hundred feet and copying code messages by induction. Then her skilled cryptographers would solve the codes.

The upshot of the repeated anticipation of our movements by the Germans was that Yardley was ordered to revise the War Department's whole system of codes and ciphers. How many lives were saved by his ingenuity in performing this task is also a matter merely for conjecture, as he admits no conventionally constructed code or cipher is indecipherable, and all he could do was to switch codes so frequently and make them so difficult to break down that by the time the enemy did so, it would be too late for the information to do them any good.

But Yardley's duties as Chief of M. I. 8 did not end with compiling codes and ciphers and breaking them down. He had to have a Communications Subsection to control our own code and cipher messages, handling over fifty thousand words a week.

The Secret Ink Division was one of the most important divisions of all, examining two thousand letters a week and developing over fifty important secret ink spy letters, which led to many arrests as well as one death sentence, and prevented much enemy activity. And wrestling for hours by himself with a secret ink message written in hieroglyphics, which turned out to be in the German shorthand system, *Gabelsberger*, was the modest beginning of a Shorthand Subsection which could read documents in nearly any language in thirty different shorthand systems.

The pen is generally reputed to be

mightier than the sword, and it becomes even more formidable when it writes in invisible ink. Secret ink provides one of the most fascinating forms of spy intrigue practiced during the World War, as you will realize if you heard the first serial, "Secret Ink," that opened the "Black Chamber" series on NBC.

The simplest kinds of secret inks are brought out by the application of heat, but early in the war the Germans had invented inks that could be developed only by specific reagents. As fast as these reagents were discovered, they invented others. Their spies carried their ink impregnated in silk lingerie, handkerchiefs, soft collars, neckties, the cloth buttons of a dress waistcoat, in toothpaste and soap. One kind did double duty as perfume, another as mouthwash. The ink was soaked out of the impregnated garments in distilled water or a prescribed solution.

Many agents didn't know how to develop the ink they used. They merely wrote their messages on the flaps of envelopes, under stamps, in tissue paper linings (until censorship removed these), between split postcards, under photographs, labels, newspaper clippings, or simply between or crosswise to the lines of innocuous letters which they mailed in duplicate to several cover addresses, in neutral countries, which were not under suspicion by authorities. One or two of them were almost certain to get through and be smuggled across the German border. Thus English, French and American moves were being reported regularly to headquarters in Germany.

THE scientists of France and England were working feverishly to discover a general reagent that would develop all secret inks. By a bit of masterly deduction from known facts, it was assumed that the Germans had already discovered such a reagent, and that the lives of all our own spies hung by a thread, until our scientists caught up with theirs and stalemated them. It was useless to develop new inks.

As practically nothing was known about secret inks in America, Yardley cabled London for instructions.

An instructor was sent to help get the project started, with last instructions to "Beg America to join us in our researches, and for God's sake, find this general reagent!"

The newly initiated Americans found it. After working for months, they discovered that if a secret ink letter were enclosed in a glass case and sprayed with a thin iodine vapor, the tiny particles of iodine gradually settled into all the tiny crevices of the paper that had been disturbed by a pen, no matter what the chemistry of the ink used might be.

After a hundred experiments, the American chemists discovered that if a letter is written in secret ink, dried, dampened by a brush dipped in distilled water, dried again, and pressed with an iron, the iodine won't work.

We were again even. But instead of each side being able to read the other's letters, as had been the situation shortly before, now neither side could read the other's letters. However, our chemists soon learned a way to tell whether a letter had been dampened, and could by means of the test segregate the letters which did contain spy messages.

Inevitably in the battle of wits came the startling triumph of discovering an infallible reagent which revealed secret

ink writing under any and all conditions. Fortunately it was our chemists who made the discovery, and so jealously did they guard the secret that the enemy neither duplicated the achievement nor even found out that we had made it. And today you could count on your fingers the number of persons who, besides Major Yardley, know that greatest of all espionage secrets.

BUT if the strain of spy work is unbelievably exhausting, the strain of trying to catch spies goes it one better. Some of the best cryptographers in the department resigned because of shattered nerves, and several times Yardley was on the verge of a breakdown. Once, he admits ruefully, he was saved from going completely mad only by a providential cable from General Pershing, asking that he be sent to France.

He was still there at the close of the war, and organized code and cipher communications between the Peace Conference and Military Intelligence Division at Washington. One message that passed through his hands reported a plot to assassinate President Wilson either by administering a slow poison or by giving him influenza germs in ice. President Wilson's first sign of illness occurred shortly thereafter while he was in Paris, and he was soon to die a lingering death.

On Yardley's return, the Black Chamber was demobilized to all intents and purposes, but in reality, the Cipher and Code Solution Subsections were transferred to an innocent-looking brownstone front in the heart of New York City where, bolted, guarded, and hidden behind drawn blinds and heavy curtains, its sensitive ears continued to catch the faintest whisperings in the foreign capitols of the world.

There, on November 28, 1921, was deciphered the most important and far-reaching telegram that ever passed through the doors of the Black Chamber. As a result of it, America went into the Washington Disarmament Conference with Japan and Great Britain, knowing in advance what Japan wanted, and exactly how she would compromise, if pushed to it. Knowing just how far she could be pushed enabled our statesmen to whittle her 10-7 naval ratio demand down to 5-3.

In 1928, the Black Chamber was really dissolved, and Major Yardley was left with a lot of secrets on his hands and nothing to do with them. He thought they would make a couple of interesting books, but the government considered the books entirely too interesting and suppressed one after publication and the next in manuscript form.

He discovered that if he called his experiences fiction, there would be no governmental ban on them, so his next two books, "The Blonde Countess" and "Red Sun of Nippon" got by the censors. Needless to say, the names used in the "Black Chamber" radio serials are fictitious, but many of the incidents are not. And if you properly deciphered the cryptogram "Bradley Brake," your solution would read "Major Herbert O. Yardley."

THE UNKNOWN STARS OF RADIO

Who are they—those radio performers whom you hear many times a week—on your favorite programs—and yet whose names are not known to you? The stories of these unknown but successful artists will be found in a fascinating article in RADIO MIRROR. Watch for it.

Blonde or Brunette



Your skin needs this Germ-Free care!

CAN you have a lovely tan without paying a toll in dry, parched, peeling skin and blemishes? Yes! Skin scientists provide the answer in a wonderful *new kind* of cold cream that guards against Blemishes, and prevents Dryness.

Germ *cannot* live in Woodbury's Germ-free Cold Cream. Most skin blemishes are tiny germ-infections. So when you apply this cream you instantly end the chief cause of horrid little spots and rashes that mar many sensitive skins.

The other vitally important protection is Element 576, which increases and restores the youthful vitality that keeps the skin young, and free from the withering effects of Dryness. It stimulates the skin glands — renews the normal lubricating action which the skin needs and must have to be clear, smooth and flexible.

Use Woodbury's Germ-free Cold Cream several times a day for a soft, lovely complexion, free from Blemishes and Dryness. Jars, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢. Tubes, 25¢, 10¢.

Avoid imitations. Look for head and signature, John H. Woodbury, Inc., on all Woodbury products.

Woodbury's GERM-FREE BEAUTY CREAMS



SEND FOR WOODBURY'S "LOVELINESS KIT"
 John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6156 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.
 (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.
 Enclosed find 10c. Send me Woodbury's "Loveliness Kit" containing a guest-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, tubes of Woodbury's Germ-free Cold and Facial Creams, and 6 packets of Woodbury's Facial Powder—one of each of the six fashionable shades.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

© 1935, John H. Woodbury, Inc.

"Love Is the Sweetest Thing"

(Continued from page 10)

BE IRRESISTIBLE with...

STAR-SHEEN Scented HAIR RINSE



Now your hair can be even more tantalizing since we have added to STAR-SHEEN Liquid Rinse and Tint a faint, delicate fragrance... the only scented liquid rinse and tint on the market! If your hair is dry, dusty, try STAR-SHEEN, and you'll marvel at the shimmering glints

and high-lights...the luxurious fragrance and heavenly softness it will bring to your hair. ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES. Only STAR-SHEEN "Scents and Tints as it Rinses!"

SEND 10c FOR FULL SIZE BOTTLE.

8 RINSES Check Shade: [] Platinum [] Henna [] Black [] Blonde [] Dark, or [] Golden Brown.
for 10¢ STAR-SHEEN
P. O. BOX 131 HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

SOLD AT ALL 10¢ STORES

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Clear enlargement, bust, full length or part group, pets or other subjects made from any photo, snapshot or tintype at low price of 49c each; 3 for \$1.00. Send as many photos as you desire. Return of original photos guaranteed. **SEND NO MONEY!** Just mail photo with name and address. In a few days postman will deliver beautiful enlargement that will never fade. Pay only 49c plus postage or send 50c—3 for \$1.00, and we will pay postage ourselves.

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Bathe them with LAVOPTIK

Instant relief for inflamed, sore, tired, strained or itching eyes. 6000 eyesight specialists endorse it. 25 years success. Get Lavoptik with free eye cup from your druggist.

Be a Beauty

make skin Clear...
White... Flawless
Quick, Easy Way!



HAVE dirt and exposure robbed your skin of its youthful charm? Here's thrilling news! They mar only the outer skin—a dull mask that can be melted away—safely and gently! Golden Peacock Bleach Creme helps nature flake off that outer skin that makes your complexion unattractive! It dissolves the coarse, invisible particles of surface skin! In five days the supreme thrill is complete—a clear, fresh, satin-soft skin that looks years younger and shades whiter! Surface blemishes and freckles vanish! Relied upon by thousands to keep young-looking and alluring! 55c at drug stores.



Hair OFF Face Lips Chin

Unloved I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face... unloved... discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes liquids... even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 170, Chicago.

laughing to tears at each other. Such is their companionship, that they are never lonely in America where, though they have met many people, they have not as yet had time to make real friends. They are not the type of people to make friends quickly, because they are both very shy and ordinarily live a quiet secluded life.

Ray spends many days and evenings at the piano, while Gladys curls in a chair and reads. She is proud of her concentration, for she can be oblivious to anything around her when reading. No wonder, for in self-defense she must do that, considering the hours that Ray spends working at the piano, composing his many song hits, or making arrangements for which he is so famous. Ray is wrapped up in his music. He is all artist—and his father wanted him to be a doctor!

IT was Gladys who had faith in him and encouraged him during those dark family days, and who finally stood by him when he defied his father. Dr. Noble, in all kindness, felt that when Ray graduated from Cambridge he should study medicine. Ray wanted to be a musician. He was already one by temperament. Later, in despair, Dr. Noble compromised, and let Ray give up medical training in order to become an accountant clerk. Sitting over figures which bored him, Ray couldn't help but listen to the tunes that ran through his head. Finally he got a job with a well known English music publisher in London, and he and Gladys set up housekeeping. After that came concerts both in England and on the Continent; then fame; then English broadcasting, which brought him, at last, to America on the successes of such songs as "It's All Forgotten Now," "The Very Thought of You," and "By the Fireside."

The Nobles live in New York, on the thirty-first floor of an apartment house overlooking Central Park. Childlike, they are delighted with it, because they have never lived in anything higher than the regulated-by-law, six-story houses of England. Ray feels it isn't safe to let Gladys out alone, for she is constantly getting lost about town, and may be gone for hours, until she finally gives in and hires a taxi to take her home. In London, they

lived in the quietest section of town. It was necessary for Ray's work. There used to be only one unavoidable disturbance, which grew to be his special hate—the "barrel-music man"—a hurdy-gurdy to us. Ray hates them with vehemence. Gladys had often bodily held him from throwing things out of the window at the man or at the dignified neighbors who encouraged him. At least Ray can't hear the hurdy-gurdy thirty-one stories up in the air, to Gladys' relief.

Ray's music is as individual as himself. There is about it a distinctive lilt not found in other modern music. Try listening to him over NBC Networks on Wednesday nights, the Coty hour, and on Monday and Saturday nights, from the Rainbow Room atop of the RCA Building, New York. He is as familiar with classical as he is with dance music. Big men are always generous, and certainly Ray and Rudy can have a mutual-admiration society with just cause. But above all, Ray admires Rudy's poise, midst the hectic American life, which is, as yet, a little strange to Ray. He can't understand our hurrying ways, any more than he could understand his mother's objections, years ago, to his chemical experiments.

These great experiments were unfortunately tried on afternoons when Mrs. Noble, senior, gave tea parties. Upstairs in the attic, the three Noble boys and little Gladys would try all the things in chemistry that they had expressly been told NOT to do that day in school. By a miracle the roof never was blown off, but dreadful and powerful smells, not conducive to a feminine tea party, would waft downstairs.

To meet this Noble couple is to love them. He so tall and blond, and she so petite and dark. They are an ideal couple, who work together and play together, in the way that makes for happiness and success. Their shy reserve and quaint delightful English accent are genuine and charming, and you can't help but fall under their spell. The only emphatic request he made in closing this interview was: "Whatever you do—please don't divorce me in this story!" As if anyone could! Well, here's wishing them continued success and happiness in America—they deserve it!



The Don Hall Trio, heard early mornings over NBC. They are Don (Franklin) Hall, Hortense Rose (Mrs. Hall in private life) and Nancy Noland (right).

Behind the Scenes of the Court of Human Relations

(Continued from page 15)

microphone a few feet away, looking exactly like a Supreme Court dignitary with his stern face, iron-gray hair, and pince nez glasses caught around his neck by a black ribbon. Percy has had this role for nearly two years, since the program changed its formula to the present Court style. He brings to the part a wealth of stage experience, including singing roles in such musical comedies as "The Student Prince," "The Vagabond King," and "Love Song."

He finishes his introduction. The actual dramatic sketch is beginning. A soft, evenly spaced voice comes through the loudspeaker, riveting your attention with its tragic qualities. Here must be a woman trained by vivid emotional experiences to take such a rôle. You glance quickly out the booth window. Standing at a second mike is slim, brunette Janet Lee, who was nineteen her last birthday. It's Janet's voice that has attracted you. Hard to believe, but true—Janet has done radio work only two years, a tribute to her ability and to Bill Sweets' coaching.

While her story gets underway, why not ask Sweets some of the questions you've been wanting answers to, since you began thinking about the Court of Human Relations?

FIRST, each week's sketch is taken from a story in the current issue of *True Story* magazine. It deals with life's most urgent problems, those of the young girl in love, of the young married woman, of the middle aged husband. What makes that so unique? Just this: the end of the story is left to the reader, after all the background, the characters, and the week's particular problem have been presented in dramatic form to the listener.

Why hasn't the program a permanent star? Because each week the cast is different. "I never use the same heroine more than once in three weeks," will be Bill Sweets' answer to your question. "If the listeners heard the same girl every Friday night, they would lose the sense of reality we try to build up."

"We have about thirty actors and actresses on whom we call regularly. This week, for instance, Janet Lee takes the feminine lead. Van Heflin, that tall, curly headed young fellow out there next to Janet, plays opposite her. Next week, we'll probably use Betty Worth and Ned Wever, who is popular to youngsters in his Dick Tracy role. Another child favorite is Wilmer Walter, better known as Andy Gump. The judge is the only one who stays on each program. If you doubt me, see who's playing a minor rôle tonight."

You follow his pointing finger; your gaze falls on a short, dark man standing script in hand, waiting for his cue. Well, who is he? But wait a minute. You know now. He's Curtis Arnall, of all people, the man made famous by his acting of the Buck Rogers rôle! Guess Sweets is right. This show uses only the best of talent.

The control room is filled with strains of music. Sounds like a large church organ, but where, in this studio, could an organ be placed? You nudge the engineer and ask him. He grins and points to a small instrument—another secret that's yours.

This organ is a special one which the

"... and you
can start blessing
mother again"



HERE's one little medicine-hater who is going to bed happy. She's just had her first taste of Fletcher's Castoria—and she loved it! Now mother is back in favor once more.



Do you know that even the *taste* of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children?

It's one laxative they take willingly. And it's very important that a child *should* take a laxative without a struggle. For the fear and resentment a child feels when forced to take a bad-tasting laxative often seriously upsets her nerves and her digestion.

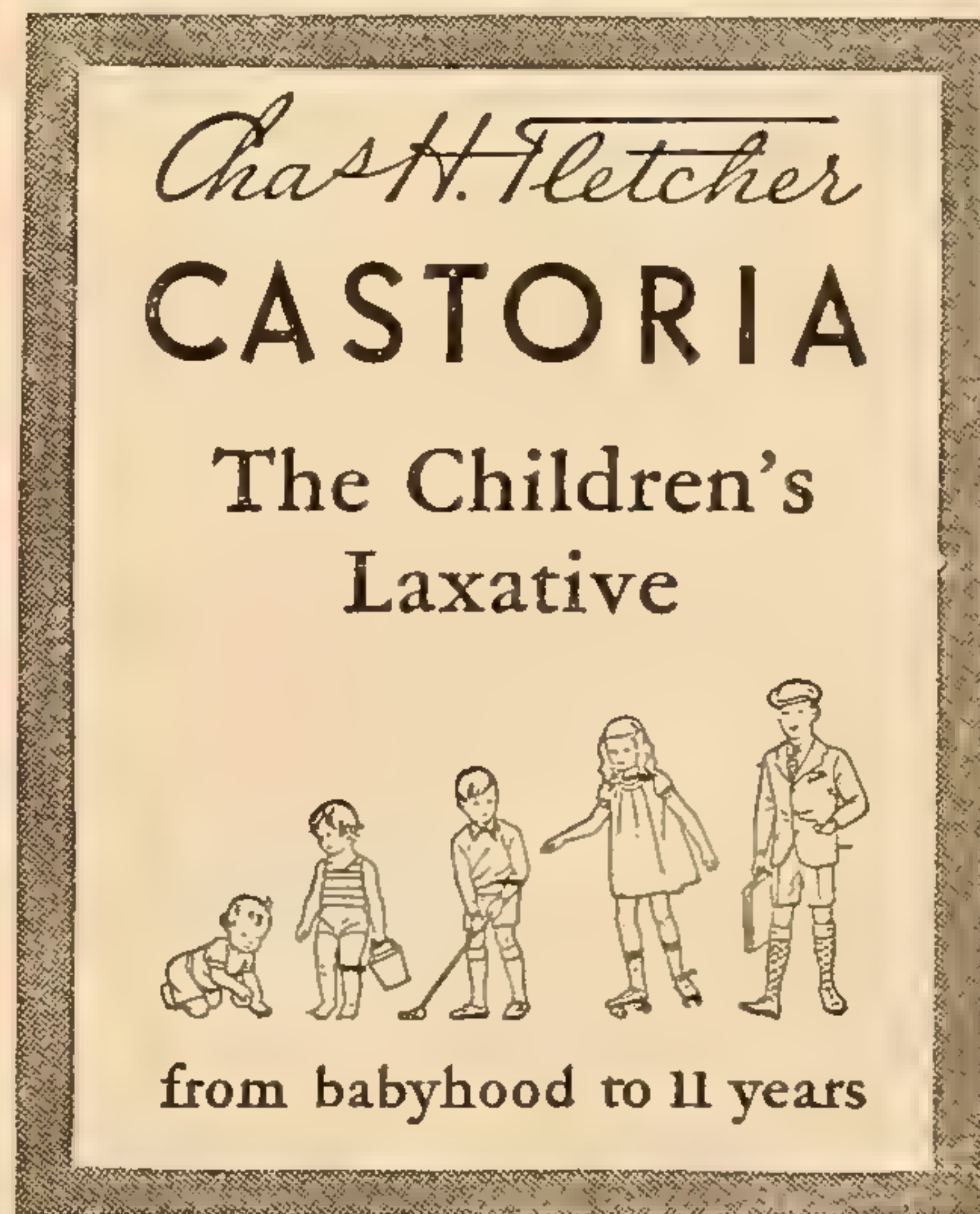


But there's more to the laxative question than taste. Children's systems are sensitive, delicate. So Fletcher's Castoria is made just for children, of ingredients that

are safe and suitable for a child.

It contains no narcotics. No harsh, purging drugs such as some "grown-up" laxatives contain . . . It will never, never cause griping pain. It will not form a habit. It is gentle, yet *thorough*.

Buy a bottle today. Depend on it always until your youngest child is 11 years old. Be thrifty—buy the family-size bottle. And look for the signature *Chas. H. Fletcher*.





WHAT? POT ROAST? you're spoofing me—

SO tender, rich and savory you can hardly believe it's pot roast! Prepare your next one the Lea & Perrins way and see. This famous seasoning, the *original* Worcestershire, magically brings out flavor. Makes inexpensive cuts "taste like a million dollars." Get a bottle today. Mail coupon below for free book containing delicious new recipes.

LEA & PERRINS

Sauce

 THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

LEA & PERRINS, Inc.
Dept. 199, 241 West St., N. Y. City

Please send me free your 50-page recipe book, "Success in Seasoning".

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

BUSY HOUSEWIFE EARNS

\$400

Mrs. F. McE. (Penna.) thought it was too good to be true when she read that Chicago School of Nursing students were often able to earn \$25 a week while learning "practical" nursing. However, she sent for the booklet offered in the advertisement and after much careful thought decided to enroll. Before she had completed the seventh lesson she was able to accept her first case—in three months she had earned \$400!

Think of the things you could do with \$400!

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

can train you, as it has trained thousands of men and women, at home and in your spare time, for the dignified, well-paid profession of Nursing. Course is endorsed by physicians. Lessons are simple and easy to understand. High school education not necessary. Complete nurse's equipment included. *Easy tuition payments.* Decide today that you will be one of thousands of men and women earning \$25 to \$35 a week as trained practical nurses! Send the coupon for interesting booklet and sample lesson pages. Learn how you can win success, new friends, happiness—as a nurse.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

Dept. 189, 26 North Ashland Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name.....

City.....State.....Age.....

Court of Human Relations is using for the first time on the air. It's electrically controlled and employs electric impulses instead of pipes to produce sounds. The keyboard looks the same as an ordinary organ's. But a few feet away stands a wooden cabinet, only five feet high, which magically gives the same musical effects as a mighty Wurlitzer.

The way this show is running off, you think it is a simple half hour to stage. That is where you are wrong.

For instance, the first problem is adapting a story from the magazine. Because the plot usually must be twisted around so that the listener will be left with a problem to solve, Sweets must bring all his eleven years of radio experience into play.

Then there's the problem of making sure that the situations in the story are made to conform with CBS's rules for scripts, and so far Sweets has had only one or two turned down by the board.

When that's all been okayed, there is left the casting difficulty. So far in the eight years of the program's existence, Sweets has interviewed over five thousand actors. "In the first place," he will tell you, "I must have actors with enough imagination to supply their own stage scenery. Each must be made to feel that his own particular rôle is completely true to life."

And, before we're through with the problems of producing this show, how about learning more facts on the weekly contest?

WE'LL have to leave the show a minute and go back to the Macfadden Publications' building on upper Broadway to interview the contest editor. First, let's get the facts straight. After the program has presented a story, it leaves the hero or heroine with a decision to make. Should she leave her husband, should he marry the girl, should they divorce? The listener is asked to send in his own solution. Two prizes are awarded for the best answers.

"Usually," the editor tells you, "those who write in to us are people who have at some time in their lives faced identically the same problem. Their solutions are based on real experiences. Occasionally, of course, a contestant who is eager to win a prize claims first hand knowledge of the problem when he doesn't know much about it."

"On the whole, however, there are only two or three out of the thousands of replies that are not authentic."

Back to the studio! The show should be coming to a close, and there is that matter of a minute or so the program must make up if it is to finish on time.

Just as your whole attention centers on the minute hand of the clock that's pointing to three minutes before nine, the engineer's phone rings.

"No," the engineer growls, "everything's not okay. We're running behind."

Out in the studio the cast has spread out across the room again. Percy Hemus takes his glasses from his nose and shakes them at the microphone as he asks the radio audience for their solutions.

The gavel sounds, the crowd begins to buzz. Forty seconds to go. Sweets jumps up, waves the cast into silence. Frantically he motions Ted Jewett, the announcer, into action.

"The new, sparkling issue just placed on sale. Get your copy tonight, tomorrow for sure. And remember, truth is stranger than *any* fiction."

"On time?" Sweets asks, knowing the answer.

"Ten seconds over," says the engineer. And now you've learned the secrets of the only program of its kind on the air!



GRAY HAIR

Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and Brownatone does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-four years by thousands of women. Brownatone is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.



Finished in 18 Kt. **WHITE GOLD 15¢**

To introduce our Beautiful Blue White Rainbow Flash Stones, we will send a 1 Kt. IMPORTED Simulated DIAMOND, mounted in Lovely 18 Kt. White-Gold Finish Ring as illustrated, for this ad. and 15c expense in coin. Address: National Jewelry Co., Dept. 1, Wheeling, W. Va. (2 for 25c.)

Women! Earn UP TO \$22 in a Week!

SNAG-PROOFED HOSE

 WEARS TWICE AS LONG! SHOW FREE SAMPLES


INDIVIDUAL LENGTHS!

New service! Hose to fit extremely tall and short women! No extra charge. Write for details.

Easy! Call on Friends

Yes! RINGLESS Silk Hosiery that resists SNAGS and RUNS, and wears twice as long! Patented process. Now hosiery bills cut in half! Every woman wants SNAG-PROOFED. Show actual samples hose we'll send you, FREE. Take orders from friends, neighbors. No experience necessary.

Your Own Silk Hose FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE

Make big money in spare time—easy. Rush name at once for complete equipment containing TWO ACTUAL FULL SIZE STOCKINGS. Everything FREE. Send no money—but send your hose size. Do it now.

American Hosiery Mills, Dept. P-18, Indianapolis, Ind.



Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles quickly and surely in the privacy of your own room. Your friends will wonder how you did it. Stillman's Freckle Cream removes them while you sleep. 50¢ Leaves the skin soft and smooth. 50¢ the complexion fresh and clear. A Jar

Stillman's FRECKLE CREAM

Mail this Coupon to Box 202

THE STILLMAN CO., Aurora, Illinois and receive a FREE Booklet about Freckles.

Name.....

Address.....

The Critic on the Hearth

(Continued from page 64)

THE HEADLINERS series is now featuring James Melton, tenor, Lew Lehr, comedian and the Revelers, a quartet. Miss Hallie Stiles, soprano, and Frank Tours and his orchestra, featured when Will Rogers was the star of the program, remain with the Headliners. Mr. Melton gives convincing proof of his right to the title of radio's greatest singer. The Tours band sets the tempo for the show with catchy, tuneful melodies.

CBS Sun. 8:30 P. M. 30 min.

BLANCHE SWEET covers a wide range in her beauty advice to feminine fans. To the theme of "Toujours L'Amour" she reveals personal, individual beauty practices of film stars, going into authentic detail with names and methods. Her advice covers exercise, diet, attire, coiffure and—what is all-important to her sponsors—cosmetics. Miss Sweet, well-received in her recent stage comeback in *The Petrified Forest*, does very well by Outdoor Girl beauty preparations in her tri-weekly quarter-hour.

CBS Mon., Wed., Fri. 11:15 A. M. 15 min.

Your Announcer Is:



NELSON CASE

Working on the New Coty-Ray Noble dance program, Red Davis show, A and P Gypsies half hour, Nelson Case is kept active by NBC. Tall, blonde, deep voiced, Nelson has been a theater usher, newspaper reporter, radio pianist and singer. Born in Southern California, Nelson began his career working in a small local theater. His father, a prominent newspaper editor, hired him away, gave him as a first assignment the job of covering a nearby radio station. Nelson called up an hour later, said he was resigning in favor of playing the piano at the station. Graduating from William and Mary College, Virginia, he immediately became an orchestra leader in vaudeville. Eventually NBC brought him to San Francisco. In the western metropolis, he met a descendant of General Robert E. Lee, persuaded her to marry him. Now in New York, the couple have a son, Nelson Case third.

MEN'S EYES ARE MAGNIFYING MIRRORS



HOW DOES YOUR SKIN STAND THE TEST?

By *Lady Esther*

Every man instinctively plays the part of a beauty contest judge.

Every man's glance is a *searching* glance. It brings out faults in your skin that you never think would be noticed. Even those faint lines and those tiny bumps that you think might escape attention are taken in by a man's eyes and, many times, magnified.

How does *your* skin meet the test? If it is at all dry or scaly, if there is a single conspicuous pore in your nose or even a suggestion of a blackhead anywhere on your face, you may be sure that you are gaining more criticism than admiration.

Many common complexion blemishes are due to nothing less than improper methods of skin care. You want to be sure to *really* clean your skin. You don't want to be satisfied merely to remove the surface dirt. You want a method that will reach the imbedded dirt. At the same time, one that will *lubricate* your skin and counteract the drying effects of exposure to the weather.

The Care The Skin Needs

The care your skin needs is supplied, in simple form in Lady Esther Face Cream. This cream does more than merely "grease" the skin. It actually cleanses. It reaches the hidden, stubborn dirt because it is a penetrating cream. There is nothing stiff or heavy about Lady Esther Face Cream. It melts the instant it touches the skin and gently and soothingly penetrates the pores.

"Going to work" on the accumulated waxy dirt, it breaks up and makes it—all of it—easily removable. At the same time, as Lady Esther Face Cream gently cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and scaliness and keeps the skin soft, smooth and supple.

When you give the skin this common sense care it's remarkable how it responds. Blackheads and enlarged pores begin to disappear. Those faint lines vanish. The skin takes on tone—

becomes clear and radiant. It also lends itself to make-up 100% better.

Make This Test!

If you want to demonstrate the unusual cleansing powers of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream, just do this: Cleanse your skin as you are now doing it. Give it an extra good cleansing. Then, when you think it absolutely clean, apply Lady Esther Face Cream. Leave the cream on a few minutes, then wipe off with clean cloth. You'll be amazed at the dirt the cloth shows. This test has proved a source of astonishment to thousands of women.

At My Expense!

Let me prove to you, at *my* expense, the exceptional qualities of Lady Esther Face Cream. Let me send you a week's supply free of charge. Then, make the test I have just described—the clean cloth test. Prove the cream too, in *actual* daily use. In one week's time you'll see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you.

With the 7-day tube of cream, I will also send you all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. As you test the cream, test also the shades of face powder. Find out which is your most becoming, your most flattering. Learn, too, how excellently the cream and powder go together and what the two do for the beauty of your complexion.

To get *both* the 7-day tube of Lady Esther Face Cream and the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, all you have to do is mail me your name and address on a penny postcard or on the coupon below. If you knew what was in store for you, you would not delay a minute in clipping the coupon.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (16)

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me without cost or obligation a seven day supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your face powder.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

FREE

Banish a painful CORN by this safe, scientific method



● The neat, snug-fitting Blue-Jay pad lifts shoe pressure away from the corn. Pain instantly ceases. This comfortable soft felt pad is held securely, snugly with a dainty Wet-Pruf adhesive strip (water-proof, soft kid-like finish, won't cling to stocking.)



● Simply center the Blue-Jay medication over the corn. Slip on your stocking and shoe and forget completely. You will be totally unaware of the feather-light Blue-Jay plaster. Yet, this scientific treatment will gently, surely, quickly undermine the hard, dead skin tissue that forms the corn.



● In 3 days remove pad and lift out the corn—enjoy the thrill of new foot comfort. The Blue-Jay treatment acts quickly, gently and safely. Blue-Jay is the exclusive scientific development of Bauer & Black, outstanding makers of surgical dressings used by nurses, doctors and hospitals. Try Blue-Jay today. At drug and department stores — 25c

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK SCIENTIFIC
CORN PLASTER

MAKE Spare Hours PAY BIG
Sell amazing value Christmas Card Assortments — 21 folders, smart designs, retail \$1.00. Other assortments 50c up. Religious Cards, Gift Wrappings, etc. 100% profit. No experience required. Free sample offer. **ARTISTIC CARD CO., 126 Way St., ELMIRA, N. Y.**

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump out of Bed in
the Morning Rarin' to Go

THE liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1931, C. M. CO.

Five Months to Be Famous!

(Continued from page 13)

Working with Phil and now Lennie Hayton—they've both been so grand. But honestly I do think it all happened because I set a definite deadline for myself. Those last months I gave my work everything I had. I didn't just go on and on, sort of waiting and hoping—I *did* something."

And now Gabrielle DeLys has got something. Everything, almost. Fame and a future and a fortune and fun. And the nicest thing she's got is a sincere, down-to-earth personality the like of which you run into very darn seldom around New York. She isn't a bit the starrish star. She believes in saving her money because she knows stardom doesn't last forever.

Her wardrobe is typically American Girl, not the garish Parisian extravaganzas that lots of the younger set of radio go for. Her apartment at Tudor City is spacious and pretty and adequate, without having to be a ten-room Park Avenue penthouse with a huge terrace and a staff of servants and oodles of modernistic *chici* for furniture.

Because she thought it would be nicer not to live alone she sent for Juliette, who's as sweet and swell a gal as her sister is. Juliette fixes the meals and Gabrielle cleans, and during their spare hours they play golf and read and invite people in. The first time I went for lunch they had me capping strawberries and cooking fudge and pushing a mop around the living room between stirs. It was like dropping in on next door neighbors. But you see, I told you Gabrielle was like that. Not a star at all, really. Just the sort of young person you are.

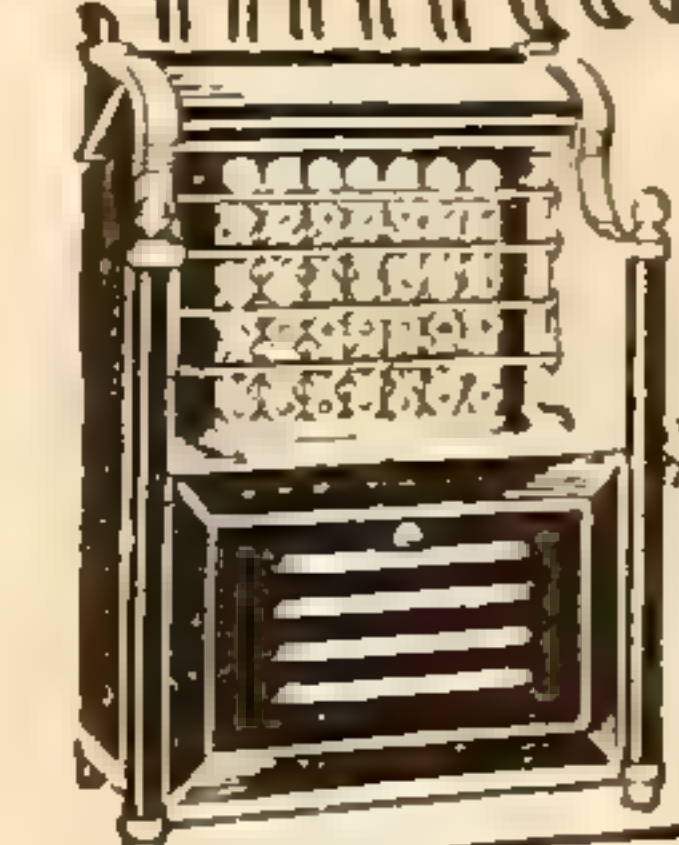
AND if you'd ask her what she wants most now that she has her career, she'd say exactly the same thing any girl in her right mind would say who's twenty-three and romantic and in love with life. Gabrielle DeLys wants a regular fellow. Not a sheik, just a plain *nice boy*. The kind you seldom meet when you're a radio star. Because then, somehow, your acquaintanceships are largely confined within the profession—musicians, singers, actors, celebrities.

"Everybody I know talks shop mostly, or they're just back from Hollywood or they're just leaving for Hollywood or they're going on the road or something all the time. Sure I like the men in radio just loads and lots of them are my friends. But for falling in love—I'd like a regular fellow outside this business. A man who's going to do something regular, like be a lawyer or a doctor or build bridges. I've never lived long enough in one place to fall in love until now. And when I do I want to be with that sort of person."

So if you'd like to have Gabrielle DeLys for a sister-in-law you might tell your handsome brother what's up. Tell him to hurry, though. The last time I dropped by her place two dozen gorgeous tuberoses arrived in a long white box with a huge satin bow on top. Gabrielle blushed like a kid and wouldn't read Juliette and me the writing on the card. So we accused her of falling in love without telling us a thing about it.

She didn't say yes and she didn't say no.

HEAT 1½¢ Per Hour!



AMAZING INVENTION—New Radiant Heater. Burns 96% air. Makes its own gas. No piping. No installation. Gives roomful of clean, healthful, penetrating heat, like sunshine, for 1½ cents an hour. Hotter than gas or electricity, at 1-10th the cost. Easy to light and operate. No smoke. No soot or ashes. No odor. Portable—carry it anywhere. Low priced. Guaranteed.

AGENTS!
Make big money. New easy plan. Write quick for territory and Outfit Offer!

30-DAYS' TRIAL

Liberal Offer. Try it 30 days at our expense. Write at once for special, introductory, low-price offer and no-risk trial opportunity. No obligation. Send today.

THE AKRON LAMP CO.
769 High Street, Akron, Ohio

GRAY FADED HAIR

Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery "SHAMPO-KOLOR," takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl. Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 18, 254 W. 31 St., New York

LADIES Sell Art Needlework!

MONEY MAKING Catalog FREE

Postcard brings Big 1936 FREE Catalog and Plan telling how ladies everywhere earn money and beautiful Premiums selling newest stamped linens, scarfs, aprons, pillow tubing, bridge sets, infants' wear, etc. for embroidery. Also Full line KNITTING YARNS, CROCHET COTTONS and SUPPLIES. Use your spare time! No experience required. **EMBROIDERY GUILD, 30 West 15th St., Dept. 31 NEW YORK, N. Y.**

YOUR FACE CAN BE CHANGED



Straight regular features! Charm new beauty! They can be yours. Dr. Stotter (grad. of University of Vienna) reconstructs faces by famous Vienna Polyclinic methods. Unshapely Noses, Protruding Ears, Large Lips, Wrinkles, Signs of Age, etc., are all quickly corrected. Low cost. Write or call for Free Booklet "Facial Reconstruction," (mailed in plain wrapper.)



Dr. Stotter, 50 East 42nd St., Dept. 3-K, New York

the CHORE GIRL

INSTANTLY CLEANS POTS AND PANS
"And cleans 'em right—sparkling, bright"
"Patented parallel outer layers provide—"
"Double the Wear, where the Wear comes"

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Enlargements (unframed), with hand-colored Button of your Photo 89¢. Send No Money! Just pay mailman price of enlargement desired plus postage. Or remit with order and we pay postage. Originals returned. Send Photo today. You'll be delighted. **ALTON ART STUDIOS, Dept. 509A, 4856 N. Damen Ave., Chicago**

NEW Deodorizer for Bathrooms

AGENTS..UP TO \$5 & \$8 IN A DAY

HERE'S an invention that housewives everywhere eagerly welcome. At last a way to banish unpleasant odors in bathrooms. The new improved patented Bowl-Itizer inside the toilet bowl, actually seems to absorb odors and replace them with a delicate perfume that everybody likes. Guaranteed as advertised in Good Housekeeping Magazine. Every home a prospect! One of 10 Red HOT SELLERS. Agents clean up \$5 to \$8 in a day. (Splendid distributor's proposition also on request.) Write at once for details and full size Free Sample.



THE PURO CO., Dept. M-2164, 3107 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

The Real Reason the Show Boat Burned Down

(Continued from page 20)

Probably, by now, you have caught the trend of this meeting. If not, just look back over the list. See its resemblance to the cast of Show Boat? An Uncle Charlie, a Cap'n Henry; a Lois Bennett, a Muriel Wilson; a Conrad Thibault, a Lanny Ross; a Little Jerry and Big Sam comedy team, a Molasses 'n' January comedy team.

Without saying so in so many words, it was put across at that May meeting nevertheless clearly that this program would be based on a success formula few programs have ever equalled—the Show Boat formula for a perfectly balanced hour of music, laughter, love, and tragedy.

Now began that sequence of events that have made this story one of the funniest and most significant in commercial broadcasting annals.

THE Gibson Family was scheduled to end June 9, with an elaborate fanfare of farewells. Meanwhile, the new script writers would go ahead with their work of writing the first Winner program, to be started the following Sunday.

Came the historic night of June 6. Gibson Family people sat listening carefully to the Show Boat, following step by step as another radio hour built up to its climax. Suddenly confused shouts, mixed with hoarse yells of "doublecross" rent the evening air. What uncalled for treachery was this? Burning down the Show Boat! And Cap'n Henry's last words: "We'll go on with the show next week, if we have to use a tent!"

Furiously, everyone connected with The Gibson Family called each other. "Had Show Boat learned of their plans? With the boat gone, would they have a tent show next Thursday?"

To get the complete significance of the Show Boat climax, remember the dates. Next Thursday would be the thirteenth of June. The new Tent Show wasn't scheduled until the 16th of June. It would be scooped, then, by a full three days!

Another even more hasty conference of the Tent Show personalities was called. "Put on our show *this* Sunday. Beat them at their own game. Show them what a real scoop is!"

And so it happened. Without even a word of goodbye, The Gibson Family disappeared from the air. In its place, after a single rehearsal Saturday (when they'd really planned, on six days) Winner and his ten artists stepped to the microphone June 9.

"The one and only, the original Tent Show of America," the announcer intoned gleefully. They'd done it—now let Show Boat go ahead with their idea. Let them hold their show in a tent. They'd only be imitators. Imitators themselves? What an idea! Of course not!

Members of the Show Boat, executives of the Show Boat agency, and columnists, however, had different views on the subject. Putting through a call to the young vice president of the agency, I asked this question: "Was the Show Boat burned to put up competition with Winner's show?"

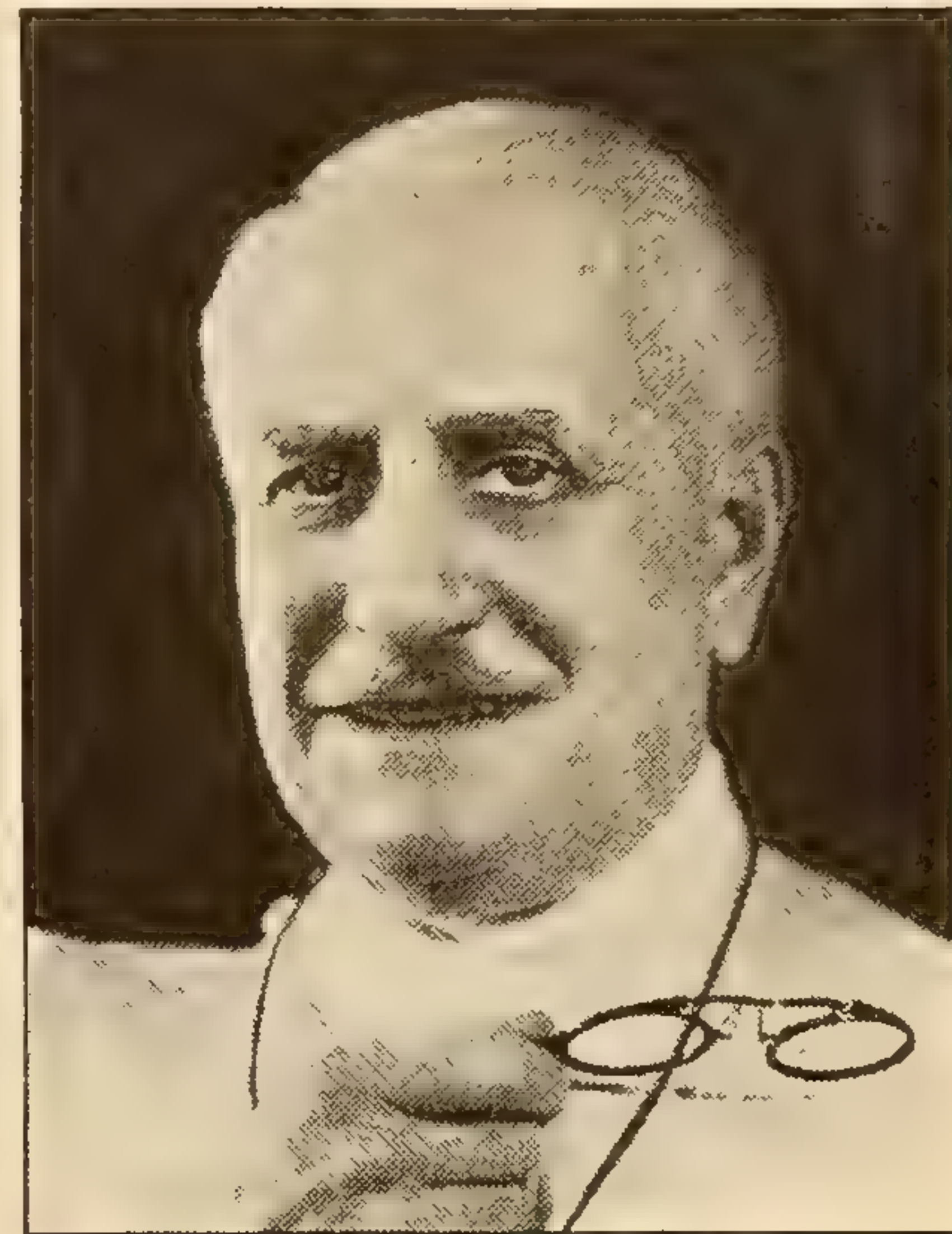
The firm, indignant answer: "We've been planning to do something of the sort for three months. We wanted to complicate the plot, so we thought of having the boat sink or almost sink. And at last we decided on having it catch fire."

Yet further questions as to future plans

Discovers Amazing New Way to Increase Weight

**Gains of 10 to 25 pounds
in just a few weeks
reported by users!**

**FIRST PACKAGE MUST
INCREASE WEIGHT OR
THE TRIAL IS *Free!***



*Sensational new "7-power" ale yeast
giving thousands attractive pounds*

AN AMAZING new "7-power" yeast discovery in pleasant tablets is putting pounds of solid, normally attractive flesh on thousands of "skinny", run-down people who never could gain an ounce before.

Doctors now know that the real reason why great numbers of people find it hard to gain weight is that they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now scientists have discovered that the richest known source of health-building Vitamin B is brewers' ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-strengthening, energy-giving iron in pleasant little tablets called Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, are one of the many "skinny", run-down persons who need these vital health-building elements to put on solid pounds, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take

them, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to normal attractiveness. Indigestion and constipation from the same source quickly vanish, skin clears to normal beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and run-down you may be, try this wonderful new "7-power" Ironized Yeast for just a few short weeks. If you're not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only don't be deceived by the many cheaply prepared "Yeast and Iron" tablets sold in imitation of Ironized Yeast. These cheap counterfeits usually contain only the lowest grade of ordinary yeast and iron, and cannot possibly give the same results as the scientific Ironized Yeast formula. Be sure you get the genuine. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 229, Atlanta, Ga.

10 lbs. in 3 weeks

"I was like a scarecrow I was so thin. Then with Ironized Yeast I gained 10 lbs. in 3 weeks. Am no longer ashamed of my figure or complexion. Getting more fun out of life." — Fannie Alcorn, Oneida, Tenn.

Gains 14 lbs. quick

"I seemed born to be skinny, never invited out, but with Ironized Yeast I gained 14 lbs. in less than 3 weeks." — Dora Sotello, Anaheim, Cal.

21 lbs., clear skin

"Was so skinny and pimply the girls never noticed me. In 12 weeks with Ironized Yeast I gained 21 lbs. and my face cleared." — Roy Rigby, De Kalb, Ill.

**SKINNY? SEE
HOW I LOOK
SINCE I GAINED
12 POUNDS**



LEARN TO MOUNT BIRDS AT HOME & ANIMALS—BE A TAXIDERMIST

Panel 1: THAT WAS A GREAT HUNTING TRIP, BILL, ALL THE DUCKS WE WANT. BUT IT SEEMS A SHAME TO THROW AWAY THIS BEAUTIFUL PLUMAGE.

Panel 2: THAT'S JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN THINKING—JIM, I'M GOING TO WRITE TO THE NORTHWESTERN SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMISTRY AND SEE IF I CAN'T LEARN TO MOUNT MY BEST TROPHIES.

Panel 3: WELL, I SEE YOU REALLY ARE TAKING UP TAXIDERMISTRY IN EARNEST, BILL.

Panel 4: THAT'S RIGHT, JIM—AND I'VE NEVER HAD SO MUCH FUN IN MY LIFE. I'VE ACTUALLY DOUBLED THE PLEASURE I GET FROM MY HUNTING AND REALLY HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW FOR IT. COME IN THE HOUSE AND I'LL SHOW YOU SOME OF MY WORK.

Panel 5: I'VE SOLD MANY BOOK-ENDS, LAMPS, ASH-TRAYS, PIPE RACKS, AND SO ON TO SPORTSMEN FOR THEIR DENS — I'VE LEARNED TO TAN FURS FOR CAPS, SCARFS AND RUGS, AND — BEST OF ALL — INSTEAD OF THROWING AWAY THOSE COW-HIDES, I TAN THEM INTO LEATHER FOR BELTS, HARNESS AND STRAPS.

Panel 6: BUT WASN'T TAXIDERMISTRY HARD TO LEARN, BILL?

Panel 7: HARD? NOT A BIT, AFTER YOU GET THE HANG OF IT. WHY JIM, TO ME TAXIDERMISTRY IS THE GRAND-EST HOBBY IN THE WORLD. I'VE MADE AS HIGH AS \$75 PER MONTH IN MY SPARE TIME, MOUNTING TROPHIES FOR HUNTERS. WHY DON'T YOU TAKE IT UP?

Panel 8: I'M SURE GOING TO — WHAT'S THAT ADDRESS? I HAD NO IDEA WHAT I'VE BEEN MISSING.

Amazing Pleasure and Profits in This Art

YOU LEARN IT EASILY, QUICKLY, BY MAIL IN SPARE TIME

Men, boys, women,—Study Taxidermy. Taught by Experts.
ALL SECRETS revealed. It will amaze and delight you.

Hunters—Fisherman

Save your game trophies. They are **Valuable**. Mount them for home and den. Have a **Museum**. Win fame as a Taxidermist. Make undreamed-of money in spare time . . . You learn to mount (stuff) expertly, **Birds, Animals, Fish, Game-Heads**, just like life. That is Taxidermy. You can be a Taxidermist. Will you? Surely you are interested. Mail **Coupon** right now for the astonishing **Free Book**.

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Or a postcard will do. No obligation on your part. The beautiful **Book**, with hundreds of entrancing **Pictures** is **Free**. Do not miss this wonderful opportunity to obtain the marvelous and valuable book. **Free and Post-paid**. Write today. State your Age.

NORTHWESTERN SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMISTRY
3566 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

Wild Game Not Needed

You can use common animals and birds; squirrels, rabbits, little chicks, puppies, kittens, pigeons, even frogs. Mount them in human and humorous groups. Real **Fun**; and profitable, too. This is known as **Craft and Novelty Taxidermy**; it's included in our unique lessons. It's **Marvelous**. Write the school this minute!

Big Profits in Spare Time

Many students earn from \$40 to \$75 monthly in spare time. Some earn thousands of dollars each year. Sportsmen bring their trophies to be mounted. Besides you can sell your own **Novelty** groups for homes, dens and for merchants' window display.

Learn Tanning

Tan fine harness, sole and chrome leathers; also furs with the hair on. **Expert Methods**, easily learned. **Save Money** making your own leathers; **Make Money** tanning for others. **Quick Sure Profits**. The **Free Book** tells all about it. Send coupon.

FREE BOOK

Northwestern School of Taxidermy, 3566 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb. Send me your free illustrated book, "How to Mount Game". Also tell me how I may learn this fascinating art easily and quickly by mail. No obligation.

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____

This Amazing New SILK HOSIERY Worn by Screen Stars!

AGENTS Astounding Profits

Men or women. Fanny Pope made over \$20 in 2 hours. We shipped Wessburg's customers \$508.60 hosiery one week in Dec. His profit, plus bonus, figured \$169.53.

YOUR OWN SILK HOSIERY FREE!

—BECAUSE PROOFED AGAINST CATCHING

Raquel Torres, Alice White, Peggy Shannon, Irene Bentley, June Knight and Muriel Kirkland wear our exclusive Wilkmit Hosiery! Their silk hosiery must be faultless as they cannot chance sudden runs. The threads in Wilkmit Hosiery are twisted extra tight and smoothed. No loose fibres to catch and snag. Reduces runners to a minimum. Just demonstrate. Make surprising earnings.

DEMONSTRATION OUTFIT SUPPLIED

Send for samples of loveliest silk hosiery, with pictures of these screen stars,—also finest quality hose for men and children. 96 beautiful styles and colors and 10 second demonstrator. Write, giving hose size and shade preferred. A real chance to make money.

GUARANTEED

Wilkmit Hosiery are so good we guarantee them against holes for a specified number of months: 2 pairs guaranteed to wear 3 months; 3 pairs, 6 months, etc.

WILKNIT HOSIERY CO.

Dept. K-8, Midway,

Greenfield, Ohio



met with a shrug and the avowal that they didn't know themselves what was going to happen next. It was not until the following Thursday afternoon, at rehearsal, that more facts came out.

In the huge eighth floor studio at Radio City, everyone in the Show Boat cast sat about in twos and threes, discussing the unique situation in which the program had found itself. Muriel Wilson, Show Boat's Mary Lou, was demanding an investigation. "Certainly, it's an infringement of our idea. How about copyrights?"

"How about the Show Boat?" Lanny Ross wanted to know. "I heard yesterday at lunch that a new one is being built and that it's going to have a different name."

Cornered, during a lull in the conversation, Tiny Ruffner explained; "Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. We're going ahead just as though we had never heard of this Winner program. As a matter of fact, we never have. Let me give you the *real* reason the Show Boat burned down.

"For the past ten weeks, our listeners haven't been paying the program strict attention. Nothing exciting enough was happening. Even the members of the cast were just reading their lines. They had no interest in them. Now it's different. Our fans have been writing and telegraphing to us by the thousands. Look at the cast today. None of them is sure what is coming next. All their enthusiasm is back. That's what we were after when we decided the boat must go.

"Of course we're going to have a new boat. Change the name of it? Nonsense! Why should we change the name? In six or seven weeks, we'll be back on the river. Put on a tent show in the meantime? Why, that would make us imitators. Besides, we never had such an idea."

WHICH seemingly settled the matter. But it still leaves open to conjecture important points the argument has not made clear.

Can a new program borrow another one's formula and make it succeed? If it does, won't the airwaves next fall be flooded with "show boats" puff, puff puffing along?

How about Conrad Thibault? Not only is he the male lead in Winner's show, he is one of the integral parts of Show Boat. Each program swears that he is staying with it. Conrad is saying absolutely nothing.

While the Show Boat cast is performing on municipal piers, in city auditoriums, anywhere but (according to Tiny) in a tent, can't another program build a boat overnight and go on the air with it? This would bring up the question of what is an imitation? If a show makes good with its own talent, can it rightfully be called a copy?

Which leaves us right where we were, with stars, executives, and listeners aboard a dizzy merry-go-round of conflicting statements, facts, and events. No one seems to know when it will stop, when all this topsy-turvy, screwy tangle will straighten out.

But in the meantime, the old Show Boat is dead, long live the Show Boat!

SECRETS OF A SOCIETY HOSTESS Told By Cobina Wright

If you want to be a good hostess, here's your chance to obtain some valuable tips from one of the world's greatest hostesses, and to read, in addition, intimate revelations about her famous parties and guests. In next month's issue, out August 23.

What Do You Want to Know?

(Continued from page 48)

are not married in real life. Betty is played by Beatrice Churchill and Bob is Don Ameche who also plays in "The First Nighter" and "Grand Hotel." The other principals in the cast are Madeline, played by Loretta Poynton, Marcia, played by Betty Winkler and Tony Harker, played by Don Briggs. "Aphrodite," by Goetzo, is the theme song for "Today's Children."

Marion E., New York City—Jane Froman weighs about 104 pounds. She's out in Hollywood this summer, making a picture and is expected back on the air again this fall.

Miss Mary Di P., Hoboken, N. J.—Harry Richman is not on the air at this writing. He's now appearing nightly at the Versailles, East 50th Street, New York City.

Miss Catherine L., New York City—Lanny Ross and Lennie Hayton are both American born gentlemen. You can address Lanny in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Center, New York City.

Mrs. F. E. C., Long Beach, Calif.—Gene and Glenn and their pals Jake and Lena (by the way Gene and Glenn are also Jake and Lena) voice their antics over local station WTAM in Cleveland, Ohio.

J. D., Batavia, New York—Eddie Cantor is making a picture in Hollywood but will be back again this fall. Ruby Keeler is not a radio performer but Al Jolson is on the air over an NBC-WEAF network from Los Angeles, California, on Saturday nights. See page 55—9 o'clock column. Betty and Red of the Red Davis program, are not brother and sister in real life. Write them in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Center, New York City.

Miss Angelina F., Pittsfield, Mass., and Miss Helen P., Albany, New York—Barry McKinley, baritone of the Camay program, "Dreams Come True," was born in Fort Wayne, Indiana, November 1913. Barry is five feet, seven inches tall, weighs 145 pounds and girls, he's not married. You can address him in care of the National Broadcasting Company Rockefeller Center, New York City. This is for you Angelina—You can reach Ted Fio Rito in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, Wrigley Building, Chicago, Ill.

W. S., Winnipeg, Canada.—I'm sorry, but that picture you saw in the June, 1934 issue of RADIO MIRROR of James Melton, was the only one we had, and right now there's no way of telling who the photographer was.

LAZY DAN

HASN'T HAD TIME TO BE LAZY!

Here's the real inside story of this genial singer's life—a story of struggle and hardship which began when he was just a baby and continued until he found fame as a radio star.

In October RADIO MIRROR
(Out August 23)



**"MILK IS THE ONE
INDISPENSABLE FOOD
FOR CHILDREN"**

L. EMMETT HOLT, M. D., "Food, Health and Growth"
COURTESY OF MACMILLAN COMPANY

MILK IN THIS DELICIOUS FORM PROVIDES YOUR CHILD WITH ALMOST *Double the Food-Energy*

DOCTORS, pediatricians, diet experts agree that growing children need a quart of milk a day—for growth—for food-energy—for full development. Yet many children do not receive sufficient milk—either because they dislike it or because drinking it every day is monotonous.

Cocomalt mixed with milk is not only a treat to youngsters—but when made as directed it provides almost **TWICE** the food-energy value of plain milk.

Rich in vital food essentials

Cocomalt mixed with milk, as directed, increases milk's food-energy value 70%. It supplies *extra* proteins for solid flesh and muscles; *extra* minerals (food-calcium and food-phosphorus) for strong bones and sound teeth; *extra* carbohydrates to meet the food-energy requirements for work

and play—and Sunshine Vitamin D.

Wonderful for adults, too

Cocomalt in milk is just as good for grown-ups as it is for children. With its special nutritional value, and extra food-energy, it's a pleasant way to restore and maintain strength—for housewives, business men, convalescents, nursing and expectant mothers. Easily digested, quickly assimilated.

A hot beverage promotes relaxation. Cocomalt **HOT** at night helps men and women sleep soundly and peacefully.

Cocomalt is sold at good grocery, drug and department stores in 1/2-lb., 1-lb. and 5-lb. hospital size air-tight cans.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER: For a trial-size can of Cocomalt, send name and address (with 10c to cover cost of mailing) to R. B. Davis Co., Dept. NA9, Hoboken, N. J.

Cocomalt

Prepared as directed, adds 70%
more food-energy to milk



Cocomalt is accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. Produced by an exclusive process under scientific control, Cocomalt is composed of sucrose, skim milk, selected cocoa, barley malt extract, flavoring and added Sunshine Vitamin D. (Irradiated ergosterol.)





Home Treatment for Keeping Skin Young

Mercolized Wax—one beauty aid you can afford because this single preparation embodies all the essentials of beauty that your skin needs. It cleanses, softens, bleaches, lubricates and protects. So simple to use, too. Just pat it on your skin each night as if it were an ordinary cold cream. Mercolized Wax seeps into your pores, dissolves grime, dust and all impurities. It absorbs the discolored surface skin in tiny, invisible particles, revealing the beautiful, smooth, young skin that lies beneath. It clears away freckles, tan, oiliness, sunburn or any other blemishes. You use such a tiny bit of Mercolized Wax for each application that it proves an inexpensive beauty investment. Beauty can not be taken for granted. It must be cared for regularly if you want to hold beauty through the years. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. Let it make your skin more beautiful.

Phelactine removes hairy growths—takes them out—easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the skin hair free. Phelactine is the modern, odorless facial depilatory that fastidious women prefer.

Powdered Saxolite dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel quickly reduces wrinkles and other age signs. It is a refreshing, stimulating astringent lotion. Use it daily.



When Is a "Popular Star" Popular?

(Continued from page 45)

a few, are not radio stars in the same sense that Garbo is a movie star. They have succeeded in radio, true enough, but *only after they had won sufficient reputation in another field* to assure them attention in any work they might do. Garbo began from a cold start in films and built herself up there. The biggest radio stars have simply transferred an already secure reputation to the air, and they get paid accordingly. Every blue moon, of course, you do find a Kate Smith, or an Amos 'n' Andy, who were made by radio alone. But more often it works the other way. That is why a break-in in radio is so much harder and so much more unusual than in those other fields. The same thing is true of the publicity angle. You can't make a star by publicity alone. Broadcasting officials will tell you that one safe way to judge a performer's popularity is a size-up of the number of requests that come in for tickets to witness his air show. But again there's a "but." The studios with their big shows are too local to do any good as a general check-up.

WHICH brings us down to the inside angle of the story. Regardless of fan mail or charts, the people who run radio believe that the best test of a star's popularity is the money return he nets his sponsors. And here you run into some very funny facts! It sometimes happens that a distinctly poor show, put on for "cheap money" and with non-star talent, brings an excellent return to its sponsors, simply because the outlay is small! There are plenty of examples of shows of this sort, but for obvious reasons, they cannot be mentioned. Again, a very good show may fail as a money-getter, for purely business reasons. The classic example of this is the popular "One Man's Family."

The story goes that this show was once sponsored by a tobacco company, to launch a new brand of cigarettes. The show was excellent, people listened to it and liked it, but complaints came pouring in that so distinctly a "family program" was not suited to the plugging of cigarettes. The sponsors finally believed this themselves, and an announcement was made over the air that, although "One Man's Family" was one of the best programs of its kind, it was being taken off for business reasons. And then the fun began! So many people liked the show (regardless of their cigarette buying habits) that sheer public demand forced the network to keep it on as a non-commercial, sustaining hour. That, perhaps, is one of the few real instances of genuine radio popularity. It is only fair to add, though, that another sponsor was found, with a more domestic product, and that to-day "One Man's Family" rates "tops" both from an audience and a sales point of view.

The Goldbergs (of happy memory) give another instance of public demand. The sponsors were once undecided whether to continue the program, and though there were records of both fan mail and chart-ratings, the higher-ups went further. It was announced that the show would be taken off the air *unless the public demanded otherwise*. Letters and telegrams began to pour in. As a result, the Goldbergs were kept on the air.

There are plenty of stories of pure sales success. Wayne King put over a face powder. Guy Lombardo built up a patent

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Guitar Saxophone
Organ Ukulele
Tenor Banjo
Hawaiian Guitar
Piano Accordion
Or Any Other Instrument

medicine. Eddie Cantor, Ed Wynn, Jack Benny, Olga Albani and Tony Wons are a few who earn their salaries as salesmen as well as entertainers. But the public, after all, isn't much interested in sales. Popularity, to you and me, means the sort of glamor we associate with going over in a big way and being personally successful.

Science hasn't solved the problem, either. I had a talk about it with Charles W. Horn, Director of Research for NBC, an alert person with prematurely gray hair, keen eyes and a dynamic manner, who probably knows more about the mechanics of radio than anyone else in the world. Mr. Horn told me that there is no accurate mechanical gauge of radio popularity.

Experiments have been made, of course. Mr. Horn described two of them. One device, to be attached to the individual radio in the home, would be equipped with the sort of paper ribbon the adding machines carry, and each time the radio was turned on, the hour and the station would be registered, automatically, on the paper. Once a month, then, the ribbons would be collected, or read as electric light meters are, giving an accurate picture of the popular shows.

"But," says Mr. Horn, "who would pay for the device and its use? Not the radio owner, or even the manufacturer. And if it were left to the networks, how could they check up on who bought new radio sets and who owned old ones? Thus, the device would be too costly and impractical to be of real help, especially since the ultimate check-up on sets would leave us in no more accurate a position than we are in now."

ANOTHER possible check-up has been developed by Professor N. M. Hopkins. Mr. Horn describes this as a "vote device." The Hopkins' idea is to equip radio sets or homes, with a device which would automatically affect the amount of power, or the electric constants of the power supply. At the end of each program, the announcer would ask the listeners to press a button if they liked the show and leave it alone if they did not. The resultant change could then be read at the electric company's power house.

Science's dream of dreams is a device for metering out electric current in such a way that one could see exactly how much was taken up from any given station at any given time. But that, it seems, is impossible. Once the sending current has left the radio antennae, it cannot be registered. Radio engineers know how much power is sent out from a given station, but no one can measure whether one set or a million sets take it up. And there you are, again!

A funny thing, this whole business of radio! Millions of people buy sets, millions of dollars are spent on entertainment for those sets to pick up, radio careers are built, research workers plot detailed figures on the potential number of people listening in at every moment of the day—and nobody in the world knows, with any degree of accuracy, what they are listening to! What radio needs is a Bright Young Man, to devise a system that will tell us, with the absolute, fool-proof accuracy of the box-office returns and the circulation figures, who are "tops" on the air, and why. He may turn up with his new idea before you think. Until he does, though, the money will go on being spent, and the radio careers will go on being built up. And when someone asks you, "When is a 'popular' star popular?" you can tell him, very confidentially, that his guess is as good as yours—or the networks'!

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Braddock knew what he needed when he started Kelpamalt. For, this new mineral concentrate from the sea gets right down and corrects the real underlying cause of skinniness—**IODINE STARVED GLANDS**. When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into flesh. The result is, you stay skinny.

The most important gland—the one which actually controls body weight—needs a definite ration of iodine all the time—**NATURAL ASSIMILABLE IODINE**—not to be confused with chemical iodides which often prove toxic—but the same iodine that is found in tiny quantities in spinach and lettuce. Only when the system gets an adequate supply of iodine can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

Braddock says, "Never felt better—and I want to state that a big share of the credit for my victory—for the wonderful condition I was in—is due to Kelpamalt. I never had more endurance, felt stronger or tired less in all my experience in the ring. And the 26 lbs. which Kelpamalt helped me add, put real power and drive behind my punches. You can tell any skinny, weak, underweight man or woman Kelpamalt's the greatest weight and strength builder there is."—James J. Braddock.

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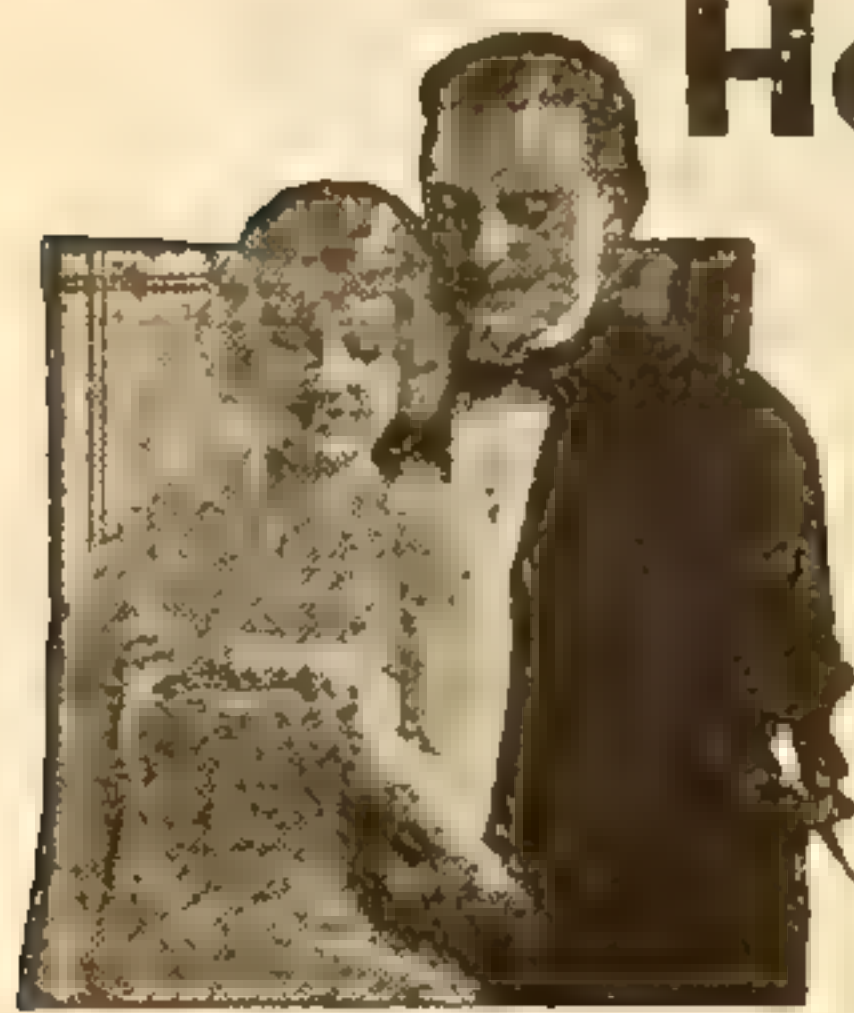


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Money for Minors

(Continued from page 29)

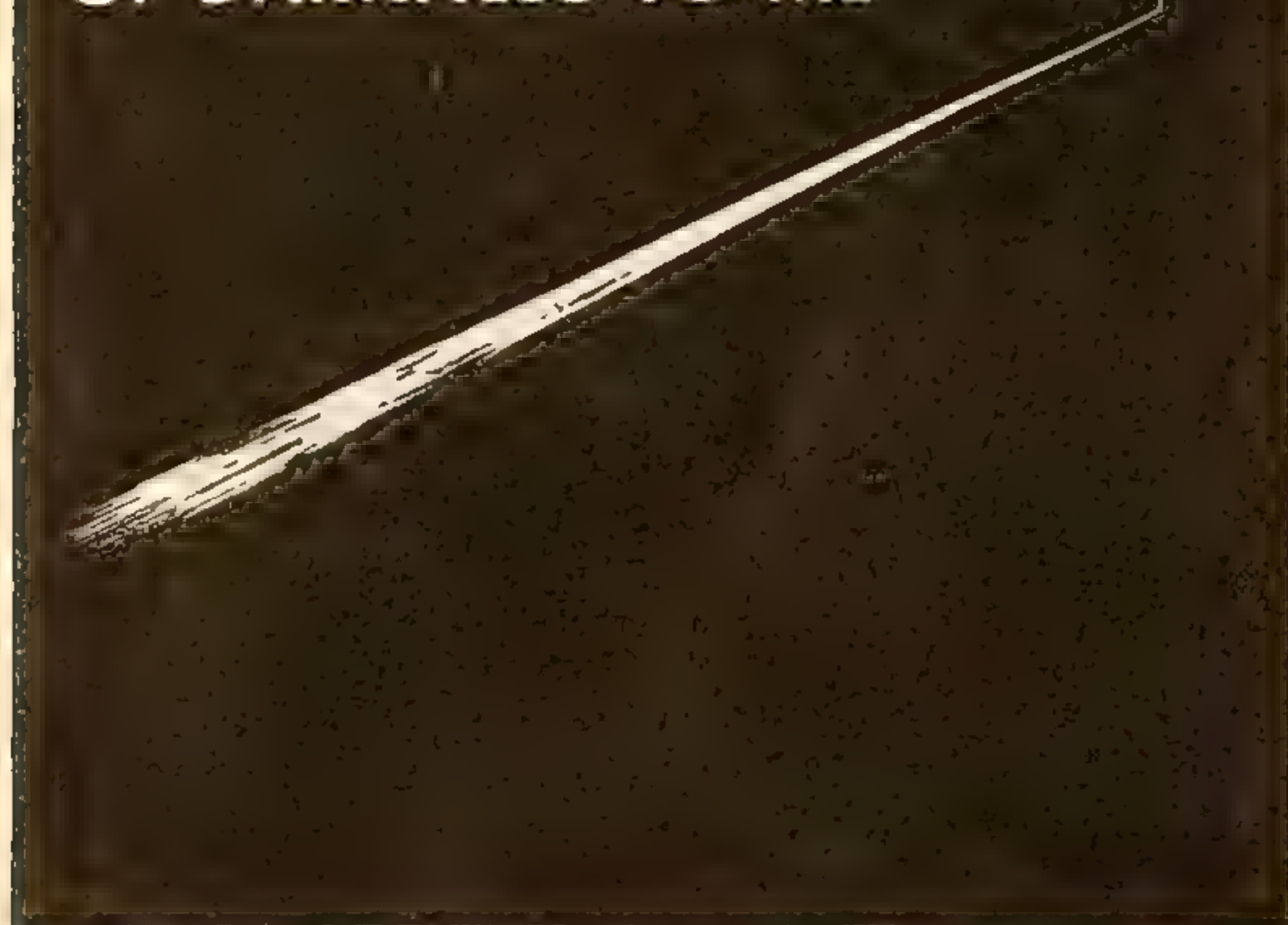
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veteran in radio. He averages \$150 a week. For his five performances a week on the Billy and Betty program over NBC he earns himself the nifty sum of \$125 a week. Three times a week he appears on a program known as Jack and Fritz at WOR. That nets him \$50 a week. All of this sounds as if he makes more than \$150 weekly, but you must remember that there are lean weeks during the year during which some of these programs may go off the air. Then there are other weeks when he earns as much as \$300.

Of course sustaining programs don't pay quite on this scale. A sustaining program usually nets him \$10 or \$15 for a half hour or \$20 for an hour.

WALTER TETLEY, the amazing youngster who can talk in half a dozen different dialects, averages between \$150 and \$200 a week. In the five years he's been in radio he has earned between \$5000 and \$7000 every year. Listen to him impersonating Waldo, that impudent tough youngster on the Fred Allen program. Every time he appears as Waldo, he pockets \$50. Or hear him on the Buck Rogers program. He gets \$125 a week for his work on that program. Every time he appears as Jock, the Scotch boy on the Bobby Benson program, it means \$20 in cash to him. Walter has played with Jack Benny, with Joe Penner, and with Leslie Howard on the Lux Theater Hour.

Junior O'Day, ten, appeared as Stinker on the Beatrice Lillie program. Have you heard him as that mischievous, impudent youngster? He earned \$25 a performance for that impertinent manner of his. You hear him as Christopher Robin on the Winnie-the-Pooh program. He appears twice a week on that program and gets \$10 a broadcast.

One of the busiest youngsters in radio is Lester Jay, fourteen, who averages \$250 to \$300 a week. His father is a scenic artist who earns a nifty salary, but some weeks Lester's salary is even niftier.

He earns \$100 a week for appearing as Chester, Jr., in The Gumps over a CBS network. He earns \$15 for every performance in Marie, The Little French Princess. As Junior on the Dick Tracy program he gets \$100 a week. Whenever he appears on the "Just Plain Bill" program at Columbia he gets \$15. And every week for a year he's been playing the page boy on Paul Whiteman's program, earning \$25 a week for just this program. For his work as Jerry on the Billy and Betty show he gets \$20 a performance. Lester has also appeared on the March of Time program, with Edwin C. Hill, with George Gershwin, on the Roses and Drums program and many others.

Estelle Levy, eleven, is another child veteran. She is in Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, and has appeared on Eddie Cantor's program, on the Vicks program opposite Walter Tetley, on Forty-five Minutes In Hollywood, on the Quaker Oats program and a number of others. For playing Eddie Cantor's daughter, Estelle earned \$25 a performance. Children flocking around her after the performance said, "Hello, Janet. Are you going to Europe with your father?" They thought Estelle was really Cantor's daughter!

UNDoubtedly the most successful child star in radio today is Mary Small; the singing star on Little Miss Bab-o. Mary is thirteen years old. Her

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father is in the shirt business in Baltimore, where Mary began her radio work. When she appeared on Uncle Eddy's Kiddy Club program in Baltimore, Mary didn't earn a nickel. In fact, she had to pay for her own carfare, her own music, and so on. Today she earns over \$400 a week. Her first radio engagement in New York was on the Rudy Vallee program, for which she got \$250. When she first went on the Little Miss Bab-o program, she was paid \$400 a week, and within a year she was given two raises in salary. In vaudeville, she gets \$1500 a week, more than many adult headliners.

That gives you the bright side of the radio picture for children. But don't get the idea that all children earn salaries on this scale.

Most likely your child would have to get her start on a honky-tonk program, just as Mary Small did. And most likely she wouldn't earn a cent at first. But suppose you finally packed up your duds, and landed in New York, leading Mary by the hand, what then?

You'd have to persuade one of the big New York stations to give your Mary an audition. Your best bet would be to write to Madge Tucker at NBC or to Nila Mack at CBS. Most of the children who've risen to prominence in radio got their start with Miss Tucker or Miss Mack. If your child were really gifted, and you could persuade Miss Mack or Miss Tucker of that, she'd get her audition. And maybe one day she'd be called for a rôle on the Lady Next Door program or on Miss Mack's Let's Pretend program. Suppose she were called for such a rôle? What then? Would she come home with a twenty-five-dollar check in her pocket? I should say not!

THE children I've been talking about have been on the air for years. They stand out from the mob. They're head and shoulders above the crowd. They've won the attention of commercial sponsors. Yet when they appear on the Lady Next Door program or Let's Pretend, they walk home with checks the same size your Mary would receive. Which isn't much. Two or three dollars for a performance on the Lady Next Door program. Three and a half dollars for an appearance on Let's Pretend.

Why this discrepancy? Why should a youngster who sometimes earns \$50 a performance accept \$3.00 from the Lady Next Door and be glad of a chance to do the rôle?

Well, most of the youngsters have gotten their start with lovely, blonde Miss Tucker, and they enjoy acting with her. Miss Mack has seen them through their early heartaches, taught them all she knows of acting. And her training, too, is priceless. These programs are sustaining programs, not commercial, and call for a large group of youngsters.

The Horn and Hardart program is one of the most famous children's programs on the air. You hear it over the CBS network every week. What spectacular reward do you suppose the children on the program get? Well, most of them don't even get a lollipop. One child each week wins a huge cake. People write in, vote for the child whose performance they liked best. The next week that child gets the cake. All the children, of course, get valuable training with Paul Douglas. They get a break in publicity. Someone might possibly hear them over the air and invite them to perform at some banquet. It's a chance that grown-up amateurs take, too.

Gorgeous Lemon Pie Filling

WITHOUT COOKING!



EAGLE BRAND LEMON MERINGUE PIE

1½ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ cup lemon juice
Grated rind of 1 lemon or
¼ teaspoon lemon extract
2 eggs
2 tablespoons granulated sugar
Baked pie shell (8-inch)

Blend together Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice, grated lemon rind or lemon extract, and egg yolks. (It thickens just as though you were cooking it, to a glorious creamy smoothness!) Pour into baked pie shell or Unbaked Crumb Crust (See FREE cook book.) Cover with meringue made by beating egg whites until stiff and adding sugar. Bake until brown in a moderate oven (350° F.). Chill.

• Here's a lemon filling that's always perfect! Never runny. Never too thick. Try it, and you'll never make lemon pie the old way again! • But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.



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TODAY for
GORGEOUS STYLE
PRESENTATION,
SENT FREE!



The Inside Story of Major Bowes' Life

(Continued from page 19)

mind as he had I've seldom witnessed. His belief was an honest and sincere one, and the theory and philosophy which he promulgated proved to be a source of infinite comfort to the bereaved."

It is this same sentimentality which makes the Major dislike reading anything sad. Half way through a tragic poem, tears begin to roll down his cheeks. Usually he cannot continue. He is a staunch comfort to friends who want someone to cry with them. He always obliges. He can, however, and frequently does, say no to appeals for help. His business sense is strong enough to save him from being preyed-upon by beseeching acquaintances. Yet, a few weeks ago, an amateur on one of his Sunday hours revealed that he was a Chinese orphan out of work. The boy is now clerking in the Major's office.

WHEN Bowes returned from this second trip abroad, he had no inkling of the surprise fate had in store for him. He went to the theater one night with a group of friends to watch Margaret Illington, at the time one of the country's most beloved actresses. As chance dealt the cards, Bowes met Miss Illington after the performance. They were married a very short time afterwards. "Which began," the Major told me, "the happiest years of my whole life."

It also began for him an entirely new existence. Until then versed only in practical business matters, he decided to enter the theater as a manager. Though it

meant a reduced income and possible poverty, he was willing to take the chance. There was only one reason for his actions. He wanted to be with his wife. If he stayed in San Francisco while she traveled on the road it would be impossible. So he became company manager. For nearly a year they went from city to city here and in Canada. When the couple arrived in New York, though the theater had a definite fascination for him, Bowes sought an opportunity to re-enter the business he knew best. He finally managed a compromise by joining hands with John Cort and Peter McCourt. Together they built the Cort Theater in New York and the Park Square in Boston.

The venture was a success and Bowes' name became one to reckon with in New York theater business—so much so, in fact, that Margaret Illington decided to retire and become just Mrs. Bowes. Too much spotlight in one family, she declared. But the more retiring she became, the more prominent was her husband. In 1918 he hit on the idea of building an enormous playhouse, bigger than any the town had yet seen. He chose for the site the corner of Broadway and Fifty-first Street, much farther uptown than the wise boys had advised.

With the financial aid of rich men, Bowes began construction of the lavish movie palace. Everyone but the Major was convinced as the building took shape that it would be a white elephant on the

investors' hands. It since has proved itself about the most consistent money maker of any picture house in New York. Bowes has never relinquished control of the theater, remaining as the managing director through all the other jobs he has since held, among them a vice-presidency of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for a short time.

What was more miraculous to his many contemporaries than his money making ability was his romance with his wife. The white flame of their first year's love never died down. Years later, when she was through with the stage and he had become a middle-aged director, their love was pointed to by those who knew them as an example for all newly-wedded couples. Unmindful of the joke it created, they kept up their habit of holding hands whenever they sat through a play or a movie. Proudly the Major continued a courtship which ridicule could not touch.

He toils in his shirt sleeves, exposing his secretaries to bright, florid stripes which gay red and purple ties sometimes match. There are only two things on which he insists in his business dealings. No one must ever be late for an appointment with him, though it is customary to wait thirty minutes to see the Major, and he uses only the stubs of pencils. New secretaries are apt to throw away these stubs instead of saving them for the Major's use. He chides them gently until they remember.

It is these traits which have endeared him to his employees, most of whom have worked for him since the theater first opened. It is startling at first, to hear the office boy call him Major, leaving off the "the." "Major," a pretty receptionist tells you, "will be ready to see you in just a few minutes."

Things were going so smoothly a year and a half ago that Bowes was seriously considering retirement. After all, he was nearly sixty—an age, incidentally, he never admits; he had enough money, an estate, and an adoring wife. His plans were nearly complete when Mrs. Bowes became sick. She died in March last year. All the Major's thoughts were turned from quitting to work, that he might take his mind off his wife's death.

PLUNKED in his lap out of a clear sky at that time was an offer to take over the directorship of WHN, a station affiliated with M-G-M and Loew's theaters. Eagerly, almost happily, Bowes accepted the job. Even that wasn't enough. Seeing the station's amateur hour languishing under another master of ceremonies, he stepped in. In a few months everyone was talking about the hour and a half show. When he hit on the idea with which you are now familiar, his audience doubled in capacity—it was the simple trick of having listeners phone in their votes to the station as fast as they picked a winner. It became a popular evening pastime for friends to gather around the loudspeaker, make their choice, and call to register their approval of a certain act.

This spring, just a year later, Chase and Sanborn approached Bowes through their advertising agency. Would he like to take complete charge of an amateur hour over a coast-to-coast hookup on a twenty-six week contract? In just four weeks of broadcasting he raised the program to the top rung in popularity!

The Major stands on the road to a new career which is already bringing him fresh glory and all he wants more from life is "the chance to open a new theater and start another radio program."



Singin' Sam, the Barbasol man, makes his shavings fly at his carpenter's bench on his farm in Indiana. For his program, see page 53—7 o'clock column.

RIDING THE SHORTWAVES

By
The Tuner-Inner

HAVE you a shortwave set in your home?

The answer is yes, in all probability, if you've purchased a radio within the last year or so. But maybe you haven't used it, being a little baffled by the problem of how to take advantage of it.

While there won't be any technical discussion right now on the best way to twist the dials, there will be a description of the foreign stations you can tune in and listen to during the hot months, which, contrary to the old belief, are much better for reception than the fall and winter periods.

Take, for instance, Oslo, Norway, which is booming in right now practically any afternoon from four to eight o'clock. It has an amateur sending operator, but he usually plays records of his native music.



Wide World

Many Russian factories are given time on the air. Above, a candy employee at mike, during a factory broadcast.

Other amateurs (hams is the professional word for them) in Porto Rico, Ecuador, and Mexico City are also easy to log, if you'll just sit down with a mint julep and have a little patience.

Among the newer arrivals on the shortwave band this season is the Mexico City station, XECW, which has shifted to 49 meters. A new Venezuelan station, YV6RV, located at Valencia on 46.1 meters, comes in strong from five-thirty to nine-thirty every evening. If you like the rare treat of hearing a Venezuelan tango played by a real native orchestra, fish around and land this program.

Jumping rapidly from South America and traveling swiftly across the Atlantic, you reach torrid Morocco where the Arabs play all day for your amusement, if you'll just bother to tune your set in to CNR on 37.33 meters. This station has been silent for some time but, according to schedule, is now resuming its novelties from the country of pyramids, camels and sheiks.

The prize station of the month, however, is farther north, in the land of dykes and wooden shoes. It's an old friend of constant shortwave enthusiasts—PCJ on 19.6 meters. If you eat breakfast as early as eight in the morning, this station will provide for you a background of sunny music and poetry. It signs off usually two hours later.

For lovers of the strange and unusual,

Japan is the best bet. The weird music, comparable only to the combination of a rattling dishpan and the clanging of a copper kettle, reaches you on either the 28 meter or 29 meter band. The call letters are JVM and JVN. And don't tune off these stations until you've heard the amusing high-pitched chatter of the Nipponese announcer.

On down past the equator is England's proud Australia, where three stations entertain for you during the early hours of the morning. Instead of going to bed promptly some night, why not sit up and try for VK2ME on 31.2 meters, or the others on 31.3 and 31.5 meters? Usually you are startled by the cry of the Laughing Jackass, followed by the announcement of a typically English announcer. Their signals fade into nothingness after six A.M.

Still another far-flung outpost of the British Empire is Bombay, quite within reach of the good American shortwave set. The station is VUB, on the 31 meter band, and its only drawback is the hour at which you must listen—either Saturday or Sunday morning around seven or seven-thirty. The thrill, however, of catching signals from such a vast distance makes it all worthwhile.

More prosaic but more fun if you're lazy are the regular European stations that you may have heard during the winter and spring. Rome, Italy, has entered the big league competition afforded by Daventry, England, and the Deutschland transmitter, DJD, now that it is sending on 25.4 meters. If you are experienced in this game you will know the difficulty of hearing these stations during the evening hours. But try it this month. If conditions are right, you should get them right up to midnight. The French Pontoise station comes in at about this same spot, too, so don't be surprised if you get a strange mixture of gutturals, rapid-fire Latin and staid English.

At least by this you should be convinced of the fun that shortwave receiving can bring you. New transmitters and the absence of static are making this summer one of the best in years for the logging of distant ports of radio calls.

If you still have any questions about how to take the best advantage of your set, write in to the Tuner-Inner, care of RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, and I'll be glad to answer your letter.

So, 'til we meet again, good luck and good listening.

Wide World



Here's an inside view of station 3LO, located in far Melbourne, Australia.



**"WALKING HELPS
US KEEP STEP WITH
HEALTH—but...**

—vigorous fresh air and exercise isn't the only way to steal a march on health. We know that all around fitness calls for a sound diet, too—that's why we always call for crisp, delicious Shredded Wheat at breakfast."

Shredded Wheat is 100% whole wheat—nothing added, nothing taken away. Wheat, you know, is Nature's treasure-house of health. You get a natural balance of vital health elements—in their most appetizing and digestible form.



**SHREDDED
WHEAT**



Ask for the package showing the picture of Niagara Falls and the red N.B.C. Uneda Seal



**"Uneda Bakers"
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY**

Beauty in the Sunshine

(Continued from page 47)

CORNS

SORE TOES, CALLOUSES, BUNIONS

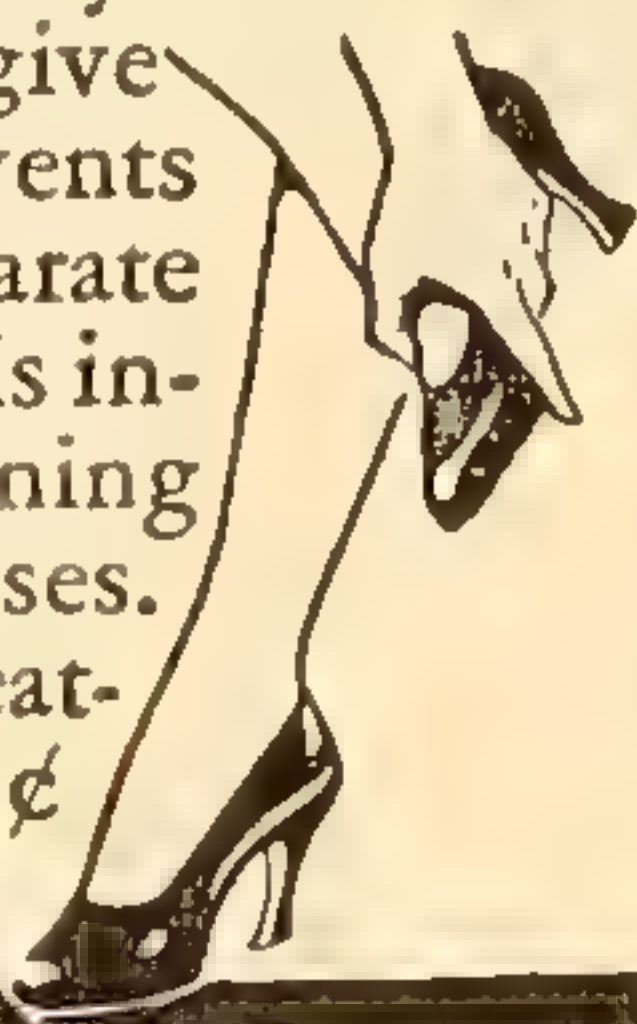


INSTANTLY RELIEVED

Relief from painful corns, callouses, bunions or sore toes is yours the instant you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! The soothing, healing medication in them drives out the pain. The scientific design of these thin, cushioning, shielding pads ends the *cause*—shoe pressure and friction.

STOPS ANNOYING SHOE TROUBLES

If your shoes rub, pinch or press your toes or feet, Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads will give instant relief. Easy to use; prevents more serious foot trouble. Separate medication in convenient form is included for quickly, safely loosening and removing corns or callouses. This complete, double-acting treatment now costs only 25¢ and 35¢ a box. Sold everywhere.



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on-the pain is gone!

ITCHING

TORTURE STOPPED in one minute!

For quick relief from the itching of pimples, blotches, eczema, rashes and other skin eruptions, apply Dr. Dennis' cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated and inflamed skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35¢ trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

D.D.D. Prescription

Your Iron Fairly Glides!

ELASTIC STARCH



This modern way to hot starch offers you advantages worth knowing. Simply add boiling water to dissolved Quick Elastic—no mixing, no cooking, no bother as with lump starch. Ends sticking and scorching. Restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness.

TRY THIS FREE

THANK YOU—

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 967, Keokuk, Iowa.
Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

help us over that period of adjustment, and to shorten it. Brunette skins, we all know, don't have so much trouble at this time, but even they need real protection at first. There are two rules we simply must follow until we are positive that our complexions are able to care for themselves the rest of the summer: Expose yourself to the direct rays of the sun only gradually, staying out of the shade a little longer each day; and, for heavens' sake! keep well-covered with sun-resistant cosmetics until all danger is past. Even when you have a rich mahogany tan that you're very proud of, it's a good thing to wear a thin protective coating when you know you're going to get more sun than usual—on a sailboat, or out fishing, for instance.

If you have one of those skins which simply were never meant to be tanned (I have), just remember that Nature knows best. If you burn with lightning rapidity, you may be sure that Nature never meant you to be exposed to tropical suns and extreme heat. This doesn't mean, however, that you must languish on verandas while your thicker-skinned friends frolic in the surf. By using the proper protections, you can get just as much exercise as anyone—but *stay in the shade* whenever you rest, and remember that you're the girl who simply must renew that protective film of cream or lotion every time you go into or come out of the water. A beautifully-tanned skin is very dramatic, but I try to console myself with the thought that we have our innings in the moonlight, when a light skin can look very romantic!

SHOULD you use a cream or a liquid? Generally speaking (and this is a good rule to follow the year-round), creams are especially adapted to dry skins, while the more quickly-evaporating lotions are better for oily skins. But, if you are using an oil for the beach—the oils are easier to apply—remember that it needs more frequent replenishing. Then watch either cream or liquid to be sure that you have a fresh coat just as soon as the previous one has been washed off by the sea.

If you have been careless, as I was, and have already got burned, don't give up hope. There are splendid treatments you can give your skin at home to freshen and revivify it, as well as special cosmetics to cover up your mistake. There are wonderful bleaching preparations, one a regular cleansing cream with bleaching properties, another an exceptionally strong, though harmless, liquid, that I can recommend.

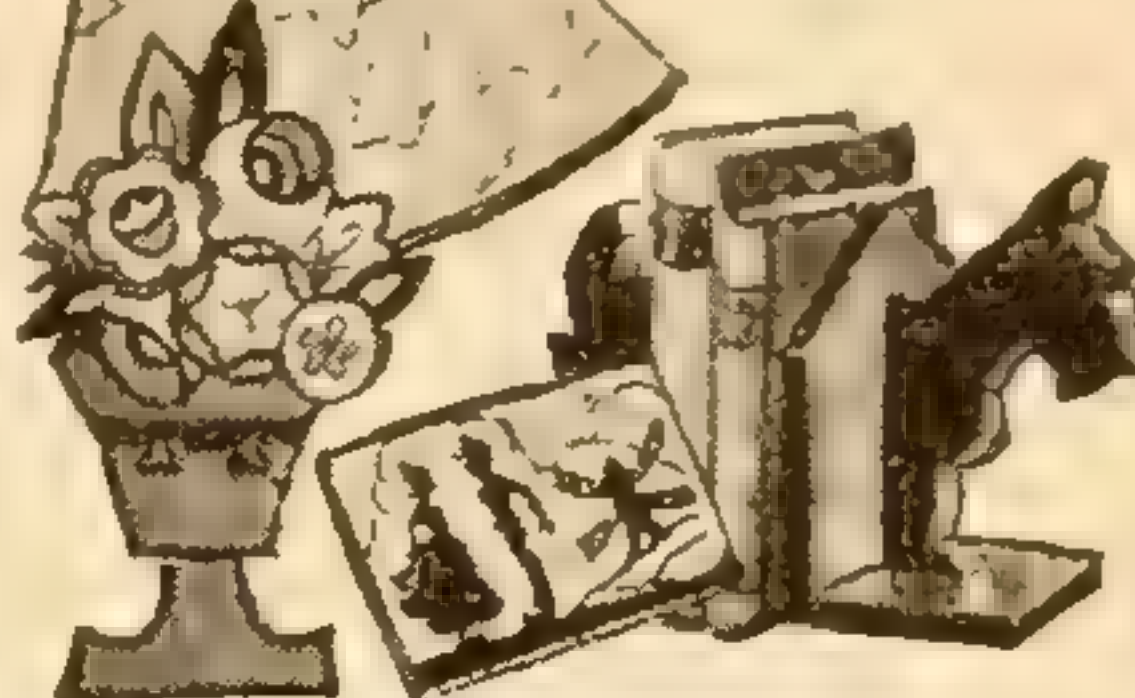
Or, if you want to look uniformly darker, watch your make-up. There's no face that needs suntan make-up more than a burned one. These brownish powder foundations aren't meant, however, so much for pretending a tan you don't have, as for filling in the gaps in a blotchily-tanned complexion. If you really must look darker than you are, don't start with the foundation, but use your natural powder base and then a deeper shade of powder than usual.

Finally, in choosing your rouges and lipsticks to blend with your darker summer powder, avoid the purplish shades and select the most brilliant tones you can find for your coloring. Brunettes, particularly, need more orange shades than they use at any other time of the year. Remember, summer is sunshine-time, and your face should reflect the sunlight!

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A new easy way. Art novelties in big demand. Get free lesson and quickly learn to decorate Gifts, Bridge Prizes, Toys, etc. No experience necessary. Anyone can succeed with simple "3-step" method, and you earn as you learn. Everything furnished, including supply of Novelties for you to decorate and Homecrafters Outfit.



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3601 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

REFINISHES AUTOS Like NEW!

PAYS \$7.00 AN HOUR
KAR-NU refinishes any color automobile easily, quickly and economically without polishing, waxing, rubbing or painting. **JUST WIPE IT ON WITH A CLOTH!** Magic-like fluid covers old paint with tough, elastic coat. Absolutely transparent, self-leveling, self-polishing. **Guaranteed.** Lasts 8 to 12 months. Equal in beauty to repaint job costing \$25 to \$75. Write for **Free Sample** to prove our claims and Territory offer. **KAR-NU CO., Dept. P-90, Oakley Sta., Cincinnati, O.**



IF YOU HAVE GRAY HAIR

and **DON'T LIKE** a MESSY MIXTURE....

then write today for my **FREE TRIAL BOTTLE**

As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years' European American experience, I am proud of my Color Imparter for Grayness. Use it like a hair tonic. Wonderfully GOOD for the scalp and dandruff; it can't leave stains. As you use it, the gray hair becomes a darker, more youthful color. I want to convince you by sending my free trial bottle and book telling All About Gray Hair. **ARTHUR RHODES, Hair Color Expert, Dept. 24, LOWELL, MASS.**

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SALARY TO START \$90 to \$175 MONTHLY
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Send me FREE particulars "How to Qualify for Government Positions" marked "X". Salaries, locations, opportunities, etc. **ALL SENT FREE.**
Name.....
Address.....

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 49)

or less in bed with nothing to cheer him up, but the programs that come over the networks. His fears and sorrows are forgotten when he hears the nonsensical jokes of Jack Benny or Eddie Cantor. The news of the day is revealed to him by the Press Radio News. Drama, opera, popular or classical music is within his reach. . . . He has something to look forward to, to brighten his long day. . . .

MISS ETHEL BACHMANN,
Norwood, Ohio.

\$1.00 PRIZE

The radio to me means far more than Aladdin's Lamp meant to Aladdin. The last few years I have been in strange cities, alone among strangers, but not lonely, for I had for company famous artists on the radio programs.

I feel a very real friendship for the grand people who come over the air every day into my home. . . .

A card of thanks is my way of applauding. . . . This only takes a minute. Let us all do more of this card sending in the future. . . .

MRS. C. D. WARD,
Kansas City, Missouri.

\$1.00 PRIZE

I cannot remember the first time I heard Fred Allen on the air, but I do know that it was a good while ago, and although I have listened to every broadcast since, I have yet to become bored.

His sophisticated humor is such a relief from the nonsensical programs put on by some of the so-called funny boys.

His little plays are really clever and well gotten up. Of course, we hear similar ones on other programs, but Fred's are invariably the best.

He also has a swell supporting cast and all in all, I choose this as the best hour of radio entertainment.

MRS. HELEN HUDSON,
Richmond, Virginia.

\$1.00 PRIZE

I've been a listener for ever so long and have been deeply touched by some beautiful programs but never in my opinion was anything so lovely as the "Birth-day-Party Program" the Columbia Broadcasting Company gave Kate Smith! There is no one who deserves more, and the tears of gratitude she shed were also shed by many of us. Is there anything more touching than to hear one's own mother talking to us on the air? We can't be too thankful nor are we appreciative enough for what radio has done for us. So why must people criticize?

MRS. WILLIAM PETERSEN,
East Jewett, New York.

Honorable Mention

"A person I truly admire is Rudy Vallee. A very modest chap, he devotes his entire hour on the air Thursday nights to other performers. A good percentage of these performers now have commercial

broadcasts of their own."—HAROLD MOLYNEAUX, Southbridge, Mass.

"There is one thing that I think the air has been lacking, that is: good piano music."—Joseph J. Stuhl, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

"I know girls who would rather listen to Bing Crosby than go to the movies."—MARY D'URSE, Ft. Wadsworth, Staten Island.

"There's something on the radio for every individual. We should all study our programs more closely, learn to operate our radios more efficiently." Mrs. MARY C. WEIST, Anderson, Ind.

"My pet radio grievance is the way my favorite radio station discontinues dramas before they have reached a climax. It seems unfair to listeners not owning high powered radios. For example, Mary Marlin sponsored by Kleenex Co. It was "switched" to another station—one which I am unable to tune in."—MRS. ANNA BURHANS, Tribes Hill, New York.

"The birth of radio gave to the civilized world a new method in which to overcome the mountains of ignorance."—RAYMOND J. ROSS, Bridgeport, Conn.

"Why don't someone put more children's programs, and take some of these impossibilities off the air. Skippy's and Sookie's 'Ohoos' for instance."—MRS. FRANK MILLER, Philadelphia, Pa.

NOBODY CAN CALL HER A "SLOW POKE" NOW!

She can do a big pan of dishes in 3 minutes—let her tell you how



RINSO's rich suds loosen grease in a flash—dishes come bright and clean in no time. Wonderful for the week's wash, too. Soaks clothes whiter—safely—without scrubbing or boiling. Great in washers.

Rinso
THE GRANULATED SOAP

THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA



Soothe
THOSE TIRED EYES!

Murine relieves and relaxes tired eyes. Removes irritating particles. Refreshing. Easy to use. Safe. Recommended for nearly 40 years. For all ages. Ask your druggist.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

MAKE MONEY AT HOME!

Learn easy Koehne Method of coloring photos and miniatures in oil. New! No art talent needed. Big demand. Send for free booklet, *Make Money At Home*. NATIONAL ART SCHOOL 3601 Michigan Ave. Dept. 1386, Chicago

KNOGRAY ENDS GRAY HAIR

Mme. Turmel, famous French hair expert, retiring from private practice, now offers for home use her unique method of coloring hair any shade, blonde to black, from the same bottle. Not a restorer, exact match. Instantaneous. Permits Permanent Wave. KNOGRAY cannot fade or rub off. Apply yourself day or night. Free Booklet. Madame Turmel, Dept. 9, 256 W. 31 St., New York

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"Swim or Cry" -- NEVER FADES OR RUNS PERMANENT DARKENER for Eyebrows and Eyelashes Absolutely Safe... Not a Mascara... One Application lasts 4 to 5 weeks. Trial size, 25c. Reg. size, 12 Applications, \$1.

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NOT thin, one-sided rugs, but rugged, deep-textured Olson Rugs, woven seamless, reversible for double wear, in 60 fascinating Early American, Oriental and Modern designs, plain colors, ovals. Sizes not found in stores.

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JUST PHONE the Railway Express to call for your old materials, or ship by freight at our expense. Free Book describes patented process of shredding, sterilizing, merging, bleaching, respinning, dyeing, weaving. Satisfaction Guaranteed. 61st year. Beware of Agents. Mail Coupon or 1c Postal to

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Mail to 2800 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Dept. W-7
YES, mail FREE, your 60-page, money-saving Book in colors, "New Rugs from Old."

Name.....
Address.....
Town..... State..... 1935 ORC

What's New on Radio Row?

(Continued from page 41)

country until brought to America by his parents at that age.

The stork is hovering over the home of Dan Landt, of Landt Trio and White... Exercising her woman's prerogative to change her mind, Adelaide Moffett has called off her engagement to Henry Gibbins, Jr., son of Brigadier-General Henry Gibbins... Rumors persist that Edna Odell, of NBC's Chicago staff of soloists, is married or soon will be.

Radio Row is taking bows for having united the estranged Leslie Howards. The famous British stage and screen star went on Rudy Vallee's variety hour with his ten-year-old daughter, whose name, also, is Leslie, in a dramatic sketch. Mrs. Howard, separated from her husband and living in Hollywood, heard the broadcast and wired her congratulations. Her daughter, at her first public appearance scored a pronounced hit. The outcome was Mrs. Howard's return to New York and the resumption of family relations. Thus came true again the Biblical injunction, "And a little child shall lead them."

MANY USES FOR RADIOS

Robert Simmons, the handsome first tenor of The Revelers and soloist on many important programs, writes this department to inquire if we are getting all the service possible from our radio. It seems, from his letter, that a receiver has many other purposes beside bringing entertainment and education to the parlors. For example, he installed a set in the stables of his estate at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson and found that certain musical programs act as a sedative on his polo ponies when they are nervous.

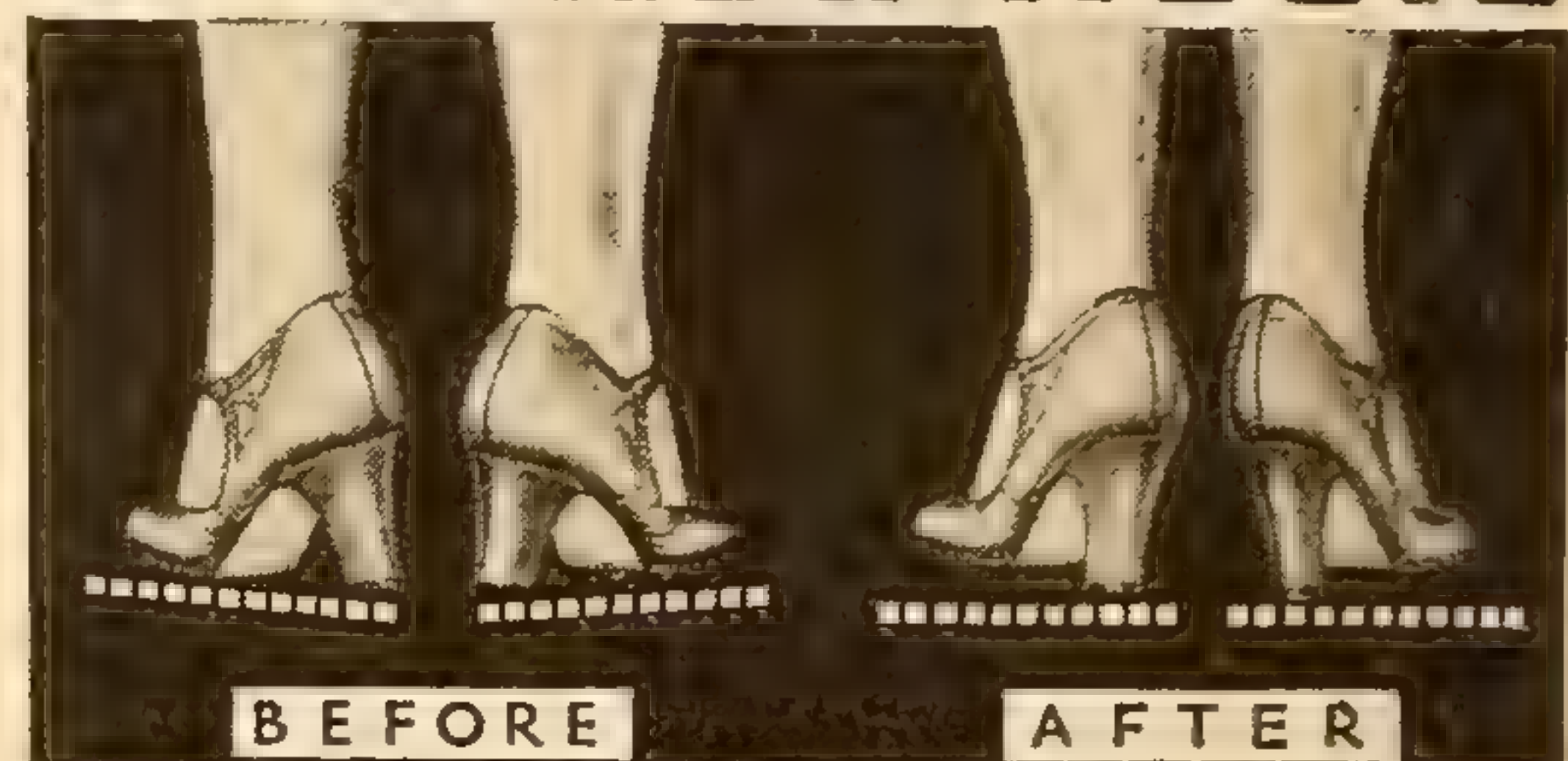
And Mr. Simmons tells about an acquaintance in upstate New York who catches a trolley by his radio. The loud-speaker every morning sputters static when the trolley crosses a nearby intersection, thus warning the commuter that he has just three minutes to make the corner and catch the car.

And here are some more examples of unique services discovered by the tenor: A dairyman in Iowa turns on the set when it is time to milk the cows, having found that dinner music makes a contented cow more contented and produces more milk. And the owner of a fleet of trucks covering New England equipped each with a receiver to keep the drivers awake on all-night trips. Since the installation the truckman reports not a single collision or accident in six months; previous to their introduction, two or more trucks went to the repair shops weekly.

LULU McCONNELL, veteran vaude-villian and musical comedy comedienne, is expected back on the air waves this fall. Negotiations to that end were begun immediately after her guest appearance on an Al Jolson program this summer. Blanche Merrill, experienced vaudeville skit writer who once concocted all of Eva Tanguay's material, and Hazel Flynn, former Chicago movie critic who is now press agent of the Radio City Music Hall, are writing Miss McConnell's new program.

JESSICA DRAGONETTE has been for years an exclusive artist on the Cities Service program with Bourdon's orchestra but this winter the songbird will make guest appearances on a number of programs. This permission has been ex-

Crooked Heels



Don't blame your shoes if they lose their shape and the heels wear crooked. It is the way you walk—the weight of your body is off balance. Dr. Scholl's WALK-STRATES correct this fault by equalizing the body's weight. They stop strain on the ankles; keep your shoes smart and trim; save on repairs. Easily attached in any shoe. Sizes for men and women. Sold by all drug, shoe and dept. stores—only 35¢.

Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strates

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SELL PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS

No experience needed. Liberal pay for full or spare time. Also sell Box Assortments of Christmas Cards, Gift Wrappings, Religious. Everyday Cards, \$1.00 each. Sample outfit furnished. Wetmore & Sugden, Inc., 749 Monroe Ave., Dept. AS, Rochester, N.Y.

Try This On Your Hair 15 Days -

Let Your Mirror Prove Results. Your hair need not thin out, nor need you become bald. This Different Method stops thinning out of hair, lifeless hair, itching, dandruff, threatened or increasing baldness by strengthening, prolonging the life of hair for men and women. Send your name now before it's too late for free 15-day test offer. JUEL DENN, 207 N. Michigan G-45 Chicago, Ill.

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tended the soloist, 'tis said by Radio Row gossips, in lieu of an increase in salary.

POSTSCRIPTS

Al Jolson is worrying about failing eyesight . . . Grace Moore occasionally indulges in a few whiffs from a long-stemmed clay pipe after dinner . . . Baron Sven von Hallberg, Columbia orchestra leader, speaks eleven languages and plays thirty instruments . . . Stuart Allen, vocalist with Richard Himber's Orchestra, sings in New York night clubs under the name of Al Ross . . . Bing Crosby's racing stable now consists of nine bangtails.

Ernie Golden, ten years ago a popular radio band master and composer, is a patient in a New York hospital suffering a complete physical breakdown brought on by malnutrition and financial worries . . . Anthony Frome, once the Poet Prince of the Air, in his real capacity as Rabbi Abraham L. Feinberg, spiritual head of a big New York Temple, is delivering sermons over an independent local station.

To date radio's outstanding contributions to opera are Nino Martini and Helen Jepson. But another artist of the air will make her debut at the Metropolitan Opera House this winter. She is Helen Oelheim, of the Show Boat company . . . Ben Bernie is being investigated by the Federal Communications Commission for having paraphrased Lincoln's Gettysburg speech in broadcasting a blurb for a beer.

JOHN F. ROYAL, NBC vice-president in charge of programs, is scouring Europe in search of radio novelties and studying the broadcasting scheme of things abroad. As befits his position in the business world—for who should be more air-minded than an emir of the ether?—he is making the capitals of the Continent exclusively by airplane transport.

ELEANOR BLAKE, the pen name of the wife of Ben Pratt of the NBC press department, has had her first serious novel, "Seedtime and Harvest," accepted by G. P. Putnam's Sons. It will be published some time in August.

GOVERNOR CURLEY of Mass. unwittingly finds himself "fired" by a Boston radio station, WBZ, because his regular broadcasts were being filled by his secretary, Richard Grant, whose comments on state politics were too fiery. "Governor Curley was welcome to speak over our station any time," said a WBZ official, "but with his secretary subbing for him we feared a few libel suits and had to stop the series." Governor Curley and his secretary found a new outlet in WNAC.

JAN GARBER, popular maestro of the air waves, wins new rights to title by one of the most gracious acts ever executed on Santa Catalina Island. Late one night, he and Freddie Large, former owner of the band and present tooter for Jan, were strolling down the boardwalk to their homes. Came to the square that overlooks Avalon Bay, when Jan asked Freddie for a match. Then he asked Fred if he wanted to start a little fire. "Tetched in the head" thinks Freddie, but humors Jan. So, with no one watching them except a Catalina cop, they start a bonfire. Jan takes a paper from his pocket and adds it to the blaze. "You know what that paper was?" said Jan. Freddie says "No." "The three thousand dollar mortgage I had on your home back east. You've been swell, and I'm grateful." Nice gesture, eh wot. Told me not by Jan, but by Freddie!



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LEMON RINSE FOR HAIR IS

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THE fresh-lemon-juice-rinse gives life and lustre to hair by removing curds of soap that form when you shampoo. It leaves no odor to destroy the natural charm it restores!

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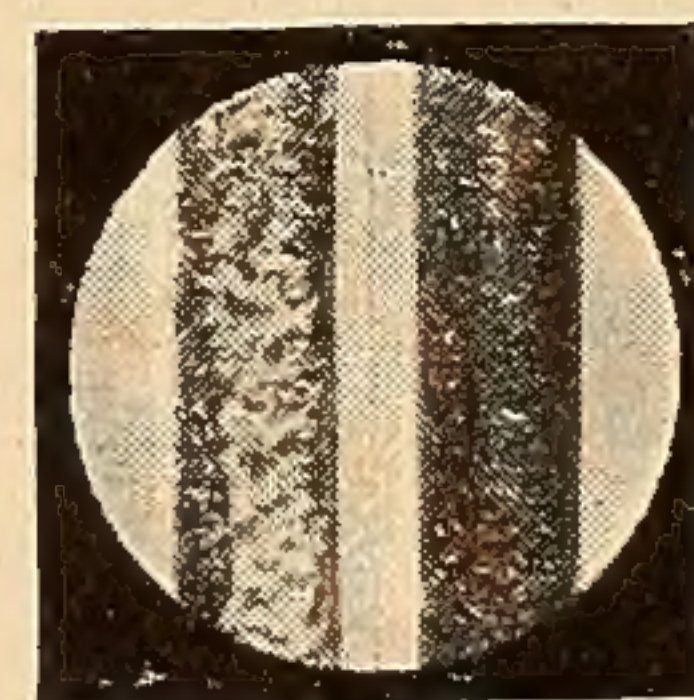
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After soapings, rinse hair twice with warm water. Then rinse with the juice of two Sunkist Lemons in a washbowl of water. Rub well into the scalp. Rinse finally with plain water if you choose.

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Discusses care of the skin, complexion, cuticle, scalp and teeth. Gives weight control suggestions and formulas for inexpensive cosmetics to be made at home. Send coupon now!



Microscope shows soap curds still clinging to hair at left after two plain-water rinsings. Hair at right, from same head, shows its true lustre after one lemon rinse. Unretouched photomicrograph from test under actual conditions by W. F. Herzberg, Ph. D.

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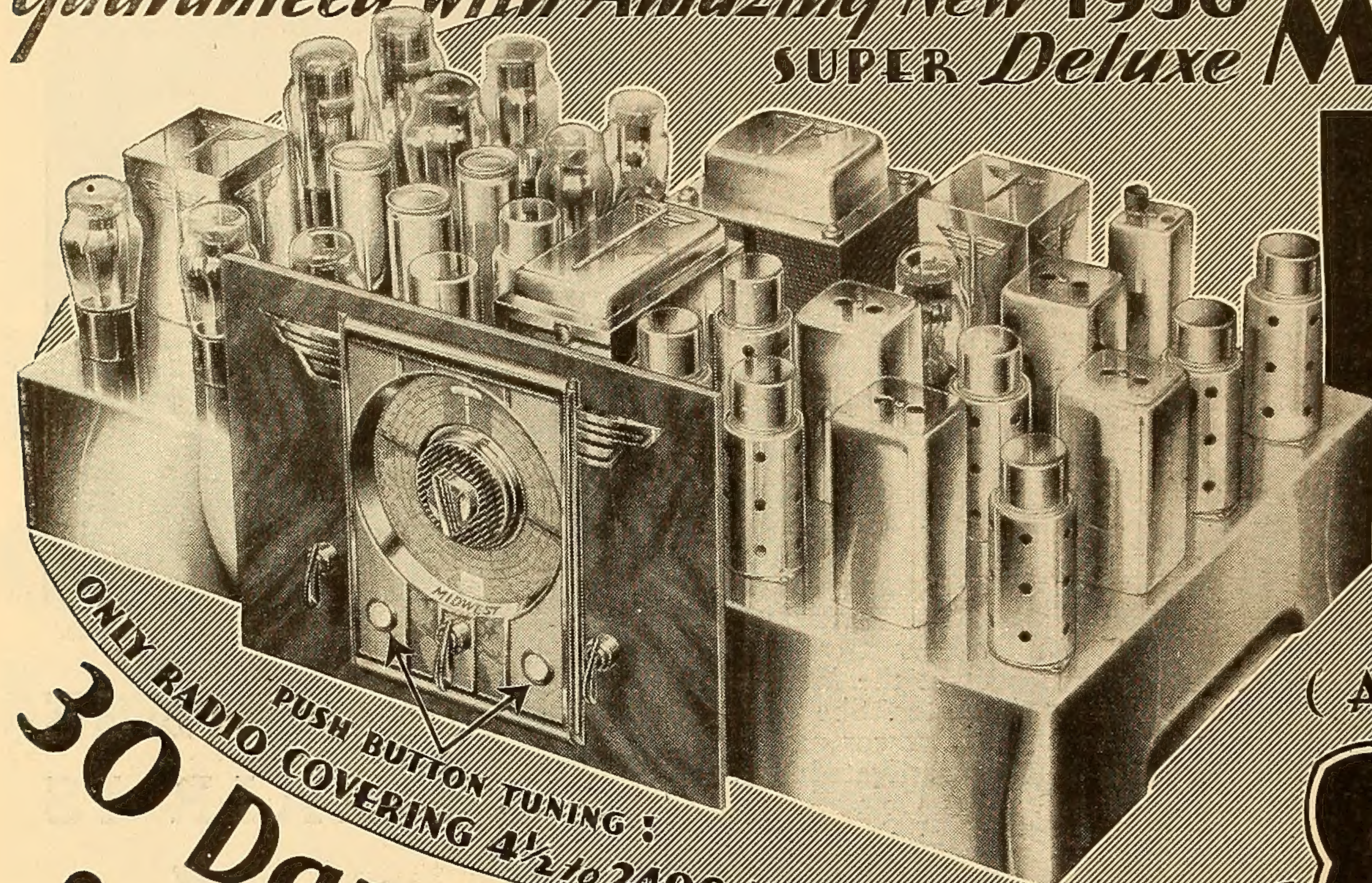
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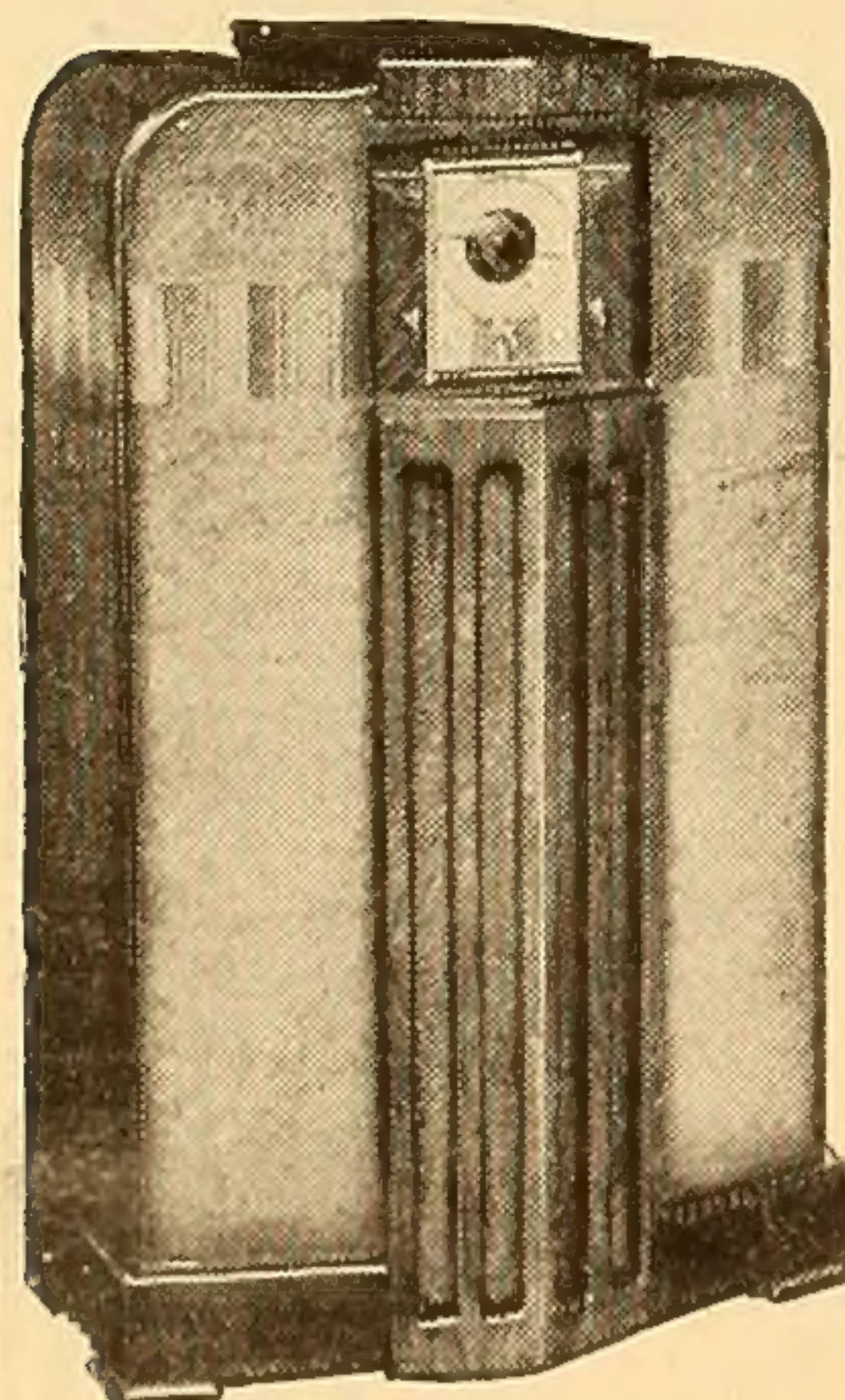
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